LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

ECEMBER

10

ENTS



Claudette Colbert

Carole Lombard Christy

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, SAVER OF LIVES !



Gifts *that are* IRRESISTIBLE

Lovely to look at, delightful to give, and perfect for the budget that must stretch over many holiday items. A combination like this is hard to resist, especially when it is IRRESISTIBLE, the name that is synonymous with "allure" in cosmetics; with quality and real value.

If you want to be romantic as well as practical about your gift problems, ask for Irresistible Beauty Aids. They will solve your year-round cosmetic problems, too. Introduce yourself now to Irresistible Cosmetics . . . to satin-soft powder, to Lip Lure that is so vivid and lasting, and to Irresistible Perfume, potent as the wine of a thousand Christmas flowers.

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME IN ATTRACTIVE BOX — 10¢
3-PIECE IRRESISTIBLE GIFT SET — 25¢
5-PIECE IRRESISTIBLE GIFT SET IN SILK LINED BOX — 50¢

BUY Irresistible

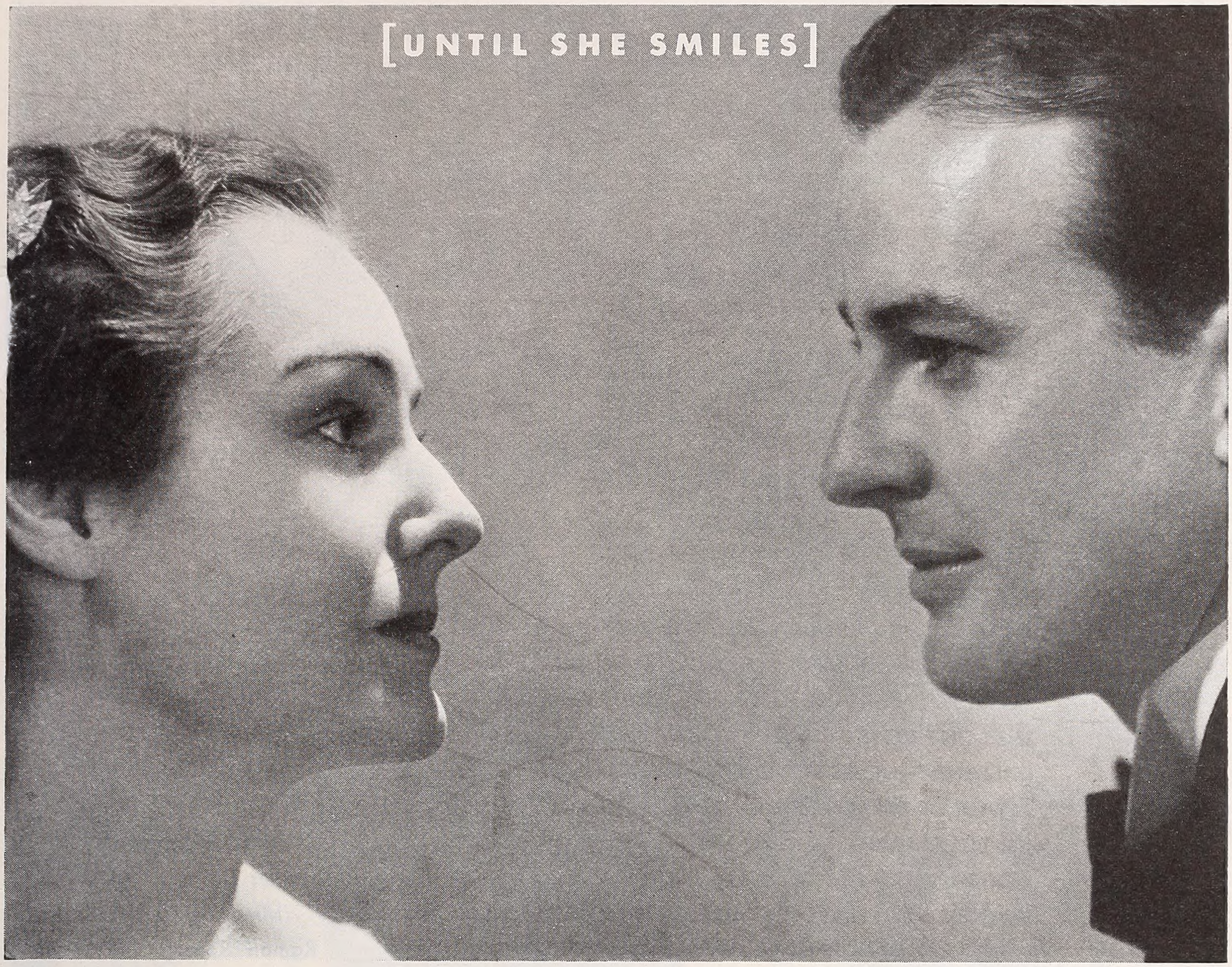
PERFUME *and* BEAUTY AIDS

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC.

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

PN1993
.M334

Enchanted Moment



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups—
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

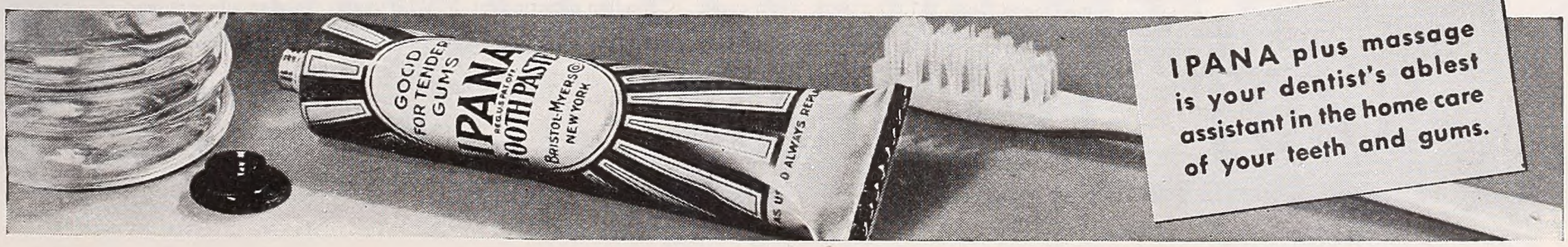
For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thoroughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly. And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.



OCT 31 1935 ©C1B 280018



REGINA CANNON, EDITOR

ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LEO TOWNSEND, Hollywood Editor

FEATURES

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, SAVER OF LIVES *What her success gives others*.....Franc Dillon 26
SPENCER TRACY SPEAKS HIS MIND *And it's all praising Hollywood*.....Gladys Hall 28
NEW STAR IN THE SKY *Luise Rainer's fascinating story*.....Dena Reed 30
TAKING CARE OF MAMA *Hollywood husbands give tips*.....Kay Osborn 32
TAKING CARE OF PAPA *And some wives talk, too!*.....Muriel Babcock 33
SILENT YOUNG MAN *Henry Fonda talks little but gets places*.....Martha Kerr 34
THE LONE WOLF OF HOLLYWOOD *That's the real George Brent*.....Gladys Hall 35
ROMANTIC—NEVER ROUTINE *Del Rio discusses her marriage*.....Hilary Lynn 36
A TALE OF TWO CITIES *Fictionization of the Dickens epic*.....Mary Mayes 38
MR. BOLES TAKES PEN IN HAND *And answers fans' questions*.....Kay Osborn 40
BIOGRAPHY OF BINNIE *La Barnes has had a hectic life*.....Charles Darnton 41
IF YOU WOULD HAVE A FIGURE LIKE CRAWFORD *You work for it!*.....Mme. Sylvia 42
PONS & CO. INVADE HOLLYWOOD *The little diva's amusing interview*....Ramon Romero 44
"I'D BE A TERRIBLE HUSBAND!" *Says romantic Francis Lederer*.....Dorothy Donnell 45
CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL *Part 5. Continuing her true experiences*..... 46
THE MEN WHO MAKE YOUR MOVIES *Electricians get the spotlight*.....Katherine Albert 47
WARM FURS—GIDDY HATS *Furs you can buy and hats to top them*.....Adelia Bird 48

SHORT SUBJECTS

Modern Screen Scoreboard..... 6
Reviews..... 8
Good News..... 12
Beauty Advice..... 16
Exclusive Portraits..... 19
Love Game..... 54
Between You and Me..... 58
Modern Hostess..... 60
Information Desk..... 62

Published monthly and copyrighted 1935 by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. Chicago, Ill., office, 360 N. Michigan Avenue. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 12, No. 1, December, 1935. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.00 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, $1.75 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.50 a year. Entered as second class matter, September 18, 1930, at the Post office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Sole Foreign Agents: The International News Company, Ltd., 5 Breams Building, London, E. C. 4 England.

SIXTEEN MEN . . .

From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle . . . from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness . . . came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world . . . in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!



Three of Hollywood's biggest stars head the notable cast

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT M-G-M's $2,000,000 PRODUCTION

Nearly two years in the making . . . Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at a cost in excess of two millions of dollars.

The good ships "Bounty" and "Pandora" rebuilt from original plans loaned by the British Admiralty.

On Catalina Island, picturesque Portsmouth Harbor duplicated exactly as it was in 1787 when the "Bounty" sailed.

A complete M-G-M production unit sent 14,000 miles to tropic waters to film scenes in the actual locale. Six villages erected; 5,000 natives appearing in the Tahitian scenes.

Nearly 25,000,000 have read the famous best-seller by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall . . . . . Now you see it on the screen in all its thrilling reality.

CHARLES CLARK

LAUGHTON · GABLE

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greatest production

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

with

FRANCHOT TONE

Herbert Mundin • Eddie Quillan • Dudley Digges • Donald Crisp

A FRANK LLOYD Production • Albert Lewin, *Associate Producer*

modern screen scoreboard

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★	2★	1★	1★	2★	1½★	2½★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2★		2★	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★			3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4 ★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★			4★	4★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	3★
The Big Broadcast of 1936 (Paramount)	4★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★	2★	2½★	2½★		2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	1★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★	3½★	2★	3½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Broadway Melody (M-G-M)	5★	4★	3½★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	4★		4★	4★	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
The Case of the Curious Bride (1st Nat.)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Clairvoyant (G-B)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	1½★	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★		4★	3★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★	4★	2½★	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★			4★	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★	1½★	1½★	3★	2★	1½★	3★	3★	3★	1½★	1★		1½★	2★
The Dark Angel (Goldwyn)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	1★	2½★		2½★		2½★		3★			1½★	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★

(*Continued on page 70*)

Critics' picture ratings—5*, extraordinary; 4*, very good; 3*, good; 2*, fair; 1*, poor; 0, review unavailable

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

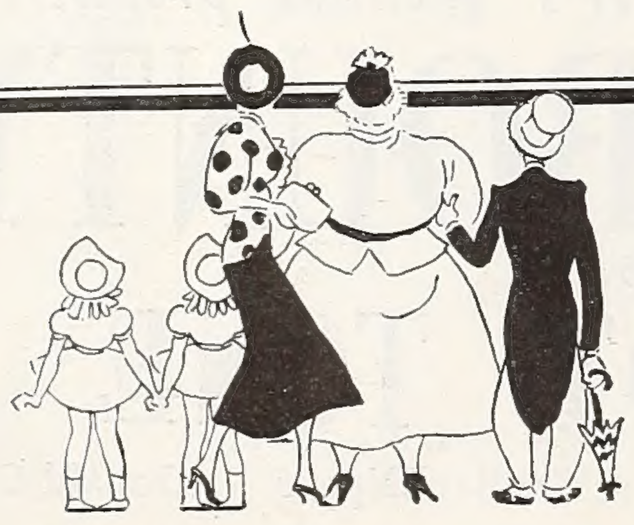
Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

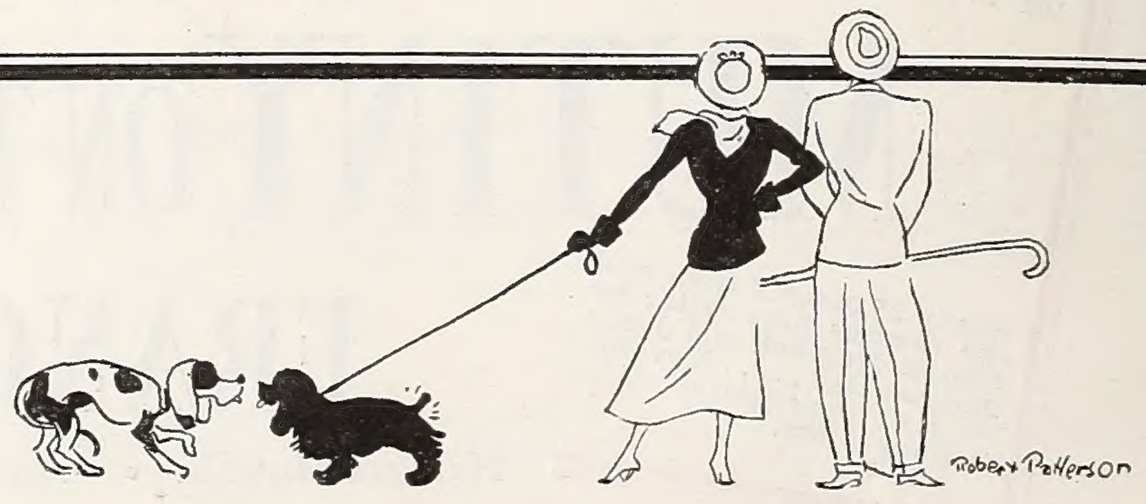
New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons





Coming Soon

to special theatres in leading cities . . . following its remarkable reception in NewYork and other world capitals . . . the spectacle connoisseurs consider "the most important production ever done in talking pictures."

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

MAX REINHARDT'S

FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

James Cagney	Joe E. Brown	Dick Powell
Anita Louise	Olivia de Havilland	Jean Muir
Hugh Herbert	Frank McHugh	Ross Alexander
Verree Teasdale	Ian Hunter	Victor Jory
Mickey Rooney	Hobart Cavanaugh	Grant Mitchell

And nearly one thousand Dancers and Supernumeraries

Owing to the production's exceptional nature and extraordinary length, it will be presented only twice daily, with all seats reserved. To insure your early enjoyment of this picture it is advisable that you

Purchase Tickets in Advance

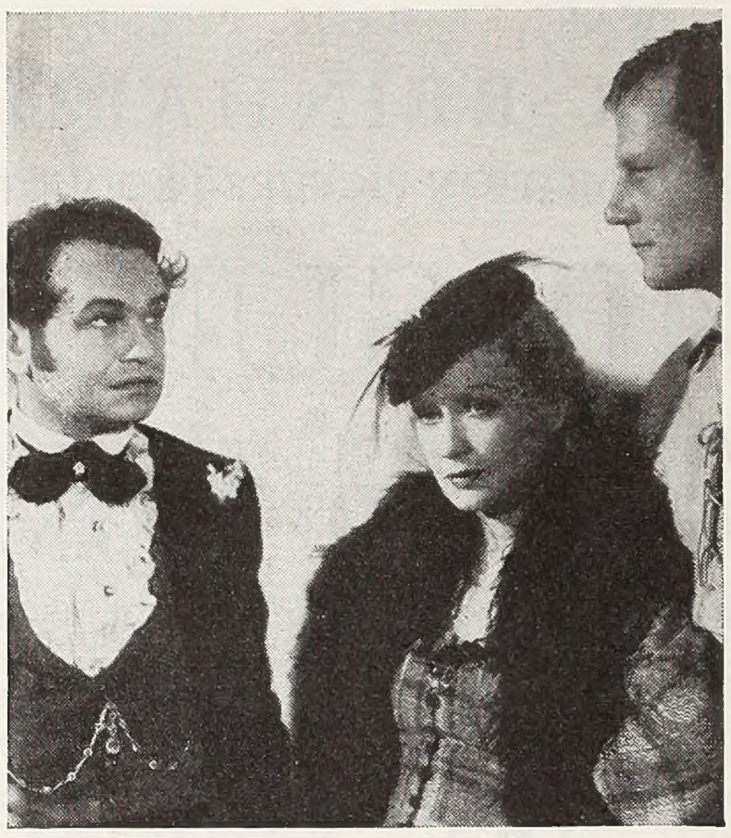
Reviews

. . . A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES—WHAT THE CINEMA MARKET HAS TO OFFER THIS MONTH

BY LEO TOWNSEND



Another Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler cinema triumph, "Shipmates Forever," in which Dick sings and Ruby dances.



You'll find grand characterizations by Edward G. Robinson, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea in "Barbary Coast."



In "I Live My Life," Joan Crawford proves her ability to handle a dramatic role expertly. Brian Aherne is her leading man.

★★★★ I Live My Life (M-G-M)

After seeing Joan Crawford in a series of psuedo-sophisticated roles in which she spent the major part of her time indulging in smart talk with the Montgomerys and the Gables, it is a pleasant relief to find the young lady in an assignment which gives her an opportunity to use the dramatic talent she once showed such generous signs of possessing. Of course this newest Crawford opus has standard Crawford equipment—the idle rich and all the accessories—but W. S. Van Dyke, who knows his directions, has handled it in such a way that one actually views the dramatic Miss C. of several years ago, which should be good news to all of her clients. More good news is the fact that the cast includes Frank Morgan and Brian Aherne. Mr. Morgan as the wealthy father of Joan—although the wealth isn't really his, he married it—is excellent, and Brian Aherne, as an archaeologist who follows Joan from Greece to America, proves himself a swell actor with a light touch which could well be studied by a number of our younger Hollywood citizens. All of which adds up to the fact that "I Live My Life" is the best Crawford picture in several seasons.

Preview Postscripts

Old Sol held up production on this picture for a few days. The company had gone to Catalina Islands on location, and director Woody Van Dyke magnanimously gave them the first day off to bask on the beach and enjoy themselves. They did—the first day. But the second found most of the cast in bed with sunburn salves dripping from their bodies and ice-packs from their heads. It was Brian Aherne's first good dose of California sun, and after a lifetime spent in the fogs of England it hit him pretty hard. Brian comes from Worcestershire, one of the dampest spots on the English Isle. He made his stage debut in that town at the age of three, in an amateur production staged by his mother, who was determined, even at that date, to make an actor out of her son. She was one of the organizers of the Birmingham Repertory Company, and through this connection secured Italia Conti for her son's dramatic coach. But Aherne's only aim in life was to be a successful business man. It was only after getting down to his last five shillings following a try at the cold, cruel business woild that Brian turned to acting. This time the grease-paint got him for good. One of these days you'll be seeing Joan Crawford on Broadway, for she has her eye on the stage, and is devoting every spare moment to study. She's built her own Little Theatre in her Beverly Hills backyard, and with Franchot Tone and one or two other cronies, Joan writes, stages and acts in one play after another. . . . Frank Morgan started his professional life as a brush salesman, but ringing doorbells soon ceased to be fun, so he decided to follow in brother Ralph's footsteps to the stage.

★★★★ Barbary Coast (Samuel Goldwyn)

Produced with the skill and good taste which have accompanied most of Sam Goldwyn's recent pictures, this tale of California's boisterous youth emerges as one of the year's most colorful and exciting photoplays. In the first place, you have Miriam Hopkins in one of her best performances, as the gal from New York, who has come west to gather gold without going to the bother of digging around the hills for it. Next, there is Eddie Robinson, who is perfect as the owner of the gambling dive where Miriam decides to settle down. Eddie is boss of San Francisco, and Miriam teams up with him, runs his roulette wheels and finds (*Continued on page 10*)


Your Dreams Of Romance
Set To Music!
Dreams of gay, mad, exciting love! Dreams of glamorous beauty .. brought to life by the charm of the screen's loveliest sing=ing star... and poured forth in an inspir=ing rhapsody of Jerome Kern's music by the glorious voice that thrilled the world!
LILY PONS
in
"I DREAM TOO MUCH"
an RKO=Radio Picture with
HENRY FONDA
Osgood PERKINS · Eric BLORE
Directed by John Cromwell
A Pandro S. Berman Production
Music by JEROME KERN
composer of "ROBERTA"





REVIEWS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

(Above) "The Dark Angel" is a picture that no one should miss and one that women particularly will love. Sterling performances by Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall and Fredric March. (Above, right) Warren William plays one of his lawyer roles in "The Case of the Lucky Legs," with Genevieve Tobin and Patricia Ellis in supporting roles. (Right) "The Bishop Misbehaves," a grand mystery tale with Norman Foster and Maureen O'Sullivan.



the boys only too glad to lose their gold. Complications arise when she meets Joel McCrea, a young prospector with the heart of a poet. More complications come when the law-abiding citizens band together to break Robinson's lawless control of the city. "Barbary Coast" sets a rapid tempo almost from its opening shot and maintains it to the fadeout. Incidentally, you'll be surprised at the excellent performance by Joel McCrea, and you'll welcome a new comedian named Walter Brennan, who'll have you in stitches.

Preview Postscripts

The United Artists lot had a wild and wicked look while this picture was being filmed. San Francisco's water-front of 1850 was faithfully reproduced down to every saloon, dance-hall and dive. The famous Barbary Coast was built around the studio's two-acre water tank, on which floated two genuine ocean schooners, transplanted from the Pacific piece by piece for the occasion. Mud and fog were the two props that caused the most trouble. Workmen were constantly busy stirring up barrels of mud to keep the "streets" covered with the two feet of mire which took the place of pavement in them thar days, while Paul Widlcza, Hollywood's famed fog-maker, worked day and night. There's not a cough in a carload of his product, for the old-time smoke and incense fogs are taboo with him. Paul's murky atmosphere comes from an apparatus that shoots live steam into mineral oil. The temperature was 140 degrees the first few days, but an air-cooling system was finally installed which saved considerable wear and tear on the cast. Not, however, before Director Hawks had lost 25 pounds, Joel McCrea 17, and the rest of the crew had lost plenty of pep if not pounds. Producer Samuel Goldwyn and Art Director Richard Day spent months scouting around San Francisco for material and old lithographs on the Coast of the old days. The pleasantest research job was on the old-time refreshments. "Blue Blazer" was a favorite in the days when men were men and whisky was the real stuff. They just set fire to a glass of whisky and downed it for an appetizer. "Prairie Oysters" were the approved pick-up for the following A. M. Into this concoction went a raw egg, salt, pepper, worcestershire sauce, tobasco and whiskey. This not only picked up the researchers but practically flung them through the roof.

★★★★ The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)

As a spectacle, this production rates high in the month's ratings. As out-and-out dramatic fare, it is still above the average, although we believe the photographers and the technical department are the real stars of the picture. Sets are gorgeous, and the scenes of the destruction of Pompeii are actually breath-taking in their seeming reality. For those scenes alone the picture can be highly recommended. The story is not the tale we all know, for the producers have taken it upon themselves to make a complete change in that department. We now find "The Last Days of Pompeii" to be a story of a poor young blacksmith (Preston Foster) who decides, after his wife and son die, because he has no funds for their proper care, that money and power shall be his gods. He attains his ends only to find everything he has built up shattered before him, and the real truth coming to him. An excellent cast is headed by Basil Rathbone, David Holt, Louis Calhern, John Wood and Dorothy Wilson.

Preview Postscripts

Research on this picture took longer than any yet undertaken by RKO Studios. For a year and a half, experts waded through material on the ancient days of Pompeii, on costumes and customs of the people, and particularly on the architectural developments of the time. Meriam C. Cooper, the producer, took a special trip to that part of the globe where Pompeii formerly stood, in

order to give it a first-hand once-over and capture the mood of the place. The magnificent sets which were built on the studio lot were beautiful enough for permanent buildings but were wrecked in order to show the final scene of the smoking ruins. The last scene in the picture is an exact replica of the famous painting from which the film takes its name. On the sets were reproduced the Temple of Jupiter, the market and forum, a section of the Arena with 75-foot statues surrounding it, a shopping section of the city, with the potters' shops, silversmith's stores, wine-shops, etc. There were also built on the lot two houses typical of that time. They were complete in every detail with the rooms opening off a central courtyard as in the good ol' days. Props for this picture ran up into Big Money. For wigs alone, $8,000 was spent, to say nothing of the cost of hundreds of suits of armor, chariots and costumes.

★★★★ Shipmates Forever
(Warner's)

The fleet's in again—and so are Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell. Since this romantic pair has already covered most branches of their government's service it seems only natural that they should now turn their attention to the Navy. There have been nasty rumors afloat that the U. S. Navy was plenty peeved at the way Ruby and Dick have ignored them, so the Warner Brothers swung into action, and we now have "Shipmates Forever." Directed by Frank Borzage, it turns out to be one of the better Powell-Keeler offerings. For one thing, Dick is learning how to act, and although we may be called old-fashioned for it, we always say acting helps a picture. Mr. P., incidentally, is a crooner whose father, a Navy Admiral, wants him to enter the Naval Academy. Dick doesn't want to, possibly because he only recently graduated from West Point in "Flirtation Walk," but he finally consents and from there on life at the Academy is depicted with humor and spirit. By now you may be a bit tired of watching actors in uniforms, but you'll enjoy "Shipmates Forever."

Preview Postscripts

Most of this picture was made on location—and interesting ones, too. Frank Borzage, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Lewis Stone and Ross Alexander spent a month at Annapolis and five weeks on the flag-ship "Pennsylvania" at San Pedro for local color. The Navy Department evidently likes its activities glorified with Ruby and Dick, for they offered generous coöperation in every way, even to sending two technical experts to Warners for the length of shooting on the picture. . . . Ruby Keeler is still Mrs. Al Jolson and now she's the proud mama of an adopted son, Al, Jr. The Jolsons have bought a small ranch out San Fernando Valley way and are going to live the rural life in earnest between pictures. . . . Dick Powell is a native of Arkansas, but his "discovery" came when he was master of ceremonies for three years in a Pittsburgh theatre, where Jack Warner spied him. Before this Dick had lived a tranquil life back in Little Rock, where he sang in the church choir and worked for the telephone company, hoping some day that he might be the leader of one and vice-president of the other. He drifted into the theatre business after a kind old lady told him his voice was too jazzy for choir singing. . . . Frank Borzage is one of Hollywood's finest in the directing line. His first success was with "Seventh Heaven" and from then on he has done some of the best pictures in the business. Borzage is a quiet, low-spoken man, and remains that way even in the heat of a polo match. (*Contd. on p. 98*)

A Big Smile—
and a little Chocolate Tablet



ONCE this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like smooth, velvety, delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action . . . approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without overaction.

There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America . . . according to America's opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MM125 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name .....

Address .....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

GOOD NEWS

by LEO TOWNSEND



All Photos by J. B. Scott

Colleen Moore's ex, Al Scott, and Janet Gaynor! This is the latest bulletin on the Gaynor lass and from their frequent datings it looks like big romance stuff.

One of the gayest breakfast parties around these parts was sponsored by the Eddie Robinsons a few Sundays ago. It was one of those affairs where, as someone once said, "fifty people were invited and all five hundred came." The spacious Robinson lawn took care of all the customers, however, and many a Saturday night hangover was whipped into submission by a combination of New Orleans Fizzes, scrambled eggs and sausages, and waffles served by a buxom colored lass who must have been a stand-in for Aunt Jemima.

■ ■ ■

You can check Jimmy Cagney off the list of Hollywood Admirals, because he has just gone out and sold his boat. It was really a sad parting, for Jimmy wanted to become a hardy old sea dog. Talking to us on the "Frisco Kid" set, he dolefully announced the sale and his renunciation of the open sea. It seems, says Jimmy, that one can't have a boat and a movie career all at the same time. You can't live on the boat when you're making a picture, and when your studio



They will be married now. Sally Blane and Norman Foster beam happily after Claudette Colbert's mail divorce cleared the way.



Two old married steadies, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson. Al looks proud after previewing Ruby's new opus, "Shipmates Forever."



Now you see them and now you don't—Jack Gilbert beauing the Dietrich! This billing is subject to change by the hour!

gives you only a week or two lay-off between pictures your vessel comes under the heading of superfluous scenery. So it's goodbye to the briny for the Cagneys until Jimmy decides to retire.

Practically the cream of Hollywood society turned out recently for the local opening of Ina Claire's stage success, "Ode to Liberty." The lovely Ina's performances are considered swell acting lessons in some quarters hereabouts, although most of the first-nighters were there primarily for entertainment. It was nice to see Ann Harding among those present, for since her legal battle with ex-hubby Harry Bannister over the custody of their child Ann's public appearances have been few. From all indications she made up her long absence by enjoying a big evening with Brian Aherne. And we mean immense!

Dr. Joel Pressman, who the gossips say will soon be Claudette Colbert's new hubby, must have been a football star back in his college days. Even if he wasn't, he gave a swell exhibition of broken field running at the "Dark Angel" preview. The doctor attended with Claudette and the Paul Lukases, and it seems he was opposed to being photographed. So when cameramen approached, the Lukases and Claudette formed a flying wedge while Miss Colbert's favorite physician neatly picked his way through the crowd and into the safety of the lobby. Score, at the end of the first quarter: Dr. Pressman, 7—Photographers, 0.

This month's leather medal for hard luck goes to "Riff Raff," the Spencer Tracy-Jean Harlow picture. Jean and Spencer took turns being ill for several weeks during production, with Spencer leading by a cold in the nose. The day we dropped in on them Spencer's cold was doing very well for itself, but that wasn't bothering him half as much as the fact that he was wearing make-up for the first time. He actually cowered at the approach of the make-up man with his powder puff, much to the amusement of director J. Walter Rubin and a collection of prop boys.

One of the current questions in Hollywood is: what are Janet Gaynor's plans for the future? Since the merger of Fox and 20th Century no picture has been announced for the Gaynor, although there is still a period to go on her contract. Her last picture was supposed to have been "Way Down East," but after the reported "head-on collision" with Henry Fonda on the set she left the picture and was replaced by Rochelle Hudson. That bump on the head must have gone to the little lady's heart, for she seems to have given up her former gentlemen friends and is now seen everywhere with Al Scott, the millionaire ex-hubby of Colleen Moore. It looks serious!

The Harlow family is having its troubles. First Jean's mother announced she was divorcing Marino Bello, whom she married in 1927. Mr. B., it seemed, spent too much money for clothes, among other things. And just a few days after the Bello divorce suit was announced, Jean whispered to friends that she and Bill Powell had decided that all marriage plans are off, but they're still to go out with each other when they're in the mood. All of which gives the Hearts and Flowers department a severe jolt, for Jean and Bill for the past several moons have been one of this town's most attractive matrimonial candidates. And here's more news! Bill has been escorting his ex-wife Carole Lombard, about town.

It's getting so a star can't look at another star without also coming face to face with one of those ever-alert cameras, as Joan Bennett and George Raft will gladly testify. Joan and George are good friends and have just finished co-starring in "She Couldn't Take It." Sooo, the other night Joan was stagging it at the Trocadero (hubby Gene Markey is in London) when she bumped into George. The gallant Mr. R., also alone, offered to escort Joan home, which was fine except that just as they reached the door a newspaper photographer snapped them. Now Joan didn't want Gene to think she was stepping out on him, and our George was averse to having Virginia Pine regard him as a two-timer, so a kind-hearted photographer agreed to destroy the print.



Ain't love swell? Maybe Franchot has made Joan Crawford "Mrs. Tone" by the time you see this devoted snap.



You had to look like a hayseed to get into Pinky Tomlin's party, so Jack Oakie is dressed up but Alice Faye carries her props.



Meet Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry. The bride is Helen Vinson to you and she looks pretty happy as she and her husband cut cake.

As we go to press the score on the much touted Crawford-Tone nuptials stands at no hits, no runs and plenty of errors as far as the press and Joan are concerned. Joan hit New York and Grand Central in a blaze of glory the other a.m. Franchot, who was also on the Century, obligingly did a fadeout at Harmon to leave Joan alone with her public. But somehow, the press got mixed up with the public and asked some very impertinent questions about the rumored wedding and Joan didn't like it at all. However, M-G-M saved the situation for the harrassed fourth estate by letting them have a chummy get-together with Joan, still sans Tone, at the Waldorf the following day. Joan sat on the floor, waving white gloved hands and refusing prettily to mention the moot question while the press had a jolly time talking mere nothings, but "nothing," my dears. Score another five-star performance for Joan despite a thin plot!

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich has just finished "Desire," her first picture away from the supervision of Josef Von Sternberg, and the whole town is anxiously awaiting the preview. Von Sternberg, who brought Marlene fame in "The Blue Angel" and directed all her American pictures, has given way to Frank Borzage. Incidentally, during the making of the picture Marlene saw a number of interviewers, and Paramount instructed them all not to ask her a single question about Von. The interviewers agreed, and everything was lovely except that Marlene talked on only one subject, and that was Von Sternberg.

■ ■ ■

Personal to Mae West: Remember the evening a few weeks ago when you dined out with a pair of gentlemen friends? And one of them paid the check and generously slapped down two dollar bills for a tip? Maybe you were impressed and maybe you weren't. Two dollars is a nice tip, but here's one we'll pass on to you. If you recall, the big-hearted boy friend was last to leave the table, and in a perfect example of timing and poise, he made one of those hand-is-quicker-than-the-eye gestures and rescued one of his bucks.

■ ■ ■

Connie Bennett is still the best off-screen actress in Hollywood, in spite of a lot of competition. We mean that when La Bennett makes an entrance in a public place it's so grand that one almost looks around for the cameras and the lights. Connie has a knack of arriving places at dramatic moments. At a tense moment in the tennis matches a few weeks ago, with everyone holding everyone's breath, the lovely Miss B. made her entrance. Full of "perze" and such, she strolled calmly all the way across the grandstand, paused momentarily, and strolled all the way back—she was looking for her private box. Finally, with a happy smile, she located it. It was the same one she had been sitting in every day for a week.

■ ■ ■

We've heard of busy people, but a new high in that sort of thing was established recently by Binnie Barnes. When a girl tosses a te-rrific cocktail party for a hundred or so guests and then finds she's so busy she can't attend it herself—well, that's what happened to Binnie. The party was in honor of her husband, Samuel Joseph, a British art dealer who was in Hollywood for a two-weeks' visit, and Binnie invited practically everyone in town. Just as things were about to start, comes a call from dat ol' davil studio, and Miss B., full of apologies, scampers out. The guests were extremely loyal, however, for some of them stayed on and on and still on.

Personal appearance and debut of June Dorothea Erwin. Isn't she a perky lass? Papa Stu holds her efficiently, being his second.

Just before Merle Oberon left for Europe she attended "The Dark Angel" preview with David Niven, her favorite Hollywood escort.

And what's this? Jeanette MacDonald without Bob Ritchie and with Gene Raymond? Mr. Ritchie was in England on business.







Just to show you how stories get their start in Hollywood, here's the dope on how the Bing Crosby divorce rumor got around. Bing's Toluca Lake home has only three bedrooms, and since the Crosbys are getting numerous Bing put the house up for sale, planning to build a home in Beverly Hills big enough to hold all the present and future crooners. The minute the house was offered for sale the rumors began, but they turned out to be falser than a dollar alarm-clock. Bing sold the house to Al Jolson, who gave it to Ruby's mama and all the Keelers. And Bing isn't going to build a home in Beverly Hills after all. His Toluca Lake neighbors, including Jack Oakie, Dick Powell and W. C. Fields, sent Bing a petition saying that Beverly Hills was too good for him. So the Crosby mansion is being erected at Toluca Lake, and Bing remains one of the lake's respected citizens, along with the aforementioned gentlemen, the Richard Arlens and Egbert, the swan.

■ ■ ■

It's becoming almost legendary with the Barrymores, but when one of them is in difficulty the rest of the clan rushes in to help. For instance, when John, after his highly-publicized pursuit across the continent, arrived in Los Angeles brother Lionel was on hand to meet him. All has not been well between the brothers B. of late, and it is to Lionel's credit that he can swallow the Barrymore pride when an emergency arises.

■ ■ ■

Since Henry Fonda scored such a tremendous hit in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," a couple of producers have been toying with the idea of co-starring him in a picture with his former wife, who happens to be Margaret Sullavan. The idea isn't as impossible as it may sound, for Henry and La Sullavan have co-starred in summer stock since their divorce and may well be talked into doing the same for the cameras. Just to complete the picture, perhaps Margaret's husband, Willy Wyler, could be persuaded to direct. And the blonde menace could be played by Shirley Ross, who is Henry's current heart-throb.

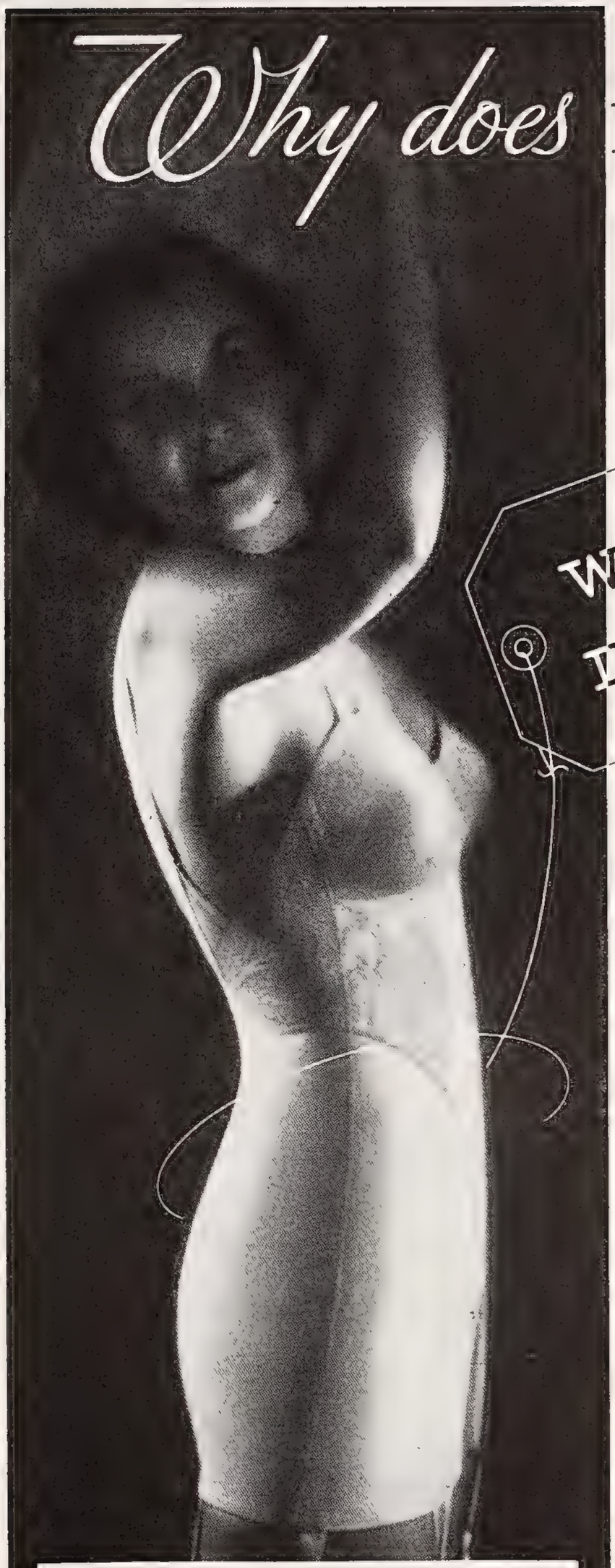
■ ■ ■

We imagine that no one was more surprised than Frances Dee, recently, when she opened the daily papers and read that she was in Reno to get a divorce from Joel McCrea. Not to mention the amazement of all Hollywood which had thought that Frances was down at the McCrea ranch awaiting a new offspring's arrival. Several editions later it came out that it was all a mistake and that Dorothy Lee was in Reno divorcing Marshall Duffield, the former football hero. Just how the fourth estate got so muddled with their Dees and Lees is a mystery—but everyone was glad that one of Hollywood's happier couples hadn't joined the friendly-divorcers.

■ ■ ■

The fashion queen of the tennis matches was undoubtedly Kay Francis. The day we saw her the gorgeous Francis arrived in something very special and very much beyond our masculine powers of description. All we know is that her arrival was accompanied by the proper number of "Ahs" and "Ohs," which is as it should be. The only unusual thing about her appearance was that she wasn't accompanied by Delmer Daves, who's her constant companion on her nights out. Delmer is a scenario scrivener

(*Continued on page 56*)



NEMO foundation of silk batiste, Alençon lace and two-way stretch back with convenient talon closing. Light front boning. Very low back. Sold in fine stores everywhere.

"SHE WEARS A NEMO BECAUSE SHE'S SMART"

NEMO *tag its corsets:*

WASH WITH IVORY FLAKES

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don't make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a *strong soap!* Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic *flabby.* Use chiffon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby's skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely *pure* soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the *life* of fine corsets!"

DO's and DON'Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.

DON'T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.

DO squeeze suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.

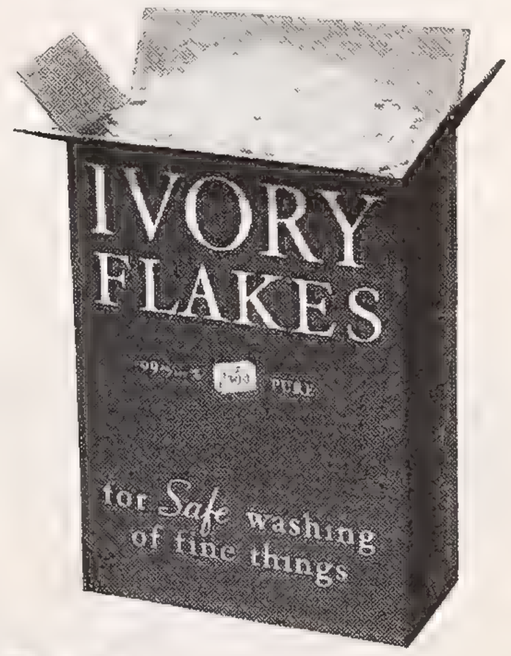
DON'T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.

DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.

DON'T allow to remain rolled up.

DO dry garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

DON'T use hot iron—Don't iron elastic.

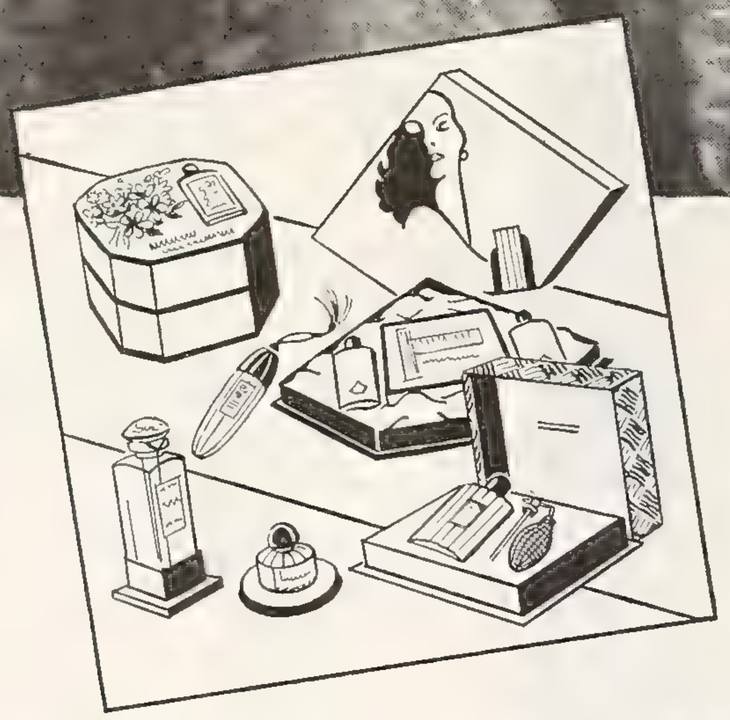


IVORY FLAKES 99 44/100 % PURE

BEAUTY ADVICE







Perfumes can do wonders for one, when applied properly and selected wisely. Notice Rita Cansino (above, left), applying a dash of her favored scent to her eyelids and Mary Carlisle (above) touching her ear lobes with the perfume bottle stopper. Nowadays, perfumes are done up so elegantly that they find their way into many a Christmas stocking. The sketch on the left may give you some gift suggestions.

BY MARY BIDDLE

LET YOUR PERFUME REFLECT YOUR PERSONALITY



IF PERFUMES were chosen to fit personalities, we would have to choose a brand new one for Merle Oberon in "The Dark Angel." It would have to be a sort of elusive perfume that would take wings when you were closest to it, that would never overwhelm you with the definiteness of its odor. It would have to be a blend of such richness and variety as to suit this amazing Merle, who can make real such widely varying roles as that of the young English girl in "The Dark Angel" and the poignant Japanese wife in "Thunder in the East." How different the perfume we would choose for her now than we would have chosen for her in her exotic era.

Before her part in "The Dark Angel," Merle Oberon always played purely exotic roles. The exotic has given way to the smartly wholesome, as represented by Merle Oberon and Myrna Loy, two of the most interesting women on the screen, who have been de-Orientalized for modern roles. And the exotic in perfume has given way to the light bouquet odors, blended of the fragrance of myriad flowers, as Merle and Myrna are blends of myriad personality types in one. Just as you are and as we all are.

Perfumes seem to run in cycles like films. For a while we had a regular run on Japanese and Chinese screen stories. Perhaps that was why my conversation with a film executive, who had just recently returned from Japan, turned to incense-guessing parties, of all things. They have them in Japan, you know.

CENSERS of incense are passed around, each guest smells dutifully of the fumes, and records his guess. As the game progresses, the sense of smell becomes so numbed that it is customary to rinse the mouth at intervals with pure vinegar. (And, come to think of it, a vinegar rinse ought to be excellent for the girl who sat next to me in the theatre last night. I practically drowned in her perfume.) It seems that instructions are very rigid where the guests are concerned at these incense-guessing parties. Etiquette demands that the guests wear no perfume themselves; further, that they must not have eaten any but the lightest and least odorous of foods before coming. It wouldn't do for them to stage a party, for example, after an American Thanksgiving dinner where the turkey is stuffed with sage and onions. But even further than that, they are expected to take a prolonged hot bath just before the party, and at the party they are expected to give their entire attention to the

guessing, indulging in no unnecessary conversation.

Well, maybe an incense-guessing party wouldn't be so much fun, but how about a perfume-guessing party? Now I can't pass the perfumes under your noses and require you to take vinegar rinses, but I certainly can describe some perfumes that are worth while "guessing at." They make your mouth water in anticipation of your next party . . . and guess-who-will-be-the-belle-of-the-ball? I don't say that a perfume can transform you from a Lizzie Glutz into a Claudette Colbert, but I do say that it can give you an emotional lift, and a confident little thrill that will do wonders for you socially.

Um-m-m . . . smell the gardenia? And no Joan Crawford in sight. The fragrance comes from one of the smart little bottles pictured in the art spot on page 16. There are gardenia perfumes and gardenia perfumes—and most of them I have felt too awfully extravagant, even for perfume. But this is as inexpensive as it is delightful. Gardenia is a challenging fragrance, you know. That's why it does things to you, and for you.

HERE'S A perfume for you to smell only at a luncheon or breakfast guessing party. It's especially created for daytime wear. It is lightly unobtrusive. Even the hardest boiled boss couldn't object to it in his office. (Have you seen Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss"?) When you leave the office and throw off your "office personality," or when you leave the house and want to throw off the shackles of the wife-housekeeper personality, then there's a special evening perfume for you, a twin to the daytime creation. They say that twins are generally less alike in most ways than sisters. That's why I call this evening perfume the twin of the daytime fragrance. You'll like them both, but I think the evening number will be your favorite.

It will be a long time before the lilacs bloom again. But you can catch the true essential fragrance of lilacs in this next perfume I'm waving provocatively under your very noses. A famous actress once said that she had two favorite fragrances in the whole wide world. One was the smell of lilacs in the warm spring rain, the other was the smell of fresh, warm gingerbread.

There's another perfume that makes you think of all the freshness of a garden in the warm, spring rain. It paints a perfume picture of romance in the rain. It comes in talcum powder, Eau de Cologne, and other (*Continued on page 72*)

"I do" . . . says this California bride

"I do like Camay!"



I do like Camay. It cleanses so beautifully and thoroughly and yet so gently. It's the one soap that helped my skin.

Sincerely,
Margaret Wales
(Mrs. Roger Barker Wales)

Pasadena, Calif.
September 15, 1935

TALL—with honey-colored hair, gray eyes and a smooth, beautiful skin—Camay never had a fairer or more sincere advocate.

What she doesn't quite understand is why *all* women—everywhere—aren't just as devoted to Camay! And there *is* something in her viewpoint. Because if *you*, and *you*, and *you* would begin today with Camay—note how swiftly it lathers and how luxuriantly—how pleasant is its delicate fragrance—how soft and smooth it keeps your skin—what definite improvements follow its use—Camay would be your beauty soap, solely and exclusively!

Buy at least three cakes of Camay *today*. You'll find that its price is surprisingly low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

The *greatest* thrill in sound . .

THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!



He stirs you as never before in this great picture, revealing the glamour and glory . . . comedy and caprice . . . rivalries and loves . . . behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!

LAWRENCE TIBBETT METROPOLITAN



VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL

A

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Directed by Richard Boleslawski

•

HEAR THE GREAT TIBBETT SING:

Pagliacci • *The Road to Mandalay*
The Toreador Song from Carmen
The Barber of Seville • *Faust*

20th CENTURY FOX

La Danseuse

Everyone is busy dubbing Eleanor Powell "the female Fred Astaire"—but la Powell doesn't need any such helpful tags for she's something pretty darn exciting on her own laurels. You'll get what we mean when you've seen "Broadway Melody of 1936." Eleanor has just about everything plus the fastest tapping feet that ever graced a gal. What's more, she's regular. Sincere and real with a refreshingly [illegible] attitude toward her own talents. She's a New England product but came right from Broadway to make herself a Hollywood name with [illegible]



Rough by Request

You've made him what he is today . . . well, it's true. The suave Gable is no more; he's a rough and ready gent who battles his way through "Mutiny on the Bounty" to "The Toughest Guy in the World." And all because you fans love him that way. What's more, he loves it, too. The smoothie roles were never to his taste for, he's a he-man, not a sassiety clothes horse. Off-screen, incidentally, Clark likes nothing better than roughing it on camping trips and such.



Warners' White Hope

Over at the Brothers Warner there's a dark-eyed little girl who is busy chalking up some excellent credit marks to her name. She's Olivia De Havilland who surprised you with her swell performance of Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She's up to her pretty ears in pirates at the moment as you can guess by the trappings above. "Captain Blood" is the business in hand and it gives her another neat little part to prove how versatile she is.

Matinee Idol

When gals sigh over you and men admit you're a "good guy," then you can be called a matinee idol. That's how Dick Powell rates. He's Hollywood's most elusive bachelor and one of its busiest actors. "Shipmates Forever," with Ruby Keeler, is his current opus.

Tops Again



Those old meanies who whispered that the Hepburn crown was slipping have had to eat their words. After Kate's tender, sympathetic portrayal of poor silly, pathetic "Alice Adams," she can snatch back that seat on the top of the Hollywood heap. "Sylvia Scarlett" will give her another meaty part that should be right in her stride now that she is geared to a new dramatic pace. Those rumors of her marriage to Leland Heyward still persist, but after her silence on her first marriage, it's doubtful that the gossips will get farther than rumor.

Strong and Silent

Meet the screen's number one silent, he-man. Gary Cooper can suffer more stoically, meet situations more forcefully and tie more leading women into knots by his I-understand-it-all love-making than any one other movie hero. Having just dreamed his life away in "Peter Ibbetson" with Ann Harding, Gary will cast his spell next on Marlene Dietrich in "Desire." They should make an exciting team—the Dietrich lure plus the Cooper charm.







GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Lovely to look at, delightful to see—is Gladys Swarthout, who will make you revise the notion that all operatic stars are fair, fat and forty. A piquant personality...a charm and grace all her own...a voice of molten gold...audiences will take Miss Swarthout to their hearts when they see her in Paramount's colorful "Rose of the Rancho," in which she is co-starred with John Boles.

ADV.

. . . SHIRLEY

A YEAR ago when things looked bleak and hopeless all over the country, when no conversation was ever concluded without a few groans over the depression, Washington held out helping hands in the form of the AAA, NRA, SERA and many other alphabetical combinations. Then, suddenly, Hollywood went in for the "letters" too, and out in the West was organized the TRA.

It is safe to wager that Washington has never heard of the TRA, although the most hard-boiled pessimist must admit that this one depression cure has made greater strides toward a complete mental and financial re-

"Life-saver" Temple in person.

THE DEPRESSION'S OVER FOR THOUSANDS BECAUSE OF HER!

BY FRANC DILLON

TEMPLE, SAVER OF LIVES

covery than all the other remedies put together.

TRA, if you're still with me, stands for the "Temple Recovery Act," and the big brains of this organization is little Shirley Temple.

TO MANY people, this beautiful child is known as a career-saver for Jimmy Dunn, who was floundering about in a rough sea of bad roles and in worse pictures when Shirley threw him a life line in "Baby Take a Bow." Two pictures with Shirley Temple and Jimmy is tops again.

To Hollywood casting directors, she is that little girl who, through her unbelievable popularity, has caused their offices to be overrun with thousands of other curly-haired children whose mothers are of the opinion that their little pets have everything that Shirley has. "Yes, and a little more," says one fond mama firmly.

To the financial barons of the Fox organization and to many a motion picture theatre box office suffering from undernourishment, Shirley was a Godsend; to theatre patrons all over the world she was something new and amusing to see when Mr. Hays and his moral squad said "nix on sex appeal," and she has been an international cure for the blues.

That would seem enough for one small girl to have accomplished before her sixth birthday, but Shirley stops at nothing. Not content with cheering up half the civilized population of the world, she has done a man's size job of bringing about financial recovery for a great many people.

Three people have a salary 52 weeks a year on account of Shirley's meteor-like rise to stardom. When actually making pictures, which is about forty weeks a year, seven more people have regular weekly salaries. This does not include the hundreds of people who work in and on her pictures or the hundreds of others who are employed in the various Shirley Temple enterprises throughout the country.

DURING THE making of "Curly Top," there was the usual rush of activity in the wardrobe department. The hum of sewing machines, the jangle of telephones and the rushing about of fitters and seamstresses all added to the general confusion.

Suddenly, above the general tumult, a child's voice floated out through a transom over a fitting-room door. "I want to show the girls," the tiny voice demanded. "*Please* let me show the girls my wedding dress."

Almost immediately the door opened and out came Shirley resplendent in a white satin wedding dress. Grasping her long skirt with one hand and her veil with the other, she skipped gaily toward the sewing room.

"Sing, girls, sing!" she demanded, as she stood poised in the doorway. "You must sing the wedding song."

With no thought other than to obey the command of their princess, for to them Shirley is nothing less, all work stopped and a dozen or so sewing women began to sing, "Here Comes the Bride," as Shirley tripped happily down between the long rows of sewing tables, the recipient of adoring glances as she passed.

"It's beautiful," said one woman. "All you need is a husband."

"Yes," Shirley giggled, "the only thing missing is the broom."

THE PARADE over, Shirley was maneuvered back into the fitting room by her mama and the French designer, René Hubert. Reluctantly, she (*Continued on page 78*)

Such cunning costumes as this mean 52 weeks of work for the studio seamstresses.

All of Shirley's dresses have a childish simplicity like this pale blue silk with organdy.

René Hubert, designer of this daisy dress, says there's no star he'd rather create for.

She wore this in "Curly Top" but her favorite dress was the wedding gown.



SPENCER TRACY

DRAW UP YOUR CHAIR AND LISTEN TO SOME IN-SIDE STUFF

BY GLADYS HALL

(Left) Spencer says, "For actors to complain about Hollywood and the producers is like a spoiled brat hitting an undemanding parent in the face." (Below) With Virginia Bruce and Robert Barrat in "Murder Man." (Right) His deaf son, Johnny, whom Spencer adores, and, extreme right, his wife.



SPEAKS HIS MIND



"ME," SAID Spencer Tracy, "I pay for what I get. I also get what I pay for. Every sorrow in my life has had its corresponding joy. Every loss has had its profit. My life, like everybody else's, I guess, is a matter of debit and credit. The scales weigh pretty even if you have the patience to balance them.

"I can't discuss any vital matter," Spence said, that shy and honest grin of his making a ruggedly plain face not plain at all, "I can't talk about anything concerning myself without bringing my ten-year-old son, Johnny, into it. That's because Johnny *is* the vital thing in my life, you know. It's his tenth birthday today, by the way. He's having twenty-one kids in for a party. I'm the twenty-oneth!

"Well, Johnny, as you know, doesn't hear. He had infantile paralysis when he was too little a shaver to have met up with suffering at all. He has caused me the nearest thing to heartbreak I ever want to know. On the other hand he has given me profound happiness, the emotion of a deeper tenderness than I could ever have known without him, a humble understanding of what courage can be in a little kid, a thrilling hope for what we may build together out of his disasters. Pretty heavy on the credit side, huh?

"My own mistakes—romance I should have foregone—the 'bad boy' I've played on occasion—the remorse of these derelictions, however beautiful, have been balanced by a deeper understanding with my wife, a stronger love of home and home things than I could have had in any other way. Sure sorrow and shame have their credit side. Their faces, when reversed, are sort of divine.

"WHICH BRINGS me to Hollywood—the debit and credit sheets of Hollywood. Well," said Spencer, leaning across our table for two in the M-G-M commissary while that sun-tanned, blue-eyed rough-hewn face of his blazed with an honesty as real as flame, "well, I'm kinda nuts on the subject of Hollywood on the scales. I've said that most of life is a matter of debit and credit. So is Hollywood but with the credit side so outweighing the debit that a man would be a son of a sea cook to do much complaining.

"And I'm not in the soft-soap business, either. I can wave a red flag with the best of them if there's anything to wave about. But I'd like to know where else in the world people could make what we make here. Nowhere! I get so damned sick and tired of hearing beefs about producers, about parts that have to be played, about staying on sets until after sundown, about 'injustices'! Injustice hell! When a producer is paying a man some hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year—which is just one hundred and forty-nine thousand and nine hundred more than that same man would be likely to get for any other job—why shouldn't the producer be entitled to ask the actor to postpone his dinner hour a few minutes? I sometimes think the studios will have to work with dogs if the actors don't get hep to themselves and get off their high horses and down on their knees where they belong.

"I've often had to get out of a room because I couldn't sit with a gathering of people where some million dollars a year or more is represented in actual earnings and listen to the yowlings about the working hours, and all the other thises and thats. Why, blank-blank-blank, most of us never heard of such sums of *(Continued on page 81)*









HER FIRST PICTURE PUT

Directly above you see the Luise Rainer who made such a great hit as the little companion in "Escapade." And surrounding her you see Luise Rainer as she is today, living high on a Hollywood hill with a brilliant future at her fingertips. This charming Viennese girl made a first-picture success and now she is all set. She waves aside flattery, loves American jokes and negro jazz, tries hard to speak only English but has to converse in German with her Scotch terrier! Her next role is in "The Great Ziegfeld" with William Powell.

NEW STAR IN





LUISE RAINER ON HOLLYWOOD'S STAR ROLL

THERE MUST be something to a star who refuses to be flattered!

Luise Rainer is such a girl. Flatter her, if you will, but be prepared for the consequences. If she simply laughs at you consider yourself lucky. If she calls you "liar"—in a perfectly charming way, of course—you will be astonished to find yourself laughing with her, for Luise is one of those rare people who can do such things and get away with it!

Why?

Probably because she is so different from anything Hollywood has ever known. Because she is so utterly appealing.

Right here let me say that I don't mean to "reveal" her. There is no knowing Luise, I'll confess that. One minute she is a madonna, her luminous eyes shining with all that is good and sweet—and the very next she is the gamin, indulging in impish pranks, her little nose crinkled with fun, her lovely teeth exposed in a broad smile. I don't believe she knows herself, has plumbed the depths of her abyssmal little soul, for there is a great deal to her. Her tremendous achievements are a source of wonder and admiration to everyone. But I will profess to know her at least as well as those few who have been privileged to share her hopes, her memories and her dreams.

I was talking with an M-G-M executive about her the other day, and among many things he told me:

"Luise is a marvelous person. She is the best actress on the lot. She does everything thoroughly and everything right."

The make-up artist, Lillian Rosine, said:

"She is so anxious to grasp—and she grasps everything!"

While Peter Lorre insists:

"She can make those who look at her face know exactly what she is thinking!"

The point really is, I guess, that Luise knows exactly what *others* think!

ALONE IN a foreign land, acclaimed and fawned upon since her tremendous success in "Escapade," she told me frankly:

"All my photographs flatter me. I know, because I have been looking into my mirror for twenty-three years!"

And what answer is there to that?

But things were not always champagne and caviar with Luise. Her father, a merchant of Dusseldorf, managed to lose the family fortune when she was sixteen. This was the first crisis in her life and she met it admirably. She announced she was going to visit her grandmother, and turning her thoughts and feet in the direction of the Luise Dumont Theatre she presented herself for an audition. Ten minutes later she had been offered a contract, accepted it, and there she remained for two years, adding to the family's income and her own invaluable experience.

Her next stop was the Reinhardt Theatre in Vienna, where success was assured. When only a child she had travelled in Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany and all parts of Austria. She attended no less than eight schools, and she learned languages, "all except English." She also studied art and music, becoming an accomplished pianist. But her histrionic achievements were so immediately brilliant that she cast her lot with the theatre, and after Vienna, she travelled throughout Europe, adding to her fast-growing prestige.

During the engagement of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" she was signed by Metro and rushed to Hollywood, and here we find her now, a busy, happy young person entirely engrossed in her work.

"Do you know what I like about America?" she exclaimed, with those same delightful mannerisms which earned her the love and (*Continued on page 84*)

THE SKY

BY DENA REED

TAKING CARE OF *Mama*

"DON'T TAKE YOUR WIVES FOR GRANTED," CHORUS HOLLYWOOD PAPAS!

BY KAY OSBORN



I ENTERED the impressive offices of Bing Crosby, Inc., not expecting to see Bing, but to talk to brothers Everett and Larry Crosby about an appointment with Dixie Lee Crosby. (They're a gang, that clan, and to see one, you usually have to be passed on by all.) I didn't want even to see Bing, but there he was, anyway, in pins and needles—not *on* them, but I mean *in* them, literally—for there was the Crosby tailor taking tucks in the Crosby suit, because the Crosby physique had lost weight.

"What do you want to see Dixie about?" asked Bing, his arms spread wide, to avoid the pins.

"To find out the best rules for holding a husband—you, for example. She seems to have been very successful and I have . . ."

But I was interrupted. "Stuff and nonsense!" said Bing, without changing his awkward position, and I would say that at that moment Bing came as near to being bombastic as his easy-going disposition will probably ever allow him to be. "That's a lot of tommy-rot . . . ridiculous to say the least. Her holding me! I'm easily held. Most husbands are. But *holding a wife*—well, now, *that's* something, something that requires brains and a lot of finesse, especially when the wife's as attractive as Dixie." (Puffing himself up a bit as he talked.) "If I do say so, I think I deserve the credit in my family! And I can get away with saying so, because it's a compliment to her. Now, why don't you do a story like that! 'How to hold a husband'—there have been a million stories like that—but 'How to hold a wife'—there you've got something practical and original!"

"Have I? Well, it all depends what you've got to say on the subject, Bing, old Bing. So go ahead—my pencil is poised—and give!"

FIRST BING experimented to see if the suit would give. It did, so he sat down. "In the first place, for a happy marriage, the woman has got to rule the roost. I know some men think differently about it but they're wrong. There's no woman living who wouldn't rather boss than be bossed. It's natural—and it's nice. I like it, anyway. Dixie rules our roost, and she can continue to. It takes a lot of responsibility off my (*Continued on page 63*)


Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby at home.


Eloise and step-pins


Chester and Susie Morris do the town.


Robinson ulges his Gladys plenty!



Clark and Rea Gable pose agreeably.



Fred and [illegible] As-



Jessica and [illegible] Barthel-[illegible]mess.

Jimmy and Billie Cagney at home.

TAKING CARE OF *Papa*

HOLLYWOOD'S LITTLE WOMEN CATER TO THEIR DADDIES' WHIMS!

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

LOOKING AFTER papa—seeing that his bank account isn't raided, that he gets home to bed early, that the blondes don't snatch him—is a full-time job for a good Hollywood wife. What would you do if you saw your husband set upon by, not one, but twenty predatory women? You'd probably shriek and run to his rescue. A movie wife can't. She has to control herself. I actually saw Mrs. Fred Astaire stand calmly and without a tremor, while a group of gurgling, feminine fans practically rushed her husband off his feet. They flattered him, cooed at him, and patted him.

Someone said, "Doesn't that disturb you? I should think it would make you furious."

"No," said Mrs. Astaire, "the time to get furious is when they pay no attention to him. Being idolized by his fans is part of his stock in trade."

Yet, I noticed that Mrs. Fred stood right there and watched everything. At the psychological moment, she grabbed hubby by the arm and nonchalantly dragged him away, leaving the fans high and dry.

Mrs. Fred is one of our most astute and clever wives. She keeps herself in the background, yes, but Fred scarcely makes a move without her counsel. She spends long hours on the set, watching him dance, later analyzing and discussing his work with him. She makes a full-time job out of being a good and clever wife.

I DON'T know why it is, but there are just as many children among our big handsome male screen idols as there are in any good representative kindergarten. Lots of these well-tailored he-men you see strutting across the screen in the latest London tweed or specially cut tails are so helpless they can't even tie their own neckties without mama's help.

Not many wives, of course, go to the lengths one did in seeing that her husband started the day in a tranquil mood and was protected from any jarring notes, as he awakened from his rest-giving slumbers. This was Mrs. George Bancroft. Instead of grabbing Georgie by the arm and giving him a good hard shake when it was time for him to get up, she used to waft an orange peel gently in front of his nose. Whether the orange peel brought on a terrific sneeze which jolted *(Continued on page 65)*



Eric Blore, Lily Pons and Henry in "Love Song."



A hit in "Farmer Takes a Wife." Fox cast Fonda in "Way Down East" with Rochelle Hudson.



Broadway's gift to the movies—Henry Fonda.

SILENT YOUNG MAN

MEET HENRY FONDA! HOLLYWOOD PREDICTS BIG THINGS FOR HIM

BY MARTHA KERR

THERE ARE a lot of people in Hollywood who claim that Henry Fonda has had a lot of luck. In the cinema city less than a year, the lad who until recently was merely a producer's gift to the summer stock company, has found himself cast with Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and serving as leading man to Lily Pons diminutive star of the Metropolitan Opera. Any one of the above assignments would have sent the average leading man about town "into the throes," but our Henry seems to have taken it all in stride.

It is easy to believe that the Fonda could easily play the original Bashful Boy. There are plenty of conceited youths in town who have a strong "Ritz" complex and who charge their concentrated aloofness to being *that* shy. However, it is the belief of those who know him best that Henry really would have plenty to say if he'd bother to put his thoughts into words.

Several years ago he met Margaret Sullavan in New York. He became one of her beaux—the one she'd go to the movies with if the city slicker forgot to phone or if the handsome youth on the fifth floor suddenly remembered that he always took his *sister* to the movies on Saturday night. Then Henry would get a break. Not that he was ever a male wallflower, mind you. No indeed. There were plenty of girls who would have enjoyed his company, but they weren't Margaret Sullavan, so he wasn't interested.

Finally, came their engagement in stock. It was summer stock in a town flooded with moonlight and honeysuckle. The roles were romantic and Miss Sullavan said "Yes" to the sincere youth who had been asking her to marry him for many months. After the stock engagement, Margaret went to Chicago in a play and it was from the Windy City that Henry received a wire informing him that he was a free man once again, that the little woman had divorced him. He had no inkling that she had any thought of becoming a divorcée in her pretty head. But who ever has an inkling of what goes on in the Sullavan cranium?

To say that this was a blow (*Continued on page 75*)

THE LONE WOLF OF HOLLYWOOD

BY GLADYS HALL



MR. BRENT IS THE MALE GARBO WHEN IT COMES TO CRAVING SOLITUDE

CHATTER IN HOLLYWOOD: 'Tis said Greta Garbo is extremely unhappy over her romance with George Brent. Believe it or not, the greatest screen vamp of modern times is reported to have fallen desperately in love with the handsome Brent. And when Brent, who loves to fly and play tennis, seemed to prefer his sports, Garbo is said to have actually sulked. Well, personally, I think this makes her more human. And another thing that makes her human is that she is rowing with Fredric March. Freddie, who is tops today when it comes to acting, has been unconsciously doing a little scene stealing and Greta doesn't like it. (News item some time ago.)

BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT RIPLEY should know about this. For if there lives the man who can make Garbo (*Garbo!*) "extremely unhappy" over her romance with him, if there lives the man who *would* make Garbo "sulk," if there lives the man who prefers to fly, swim or fish rather than to dally with the Solitary Swede—well, words fail me. All I can say is that the case should be investigated and analyzed. I investigated. The clinical diagnosis follows.

I talked with George Brent in an office on the Warner Brothers lot. He had exactly one hour to give me. For within the hour and ten minutes he was taking off in his plane, by himself, for ten days in Mexico. Fishing, adventuring, alone. A ten days' leave had come his way after nine consecutive pictures. And he was taking the ten days not where the Garbos glow nor the Crawfords charm but somewhere in darkest Mexico, with a fishing rod, womanless. . . .

I put two and two together and the total tallied with the newspaper excerpt above.

Nor is it only Garbo, the great and glamorous who becomes mortal for long enough (*Continued on page 68*)

LOVELY DOLORES DEL RIO LIVES A THRILLING MARRIAGE

Above and left, Dolores alone and with her husband, Cedric Gibbons. Below left, with Everett Marshall in "I Live for Love." An apt title for her own life. Dolores thinks of her marriage as an exciting love affair.

Romantic—

NEVER ROUTINE

By HILARY LYNN

THERE'S an enormous mural in the Mexican Embassy Hall in Paris painted by the well-known Mexican artist, Zarraga. It's one of those pictures that creates discussion because it has a message—and it's created plenty—for and against! In the central group of three figures, a beautiful dark orchid of a girl, obviously of the upper classes, is breaking the shackles that bind two workers—a peasant farmer and a mechanic.

The girl who posed for the main figure was Dolores del Rio. It was painted during her honeymoon grand tour of Europe with her first husband, the ill-fated Jaime del Rio. In the face of much criticism—particularly from her socialite friends in Mexico City—Dolores finally succumbed to the pleadings of the young artist who had received the important commission, and consented to pose for him.

"I always loved that painting," she told me very simply, "because it symbolized what has happened in my own life—the break from a hide-bound, artificial existence, shackled by old-fashioned, stifling, social conventions to the unrestricted modern life I lead with Cedric today." (Cedric, in case you don't know, being Cedric Gibbons, the famous art director of M-G-M.)

Dolores declares she is one of Hollywood's *most modern girls*. And it isn't because her house offers one of the finest examples of modern interior decorating and furnishing in the West, nor because she has a yen for modern French and Mexican paintings, nor because she reads ultra-modern literature. It's because she has modern ideas about life and love, and she really puts them into practice!

"I have a modern design for living and loving," Dolores continued.

"To hear you talk, one would think you were living in sin," I said, "at least indulging in a little free love! But how come? You're the respectable married wife of Mr. Cedric Gibbons—and I hear he's not only dignified and reserved, but he's also a very masterful gentleman who won't put up with any nonsense!"

She laughed, and the face which Baron Huene pronounced "the sublimest and most interesting for photographing of any star in Hollywood" lit up with that peculiar del Rio radiance! Even her scarlet-stained toenails seemed to gleam with a special audacity through the lattice of the smart white sandals she was wearing.

"We may be married," said Dolores, "but our marriage *has* the flavor of sin." She watched my reaction to this bombshell. "That's why it continues to be so thrilling. As long as it has that exciting quality we'll stay together. But if it ever disappears—we'll leave one another. That's a vow Cedric and I made the day of our wedding!"

IN ITSELF this was a startling enough statement to make anyone sit up and take notice. Doubly startling in view of those frequent discussions about Hollywood marriages which refer to Cedric and Dolores as if they were museum pieces. If they're ever seen together on the boulevard, which isn't very often because they keep pretty much to themselves, they're pointed out with pride as one of the rare examples of a happy married couple in America's best training school for divorces. "It's a happy marriage because it's an old-fashioned one," explain the know-alls.

When I repeated this statement to Dolores, she was positively insulted. "It's ten million miles removed from anything that could be called old-fashioned," she said.

First of all, Dolores and Cedric refuse to regard one another as husband and wife. They think of each other as lovers! Which accounts for that dangerously thrilling "flavor of sin."

"And we live like lovers—deliberately," says Dolores, proudly. "First of all, we meet only at night, because we're both kept so busy with our work. And, fortunately for us, our studios are at the opposite ends of California, so to speak—M-G-M at Culver City and Warner Brothers at Burbank. So we haven't much chance of bumping into each other between 9 A.M. and 6 P.M. And when we finally meet for dinner at eight o'clock every evening—and nothing on earth except urgent studio business can interfere with that rendezvous—it's with the same excitement that lovers have when they meet after being separated for a long time."

She smiled exultantly. "You've no idea how exciting a marriage can be when you look at it as a thrilling love affair, and not a tied-to-each-other-for-life, monotonous burden. And marriage could be that for everyone—if they were willing to act the part of lovers, and not bored husbands and wives."

(At this juncture I couldn't help smiling and wondering, privately, whether Dolores and Cedric had ever heard of that Oklahoma institution, the "Husbands' Gratitude Club." These are the national bene-

(*Cont'd on p. 76*)



Miss Pross, Edna May Oliver.



Donald Woods as Charles Darnay.

A TALE OF TWO

ONE MAN DIED SO ANOTHER COULD

THE MESSAGE . . . It was the year of Our Lord 1784. Up Shooter's Hill on the Dover Road (for they called that stretch of mud and ruts a road) a coach plodded doggedly. The passengers, perforce, walked by its side, for it was all the poor horses could do to pull the coach, let alone the passengers. Close they stayed to the clumsy vehicle, as if for protection, thoughts of highwaymen astir in their minds. The sound of an approaching horse sent them huddling even closer together—sent nervous hands reaching for pistols and blunderbusses.

Out of the fog came a hard-ridden nag. "Dover Mail? Are you the Dover Mail?" demanded Cockney accents from over a mound of muffler. "I'm a messenger from Tellson's London Bank. I wants Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

From the group of passengers a figure came forward. "Here I am. Is that Jerry Cruncher? It's all right, driver," to the apprehensive coachman. "I know him. What's the message, Jerry?"

"Wait at the Royal George for mam'selle," delivered Jerry.

"Ah! She'll be at Dover. Give this reply to the office, Jerry: 'Recalled to Life.'"

"Very good, sir," bowed Cruncher, and departed.

This exchange of cryptic sayings left the others in almost as nervous a state as if they had actually been held up by one of the robbers of the road.

AT DOVER . . . The waiter at the Royal George had his own opinion about the relationship of the fussy, prosperous-looking elderly gentleman from London and the pretty lady, who had just arrived with her maid. With that smileless smirk peculiar to all waiters, he announced to Mr. Lorry that Miss Manette was in her rooms. "Good. Good," said Mr. Lorry. He settled his odd, crimped little wig more firmly on his head. Then, catching the waiter's sardonic eye, he added, quite unnecessarily, "Business. Strictly business. Er . . . I'm from Tellson's Bank." A good man, Jarvis Lorry, if a trifle cramped and over-precise from a life of attention to—er—strictly business.

Lucie Manette greeted him with a sweet courtesy. Bade

CAST

Sydney Carton.....RONALD COLMAN
Lucie Manette.....ELIZABETH ALLAN
Miss Pross.....EDNA MAY OLIVER
Madame Defarge.....BLANCHE YURKA
Stryver.....REGINALD OWEN
Marquis D'Evremonde.....
BASIL RATHBONE
Dr. Manette....HENRY B. WALTHALL
Charles Darnay.....DONALD WOODS
Barsad.....WALTER CATLETT
Gaspard.....FRITZ LEIBER
Gabelle..... H. B. WARNER
Ernest Defarge.....MITCHELL LEWIS
Jarvis Lorry....CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
Jerry Cruncher.....BILLY BEVAN
Seamstress.....ISABEL JEWELL
Lucie as a Child.....FAY CHALDECOTT

—Adapted from the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER picture. Directed by JACK CONWAY. From the screen play by W. P. LIPSCOMB. Based on the famous novel by CHARLES DICKENS. Fictionized by MARY MAYES.



Lucie Manette, Elizabeth Allan.



Sidney Carton, Ronald Colman.

CITIES . . .

WIN THE GIRL HE LOVED

him be seated. Yes, she had received a message from his bank. A message about . . . Obviously, something was puzzling her. An odd little frown wrinkled her brow. "Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?" she asked. "I know you—I'm *sure* I know you."

A shade fell on Mr. Lorry's business-like face. "Yes," he said. "Seventeen years ago, when you were a little girl, I was instrumental in bringing you and your mother over from France." He fell silent for a moment. "And now," his precise manner returning, "the business we have in hand relates to your father."

"You knew him before he died?"

"Yes. He was a client of Tellson's Paris Bank." Mr. Lorry fingered the wig, pulled at the snowy linen frills of his shirt. It was becoming increasingly hard to be business-like about what he had to say. "I am an arm of that bank—a mere arm. That is how you must regard me."

Certainly none of these matter-of-fact statements could have caused the color to fly from Lucie's face. It must have been something in the man's voice.

"You are," the voice went on, "in a manner of speaking, a ward of Tellson's—*my* ward. I have always handled your financial affairs. Now, let us suppose your father had not died. . . . Oh, don't be frightened, child!"

"Mr. Lorry! Please, what is it?"

Oh, he *was* making a botch of it!

"If your father had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had had an enemy who caused him to be imprisoned . . ."

But Mr. Lorry got no further, for Lucie had fallen, a slim little unconscious heap, to the floor.

His inexpert masculine attentions and his fussy alarm were interrupted by the entrance (*Continued on page 89*)



Basil Rathbone as the cruel Marquis.



Blanche Yurka as Mme. Defarge.

MR. BOLES TAKES PEN IN HAND



JOHN KNOWS THE ANSWERS AND GIVES THEM ALL

BY KAY OSBORN

I CORNERED John just as he was leaving the studio some time ago and begged him to please answer some of the many questions that his fans are always asking him in their 2,000 letters a week. "Those same questions must be on the tips of all your fans' tongues . . . even those who don't find time to write. So let's print all the answers in MODERN SCREEN for everyone to read," I begged.

John smiled. "I'd love to. Let's go out to the house, where most of my mail is, and do it right now."

He *really* smiled! That warm smile that comes with eager anticipation. This was no boresome task to be done quickly, and "gotten over with." Where John's fans are concerned, he is sincere, appreciative and enthusiastic. That is one of the many things that makes John an unusual sort in Hollywood. As far as his fan mail is concerned, there just aren't any wastebaskets in his house. But there is a comfy deck chair in the back garden where John Boles sits three mornings a week, if he's not working, and dictates to his secretary, with the mail-to-be-answered piled waist-high beside him.

More than this, John is available to his fans. A lot of women have traveled across the country with the sole and intense purpose of meeting John Boles, and, almost unheard of in this town, these fans *do* meet him. Some of them even lunch and dine with him.

There is the story of the New York girl whose family surprised her with a trip to Europe. The girl burst into tears and said she would much rather have the money to go to California, where she might be able to see her film idol, John Boles. She burst into such tears, as a matter of fact, that that was what the family finally had to let her do. She wrote John that she was on her way, and when she got here he saw to it that her happiness was complete, and invited her to lunch at the studio.

Many are the John Boles fans who have since become John Boles' friends. Mrs. Violette Magner is perhaps the most outstanding example. A well-to-do woman of middle age, she began sending gifts to John several years ago. His sincere thank-you notes started a correspondence, which was later culminated in Mrs. Magner's first trip to the Coast, where she was entertained at the Boles home. During the last year, when John and his family went East, they took a four-day trip with Mrs. Magner, up through the Adirondacks. Mrs. Magner is like a mother to the Boles, and John is the son that she has dreamed of all her life.

While making personal (*Continued on page 85*)

John spends three days a week, when not working, answering his bulky fan mail personally.

You fans will like "Rose of the Rancho" for John sings a lot with Gladys Swarthout.





BIOGRAPHY OF BINNIE

SHE'S DRIVEN A MILK CART AND WORKED IN FACTORIES, SO ACTING IS A SISSY JOB!

BY CHARLES DARNTON

INTO A cold, gray London factory, on a foggy morning, tramped a cheerless girl in a shabby hat and a rag of a dress. Under her arm she carried a lunch box, nothing more than an old pasteboard shoe box which was turned to everyday use. Going to her place at a grimy iron stamping machine, she opened the box and took from it a small picture cut from a magazine. This she fixed to her incongruous treadmill where she could see it for the long day ahead. "My eye!" remarked the girl next to her. "Don't tell me it's the Prince of Wyles?"

"No," the hopeless romanticist was told, "it's Lillian Russell. She was called The American Beauty, and I'd rather be like her than any other woman in the world."

Into a warm, bright Hollywood room on a sunny morning breezed a joyous creature trim and smart in sky-blue pajamas. A soft hat rakishly perched upon her gold-shot hair set off her refreshing charm. She held out a friendly hand in greeting. Then she drew forth a platinum-framed photograph which she placed admiringly upon the table. "I simply can't quite make myself believe I've somehow lived to be her in the film 'Diamond Jim,'" marvelled the one-time London factory girl, Binnie Barnes.

"Has it been so great a change?"

"Look at me!" she challenged—and that wasn't hard. "Nothing could possibly be greater than changing from what I was to Lillian Russell. It takes me back to that day when I worked at a racketty machine from nine in the morning till seven at night for a pound a week—five dollars. Not that I minded. It really was easier than my first job, when I had to get up at four every morning and drive a milk cart about the London streets."

What a background! But I couldn't help wondering why an English actress had been chosen to play an American beauty.

"You can't be more surprised than I was," she said. "It knocked me right off my pins. You see, they cabled me to come over and play Miss Russell's chum, Edna McCauley, the fashionable dressmaker. But when I got here, they were in a jam and they grabbed me to get them out of it. They'd tested about a thousand girls for the Lillian Russell part, but although they got beauty galore, they couldn't get just what they were after. They wanted someone sympathetic."

"Miss Russell was." I recalled.

"Then you knew her!" exclaimed Binnie, wide-eyed.

Explaining that I'd known Miss Russell in her Casino and Weber and Fields days, I assumed that the slender Binnie embodied the "Beauteous One" of an earlier date.

"Yes," she replied, "when Miss Russell was at Tony Pastor's and just entering her Broadway career. She was twenty-eight."

"And you're——?" (Courage, man!)

"Twenty-six."

Singing with the angels, Lillian Russell, who had a way of keeping her youth out of Father Time's hands, must have raised a note of thanks.

"One thing that encouraged me was a yellowed program of the bill at Tony Pastor's announcing, 'Lillian Russell in English Ballads.' As I'd sung them I felt we had something in common. And when it came to playing her I wasn't afraid of my English accent. It isn't very noticeable, is it? You know, I've been taken for an American girl ever since I went *(Continued on page 66)*

Cesar Romero, Binnie Barnes and Edward Arnold in the successful Universal film, "Diamond Jim."



When Binnie Barnes played Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim," she realized a lifetime ambition.



Sylvia divulges Joan's beauty and health habits.

BE SLIM AND REMAIN HEALTHY – LOSE THE SYLVIA WAY

BY MADAME SYLVIA



Joan Personette, the Modern Screen reader Sylvia chose as bearing the greatest resemblance to La Crawford.

IF YOU WOULD HAVE A FIGURE LIKE CRAWFORD



OKAY, Joan Personette, just take a look at your picture published right here in MODERN SCREEN!

What a swell baby *you* are! And you don't stop at just looking like Joan Crawford, you even have her first name. That last name is pretty cute, too. What's this Personette business? Don't you know how to spell personality? Well, whether you spell it or not, you've got it.

Suppose you had the advantages of grand lighting, skillful photographers and make-up experts as Joan Crawford has! If they took that little pan of yours and gave it the works as they gave it to Crawford you'd see something swell.

But what's the matter, honey? Do you need that prop to hold you up? You won't need it after you've received the personal letter from me telling you exactly what to do to perfect yourself. You'll throw away that spear, hold up your shoulders, pull in your tummy and look the world smack in the eye with a flashing smile.

SPEAKING of smiles, where is your smile, Joan Personette? Were you afraid, maybe, that your teeth aren't quite so pearly as the Hollywood belles'? Well, let me tell you something, lots of the Hollywood pearls are cultured. Half the teeth in Hollywood have been straightened or are covered by porcelain caps. And in this day of modern dentistry there is no excuse for anyone—movie star or stenographer—to have unattractive teeth.

Never mind, baby, I'm one jump ahead of you. I know what you're thinking. You're saying, "That's all very well and good but where in the name of Will Hays am I going to get the money for expensive dentistry?" And that brings me to something I've wanted to say to all of you for a long time.

When you want a thing badly enough you can always find a way to get it! (And that goes for beauty and health, too. If you *really* want it you can *have* it.) You buy little luxuries and clothes on the installment plan, I'll bet. You make sacrifices for a new coat, maybe. Whatever you *really* want you can *get!*

And figuring out a way is good for your character. I mean that. But I'm giving it to you straight. The courage, the will power and the determination that it takes to "find a way" and go through with it makes you a better person.

Look at the movie stars. When the new girls are signed to long-term contracts, (*Continued on page 74*)



Read what Sylvia has to say to Miss Personette and you girls who have or would like a Crawford figure.



Work with Sylvia and take off that excess weight! Her famous diets and exercises lop off 15 pounds a month.



In spite of her fame as an opera singer, and now a movie star, Lily Pons is regular.



In the happy days before Miss Pons broke her engagement to Dr. Fritz von der Becke.

PONS & CO. INVADE *Hollywood*

BY RAMON ROMERO

SHE IS no bigger than a minute, weighs but ninety pounds with her clothes on, and looks like a miniature Mona Lisa. Standing beside Jeritza or Farrar, she would diminish into a female Tom Thumb. She has reached the highest range in music, but in spite of her fame she remains as simple as a child. Meet Lily Pons, Grand Opera's latest contribution to the steadily growing list of songbirds who are bringing to the screens of the world a renaissance in music.

When Miss Pons makes her debut in "Love Song," she is expected to be as phenomenal a success in the cinema as she was on the night of her operatic debut at the Mulhouse in Alsace Lorraine, when she brought the musical critics to her feet. Aside from a bell-like voice, it is felt that her diminutive personality will do much to endear her to film fans who demand their heroines slim and slight.

Minus the usual fanfare of trumpets, the little French doll of Opera appeared suddenly one day in Hollywood to be introduced at a press tea at the Knickerbocker. Dressed simply in a linen sport outfit, she seemed anything but a glamorous star of the Metropolitan. Unaffected and ingratiating, she met each new person with wide-eyed interest, eager to explore into every new angle of movie production, bombarding reporters with questions, while each succumbed completely under the Pons charm. News went out the next morning that Lily was regular!

Thus, with one wise, diplomatic sweep she smote to smithereens the rumor which had circulated up and down the Boulevard that something approaching "the tops" in temperament was about to hit the town. Stories leaked out from the RKO lot that when La Pons arrived, she would bring with her from Paris and New York a retinue of servants, advisors, music teachers and whatnots that would set a new record for visiting celebrities. In fact the Pons pilgrimage to Hollywood would be in the nature of a Safari bordering on extravaganza. But at the tea she was inconspicuous enough to be mistaken for her producer's secretary!

A few days after her arrival I met Pons & Co. in the mansion she had leased on Los Felix Boulevard. Unincorporated, boasting no officials, without any stock to sell, and officially without even a company title, the invading Ponites had quickly settled down to the serious business of work, in the large, rambling vine-covered house, which might easily have been a villa on the Italian Riviera.

Pons herself met me in the garden, and led the way into a reception room for which I anticipated would be a private interview! Ah! Sweet anticipation! From behind the closed doors of the nearby music room I could hear melodic strains of "Pons' repertoire" doing things to a piano. In her cute, broken (*Continued on page 94*)

A BONA FIDE PRIMA DONNA COMES TO TOWN



"I'D BE A TERRIBLE HUSBAND"

. . . AND FRANCIS LEDERER, NOT SPARING HIMSELF, GIVES EIGHT REASONS WHY

(Left) Frances Dee and Francis Lederer make "The Gay Deception" a delightful comedy.

BY DOROTHY DONNELL



IN THE LOBBY of a Budapest theatre the frock-coated, gardenia-buttonholed manager stood complacently surveying the throng of patrons hurrying from their cars. It was within ten minutes of the curtain's rise and the evening's events were proceeding in orderly manner. Suddenly in the midst of top hats and evening cloaks burst a young man with wild black hair, dressed shabbily in threadbare grey, carrying a white linen jacket on his arm. A young man in a hurry.

"If you please," he said, panting and smiling, to the manager, "would you be so very kind as to lend me—for just half an hour—your trousers?"

It is a tribute to the young man's charm and radiant smile that the manager did not call the police. It is a tribute to his intense earnestness and sincerity that the request even seemed reasonable.

"If you please, quickly! Or it will be too late," gasped the newcomer, seizing his arm and steering him down a passage backstage. "It is so terribly important, you understand! The first chance I have had in a month. Only a waiter's part but who can tell? It might lead to something. Naturally I could not play a waiter in grey—all the world knows that waiters wear black trousers. The coat I borrowed from a barber. I took it off him. He seemed a little astonished but he will understand when I return it and explain. Only nowhere could I get the rest of my costume. I stopped men in the street. I begged them. But no one—none," said the young man tragically, "would lend me his trousers! Until you . . . ah . . . thank you! Thank you . . . a thousand thanks."

BEHIND THE shelter of a backdrop, the manager, frock-coated, gardenia-buttonholed, trouserless, stood staring after a slim figure running toward the wings, pulling on a white linen coat as he ran. With an air of conviction he spoke aloud. "Someday," he said, "someday we shall hear of that one."

Francis Lederer relates this little interlude of his career as an instance of his early struggles. To him it is neither extraordinary nor amusing. It is merely the way reasonable human beings behave. If Lederer continually astonishes Hollywood it is because Hollywood is strange, not Lederer.

If he chooses to spend his Sundays outflung on the ground under a tree instead of at Malibu or Caliente in order to renew contact with the earth it is not eccentric, merely natural. If he cannot work unless his pens and pencils point to the right sign of the Zodiac it is not superstitious but scientific. If he leaps from his seat in the midst of a play and runs up onto the platform to make a charming little speech of praise for the acting, it is not impulsive, but polite. And if he does not take Hollywood always into his confidence it is not secretiveness, but because he has a different idea from reporters and columnists as to what is interesting.

"I would have told about it if anyone had ever asked," he said simply, when reproachful interviewers descended upon him to demand why he had never confessed that Hollywood's most famous bachelor had four years ago separated from a Viennese opera singer to whom he was married for less than two years. "But you see," added Francis with the beaming little (*Continued on page 83*)



ILLUSTRATED BY
CARL MUELLER

Confessions OF AN EXTRA GIRL

PART V

WHEN STUDIOS BLACK-LIST HER—WHAT THEN?

WHEN JOAN CRAWFORD made it possible for me to get extra work, I asked her how I might repay her and she said, "When you're in a position to do so, help some other poor girl who needs aid."

At the time I did not realize how soon an opportunity would come but now my artist friend, Bradley, who had just confessed his love for me, was leading me to the home of a girl who had been insulted, as I once had been, by the "quickie" director.

When she made a row about it, this director turned all the blame on her and said she was trying to "frame" him. It occurred to Bradley that her story would be given credence if I told my own similar experience, which was just as harrowing.

We found the girl, whom I shall call "Dolly," in tears. She reminded me of myself when I first came to Hollywood—young, eager, bewildered. I tried to comfort her by telling her that our experiences were exceptions and that, although this director had insulted me during the first week I was in Hollywood, I had never had such an experience again. I assured her that the directors on the big lots are much too busy and much too impervious to go around making life unpleasant for extra girls. It is such cheap, small-time men as the one who had made Dolly and me unhappy who give Hollywood its bad name—a name it in no way deserves.

But I told her that I would be glad to help her out by telling my story and she seemed to feel better.

I did what I promised her I would do and it was all utterly useless. The shoddy director behaved in a cheap, rotten fashion and declared that I was no better than Dolly and that I, being her friend (although I had just met her), was also in the plot to frame him.

Such injustice made us boil, but there was nothing to be done about it. I tried to dismiss it from my mind. But I was not to be allowed to forget it so easily.

I had, as I've told you, been receiving fairly regular calls for work from the various studios. These calls began to lessen.

At first I thought it was simply because the season was dull, not many pictures were being made. But other extras whom I knew had not noticed this. I tried not to worry too much. *(Continued on page 79)*



Earl Cantrell, Paramount electrician, admires Helen Mack (above) because she's as sweet as Mary Brian. Seeing Arthur Brisbane on the set one day thrilled him more than rubbing elbows with Dietrich (below)!



And below is Earl Cantrell, in person. He has been at Paramount for ten years and probably will be for ten more even though he thinks from time to time that he might break away. He's typical of many others.



THE MEN WHO MAKE YOUR MOVIES

THE ELECTRICIAN SPOT-LIGHTS FAMOUS FACES BUT THRILLS TO FEW!

BY KATHERINE ALBERT



IF YOU were to walk on a movie set tomorrow, no doubt the center of your interest would be the glamorous stars making passionate love to each other beneath the glare of lights, before the watchful eye of the camera. You would be interested to see whether your favorites were more beautiful on than off the screen. When the cameras ceased their turning, you probably would be held spellbound as you heard the director discussing the next scene with the players. And, after all this, if you were not whisked off the set by the office boy, who was showing you around, you might waste a couple of glances on all the other people on the stage.

That man with the broom sweeping away marks of the actors' footprints, you would be told, is an assistant prop boy. That lad, who clicks two sticks together beneath the microphone as a signal that all is in readiness to shoot, is a member of the camera crew. That girl with a ream of typewritten pages in her hand, sitting close to the director, she's the script clerk. And all those men moving the enormous lights, scrambling over the parallels at the top of the stage or walking around aimlessly, apparently doing nothing—they're the electricians.

DRAMA IS here. There is glamor and excitement in the hopes, the ambitions, the personalities of the people behind the camera—those people who, daily, are so close to the stars and yet, in actuality, so far removed from them. And we, who spread the Hollywood scene before you, are often so blinded by star dust that we cannot see the importance of these people.

Take the electrician, for instance. Would you like to be one? Would it excite you to be within touching distance of Garbo, Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, every day of your life? Would it thrill you to know that the lights you wield had the power to make or mar the star's beauty?

Now meet Earl Cantrell, a typical electrician, and answer these questions for yourself.

For ten years Earl has been at Paramount, handling "babies," "barrels," "pans," and "strips." He has been assigned to pictures in which the most glamorous stars have appeared. From Swanson (*Continued on page 93*)

WARM FURS... Gidgy HATS

IT IS an amusing paradox that a sun-tanned spot like Hollywood should yield some of the most exciting fur fashions for your winter wardrobe inspiration. Yet, all weather forecasts to the contrary, you need a warm tippet of a Hollywood evening. And far be it that the stars should forego such luxurious fripperies as rich fur wraps, soft scarfs and swathing capes! They love 'em! It is a fact that one furrier made himself famous for having a stock of rentable furs on hand for big premieres and gala parties in the old days. Actually, many of those gorgeous wraps you used to sigh over as pictured in the news flashes of opening nights, were returned the next morning. Today, however, there's hardly a little extra girl who can't afford some sort of fur wrap for her first public appearances around Hollywood's swank night spots.

The silver fox cape that has become such a staple in the smart Hollywood wardrobe was an exciting innovation the first night that the late Lilyan Tashman wore one to a grand premiere. Lil was noted for being forehanded in her chic . . . she could sense dashing new styles that would take with the rest of the country, often



Rosalind Keith lets her wide meshed veil completely cover her black velvet hat.

A matching black broadtail beret is Gail Patrick's topper to her coat.



Bronzy brown seal in a youthful modified fur swagger coat worn by Olivia De Havilland. A practical but very smart winter choice.

BY ADELIA BIRD

they were bizarre but Lil never let that hold her back. And usually she was right, for later they were modified and copied by the more conservative stars who did not have the Tashman adventuring spirit when it came to new things.

JUST THE other night in Hollywood, the number and variety of silver fox capes were startling. Marlene Dietrich topped all the crowd with a swagger coat made entirely of silver fox skins, used vertically. Very stunning with her black dinner costume. Dolores Del Rio wore a bulky short cape of the precious dark fox skins . . . her hat was one of the wide brimmed halos with a twisted forehead band of velvet. Her cape reached below her elbows, but one Miriam Hopkins wore, the same evening, was much shorter. It topped a full skirted taffeta gown and had matching ties of the taffeta for fastening. Mrs. Gary Cooper was another silver fox cape-ite. Hers was rather straight, fitting her shoulders snugly and worn open at front. This topped a black velvet gown trimmed with white silk frogs in a military manner. Her small turban was one of those Mussolini-like affairs with a bang of silk fringe hanging off the crown in front.

This just gives you a small idea of how the silver foxes are giving their all to make Hollywood more glamorous by day and night! Josephine Hutchinson in "The Melody Lingers On" wears one of these silver fox pretties in the new longer length. This is shown on page 50 and you will see how the skins are used vertically, much like the Dietrich wrap I was describing earlier. The

The new three-quarter length swagger fur coat in black Persian lamb, on Glenda Farrell.

Evening elegance in white ermine and sable. Gail Patrick's magnificent cape in full length.

And the last word in daytime swank . . . Gail again but this time in black broadtail and fox.



FROM SWAGGER LAPIN TO SNOOTY MINK,
TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF SMART FURS!



Left to right above, you see some more interesting new furs and the gay hats that can top them. Josephine Hutchinson wears a rich silver fox cape in a new longer length over her black velvet dinner gown in "The Melody Lingers On." Frieda Inescort wears the white fur wrap that is a great pet in Hollywood. Hers is a swagger, three-quarter length Russian caracul with tailored Johnny collar and softly bloused three-quarter length sleeves. Again Josephine Hutchinson in fox trimmed velvet costume—note how cleverly the fur has been set away from the face. Her halo hat has Mephistophelean point at the forehead and a tiny veil to soften its severity. At left, Rosalind Keith wears an amusing little peaked turban of bengaline with a full lace veil circling her face and suspended from the cuff brim. Perfect for formal afternoon and dinner costumes.

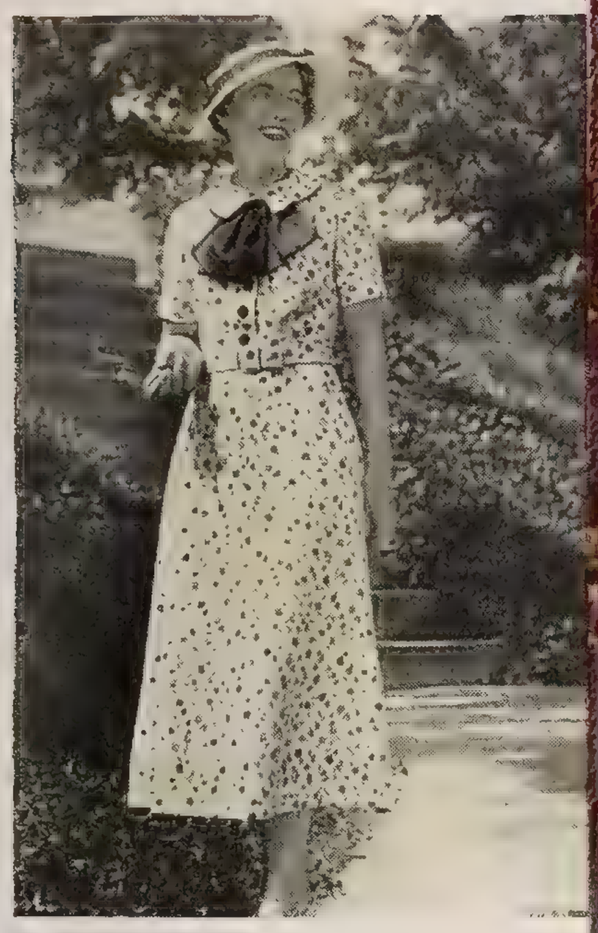
short cape is usually made with the skins in a horizontal and circular effect.

To sidestep for a moment from furs, I want to tell you something about the costumes that Josephine wears in this picture. She wears thirty-six changes of costume, covering a period of more than twenty years. The fashion period starts with 1917 and goes through the present day to several years hence. The interesting thing is that the 1917 fashions, with but few changes in skirt length and waistline, are not unlike the present day fashions we are wearing. Helen Taylor, who has done such a grand designing job on these, believes that no one would laugh at Josephine should she suddenly walk down Hollywood Boulevard in some of her 1917 outfits. And those that forecast fashion trends a few years hence are definitely worth keeping in mind.

But to get down to earth, since you and I can't think only in terms of the lavish silver fox, we can turn our eyes to the many other charming furs that come closer to our budget confines and still retain (*Continued on page 87*)

"I enjoy the added zest that comes with smoking a Camel"

Mrs. Jasper Morgan



When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Westbury, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason every one is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.



Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke—and certainly Camels are the popular cigarette. If I'm tired from the rush of things, I notice that smoking a Camel revives my energy in a pleasant way. And I find their flavor most agreeable." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos. Get a "lift" with a Camel.



In summer Mrs. Morgan is keenly interested in yachting. "Another thing that makes me like Camels so much," she says, "is that they never affect my nerves. I suppose that is because of the finer tobaccos in Camels." Smoking Camels never upsets your nerves.

AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

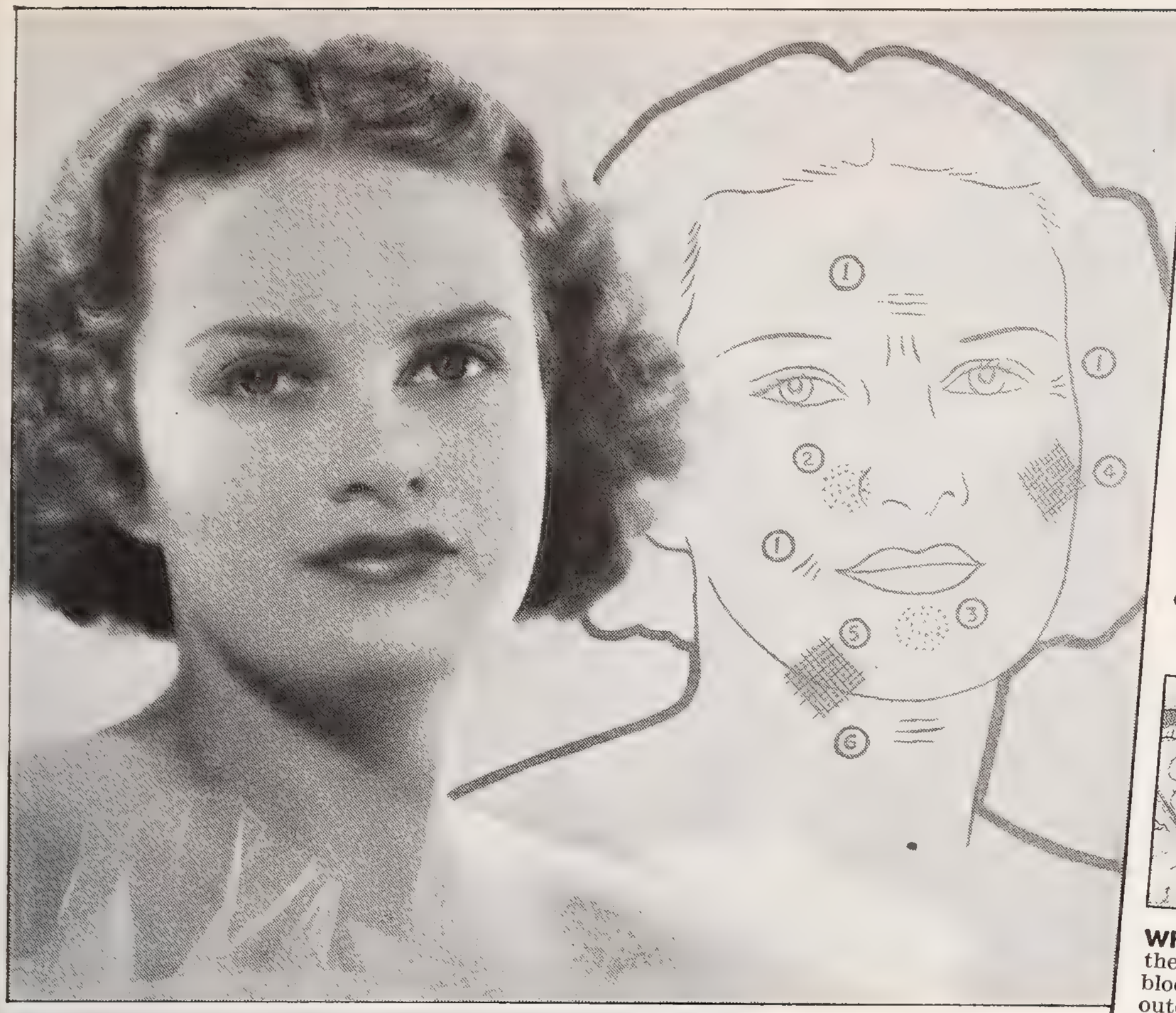


Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos ...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand



A Romantic Duet

Backstage love—an aspiring young soprano and the successful baritone. In other words, Lawrence Tibbett and Virginia Bruce in "Metropolitan." This behind-the-scenes yarn of the opera gives Tibbett a grand setting for his screen return. And are you fans pleased! Alice Brady's a diva whose best notes are sour. As for Virginia, she gets the breaks, not only Tibbett but Cesar Romero.



Which is Yours?

1 Lines fade when wasting *under* tissues are stimulated.

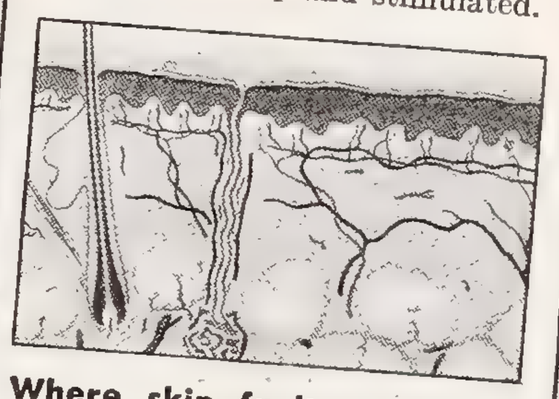
2 Blackheads go when clogging underskin secretions are removed, and *underskin* stimulation prevents further clogging.

3 Blemishes stop coming when blackheads that cause them are removed and new ones prevented.

4 Pores reduce when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions that come from within the skin.

5 Dry skin softens when penetrating oils restore suppleness and oil glands grow active.

6 Tissues won't sag when underskin nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.



Where skin faults start— In the underskin, tiny nerves, cells, blood vessels and glands keep outer skin flawless. Skin faults start when this underskin slows up!

Miss Constance Hall says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear and fine."

Put new life into Under Skin

See outer skin bloom...Faultless!



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, FRANCOISE of FRANCE

Princess Christopher of Greece

famed among royalty for her classic beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look fresher, my pores fine. Little lines have vanished!"

Deep-skin Cream *reaches beginnings of Common Skin Faults*

WHAT annoys you most when you peer into the mirror?

Blackheads dotting your nose? Lines on forehead? Little blemishes? If you could only start *new*—with a satin-clear skin!

And you *can!*—by putting *new life* into your underskin! There's where skin faults begin. And there's where you must work to get rid of them.

Your underskin is made up of tiny nerves, blood vessels, glands and fibres. *Kept active*—they rush life to your outer skin—free it of flaws. Annoying lines, blackheads, blemishes are a sign your underskin is losing its vigor!

TO KEEP that underskin pulsating with life—stimulate it deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Made of specially processed oils, it seeps down the pore through cloggings of dirt...make-up... skin secretions. Out they flow—leaving your skin fresher, immediately clearer.

But Pond's Cold Cream does still more! Pat in more cream briskly. Circulation quickens, little glands get busy. Now pores reduce, blemishes go away, lines begin to fade!

A double-benefit treatment

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to uproot clogging make-up and dirt. Wipe off. Now pat in fresh Cream—for underskin stimulation!

Every Morning, and before make-up, refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It smooths your skin for powdering.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Special 9-Treatment Tube

POND'S, Dept. M50, Clinton, Conn. . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

Love GAME

Love game on the tennis court and in the grandstand! At least that's the way it struck Scotty when he looked about and spotted all these teams as spectators. At right, Gladys Swarthout, the operatic screen star, and her husband, Frank Chapman. They're very devoted. Then below, left to right, Margaret Sullavan and spouse, William Wyler, prove that everything is hunky-dory with them again. Bob Riskin with Carole Lombard, an inseparable duo. And in the bottom row, none other than Gloria Swanson, looking smarter and younger than ever, with her constant swain, Herbert Marshall. They seem to be having more fun than anyone else. And last, Ann Sothern waits eagerly for Roger Pryor's decision on a play. This romance goes on and on.





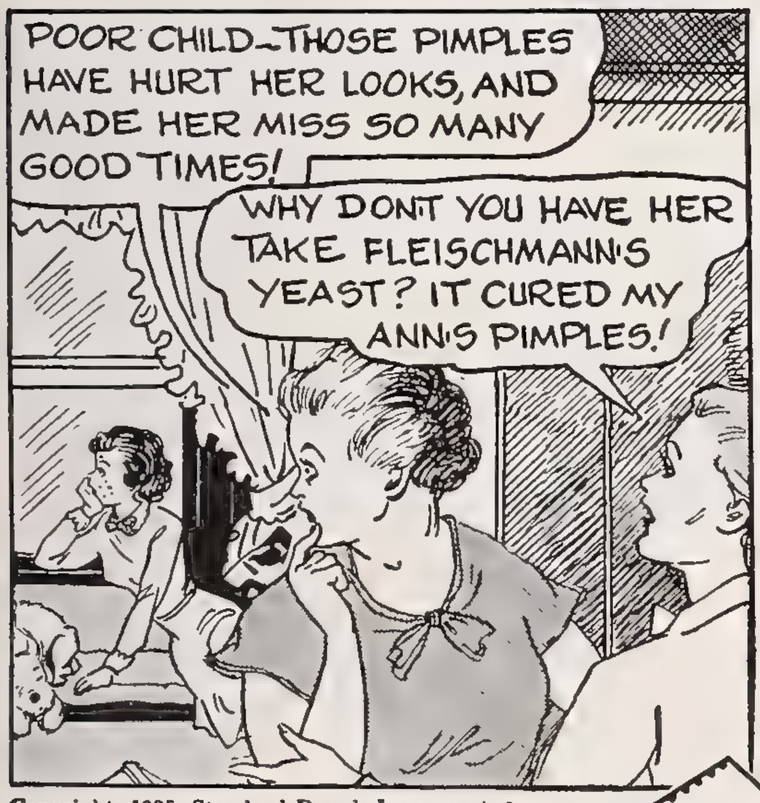




But secretly she cried over her pimply skin









Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood



Left, a brother and sister team that hoofed successfully from Broadway to the screen—Vilma and Buddy Ebsen. Buddy also has the distinction of being married to Walter Winchell's Girl Friday, Ruth Cambridge. And right, the Hollywood snapshooter's sweetheart, Arline Judge. And that's our own Scotty with his arm about the gal. The camera lads decided that Arline always gave them the breaks, never refused to pose—so they presented her with a silver cup, inscribed, "You're the tops!" Nice tribute.



MORE GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 15*)

on the Warner lot, and tennis on a weekday afternoon is only for the idle rich and the snooping reporters.

■ ■ ■

Love in Bloom Department: Sally Eilers and hubby Harry Joe Brown holding hands like a couple of school kids during a recent cocktail hour. . . . Pat Ellis at the "Bright Lights" opening with Dick Green, an assistant director at RKO, who, they say, is Pat's true love. . . . Lyle Talbot dividing his evenings between Paula Stone and Martha Merrill, among others. . . . And Alice Faye sharing her spare moments with Billy Seymour and Vic Orsatti. . . . Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell together again at the Baer-Louis fight in New York.

■ ■ ■

Von Sternberg, as you probably know, has just finished making "Crime and Punishment" for Columbia. Many were the Hollywood gags which floated about during its production—such as calling the picture Von Sternberg's Crime and Columbia's Punishment—but those who have seen the rushes predict it will be one of the real hits of the new season.

■ ■ ■

The off-again on-again honors for the month are hereby handed to Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey. Following their romance is driving us dizzy, but we've finally figured it out. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays they're madly in love. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays they deny everything, and people see Bob with Alice Faye and Irene with someone else. We haven't got around to figuring out their Sunday status yet.

■ ■ ■

Visited Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan on the set of "Tarzan Escapes," on which they have been working since last June. This is their third venture into the jungle, and Maureen seemed particularly happy about it because Johnny Farrow wrote the dialogue and spent much of his time on the set. It's hardly possible that Johnny contributed the dialogue for the scene we watched, which consisted of "Ugh!" and something that sounded like "Ummmph!"

■ ■ ■

If you can measure prosperity by the length of a person's automobile, Mae West is the wealthiest gal in the world. Mae must have been saving the money she usually invests in diamonds, for she has just stepped out with a swank Dusenberg that's almost as long as a feature picture. Even on a foggy day you can see Mae for miles, for the job is all done up in white. All, that is, except the driver, who is three shades darker than Stepin Fetchit.

■ ■ ■

Mae's pretentious buggy sort of puts Bob Montgomery's imported Bentley Racer in the anti-climax department, but it hasn't taken away any of Mr. M's enthusiasm for his car. At Metro stars are allowed to drive their automobiles onto the lot, which means that Bob practically drives his right onto the set and almost runs over his pals in his anxiety to show off his prize possession. It's getting so he spends most of his time at the wheel; if Metro wants a Montgomery picture they'll either have to blast or write Robert a racing yarn.

■ ■ ■

It seems there are two subjects Gene Raymond hates to discuss with interviewers, and they are love and marriage. Recently a writer asked him, "What is your opinion of a trial honeymoon properly chaperoned?" Gene replied, "First tell me what would be *your* opinion of a trial chaperone properly honeymooned?"

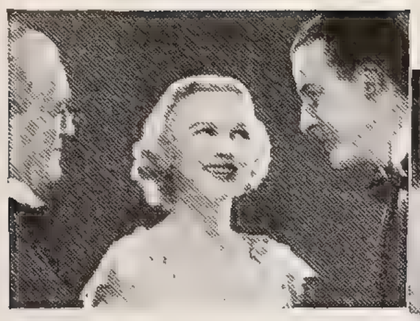
Danced with Una Merkel at the Trocadero recently and she raved about the grand wardrobe she wears in "Riff Raff." Thinking Adrian must have poured his soul into his supreme creations, we visited Una on the set a few days later for a first-hand preview of her gorgeous gowns. The little number she was wearing must have cost all of thirty-nine cents. It was a house dress obviously made for someone who was—well, bigger around the house than Una. And it *wasn't* an Adrian creation. Una said she personally shopped for her things and the complete wardrobe, dresses, shoes, stocking, jools and all cost her ten dollars. "There's just one thing wrong with this lovely creation," said Una of her oversized house dress, "the men—it drives them mad!" So watch for "Riff Raff" and the ravishing new Merkel ensembles.

■ ■ ■

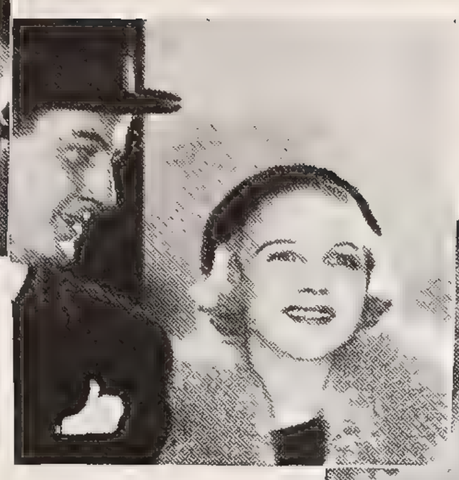
Jackie Cooper's mother has the right idea in re-bringing up a child star. Mrs. C. and Jackie take a beach home every summer, as a rule, and return in the winter to their place in Beverly Hills. This summer Jackie had such a swell time with the kids in the beach neighborhood that they forgot all about him being a movie star and elected him president of their club. Mrs. C., believing that Jackie is getting a chance to be just one of the gang, has closed her Beverly Hills home and will keep the club president with his fellow members at the beach all winter.

■ ■ ■

Evalyn Knapp, who suffered a broken back two years ago and is now making her screen comeback, got her start on a lemonade stand. When she was ten, it seems, she wanted to take dancing lessons, but her parents told her dancing was wicked, and so—no dough for dancing lessons. Brother Orville, now the orchestra leader, decided to finance the gal's career himself, so he built himself a lemonade stand and turned the proceeds over to Evalyn for her dancing lessons. So if you want to get into the movies, just take a few lemons, add water and a dash of sugar.



1
The introduction—he gives you the once over — do your eyes invite friendship?



2
The first date—he follows your eyes, searching for understanding, for more than friendship.



3
Then the fateful moment, when gazing into each other's eyes, the realization of love comes.



4
The proposal — the "yes" in your eyes says more than lips ever can.



5
At the altar—eyes meet in sacred understanding.



6
On the honeymoon and ever after he adores your eyes—if from the very introduction you've kept your lashes long and alluring with Winx Mascara.

The SIX STAGES OF LOVE

EYES INVITE ROMANCE

if framed by long lovely lashes

Now a wonderful new way to beautify lashes—as easy as using lipstick or rouge.

Instantly EVERY girl can have the romantic eyes that men adore . . . thanks to the latest improvement in mascaras, based on years of experience.

An up-to-the-minute *creamy* mascara! Always ready! No water required! No mixing. No bother. Easier to apply. In 40 seconds your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant.

Creamy Winx comes in a dainty, convenient tube, handy to use anywhere, anytime. You simply squeeze a bit of Creamy Winx on a brush and apply . . . it's so easy.

This new Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness. And, of course, this new style of Creamy Winx Mascara does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. Absolutely harmless.

Its creamy smoothness beautifies lashes naturally, overcoming the artificial look of ordinary mascaras.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx—to try it is to abandon all others. Black, brown or blue. At all 10c toilet counters.

• • •

Other Winx Eye Beautifiers

Winx Mascara for darkening lashes is also presented in cake and liquid—each superior in its field. For lovelier brows, use a Winx Eyebrow Pencil. For giving your eyes depth and accent, use Winx Eye Shadow.

ROSS COMPANY, 243 West 17th Street, New York City

NEW Creamy WINX for Lovely Eyes



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES — CORK-TIPPED



THOSE cork tips please your lips. The fine Turkish-Domestic tobaccos please your palate. The mild menthol brings a cool and thankful refreshment to your throat. Finally, the B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS is a constant source of gratification. Save them; they are good for a choice of attractive items of nationally advertised merchandise. (Write for latest illustrated premium list No. 10; offer good in U. S. A. only.) For a year of Thanksgiving smoking switch to KOOLS!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS



RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Get busy, folks, and let us hear from you. If you would like to have your letter published in these columns, you must write something interesting about a movie personality or a phase of motion pictures that will interest everyone. Address: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Star-Gazer" on the Carpet



Because of a letter in the September MODERN SCREEN, signed "Star-Gazer, Cornwall, Eng.," I am writing my first letter to a column of this kind. To call Joan "the essence of artificiality" is bad enough, but to add that she is only a "glorified clothes-prop" really rings the bell. Miss Crawford probably wears clothes better than anyone else in pictures. As for her leading an artificial private life, I believe we, who live here in Hollywood, know something about that, and know that she is kind, generous, sincere and cultured. We hope Joan will continue to be our beautiful, fascinating, talented American Girl—and I'm half English!—Vernita McClelland, Los Angeles, Calif. Joan Crawford lives as natural a private life as anyone in the movie colony. Joan and Franchot make a perfect couple. As to publicity—there hasn't been nearly as much about Joan and Doug Jr. as there has been about Doug Sr. and his English lady friend.—Roberta Peers, Virginia, Minnesota. A large dress house in New York has copied all of the gowns Joan wore in "No More Ladies" and they are all good sellers! Joan deserves more than a carload of orchids for having the knack to wear such glamorous clothes. I have written Joan numerous times and she has always answered and written lovely letters, which proves she appreciates her fans interest in her.—Betty Miller, Scranton, Pa. It's a shame that you don't know all the little kind things that Joan has done for a number of unfortunate people, and if you did, you would not dare to call her artificial. In fact, you would dash off an apology at once. Your comment on her mouth is unjust. Only once has she deserved such criticism and that was in "Sadie Thompson"—there it was slightly exaggerated. As for her hair, thousands of girls are dependent on her pictures to give them new ideas on how to wear their hair. Without movie stars to set the styles, everyone would look alike.—Billie Befanger, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Good Work, Arline!



I am glad to see Paramount has given a real break to a great little star who really deserves it. I refer to Arline Judge, whose performance in "College Scandal" was one of the most natural portrayals I have ever seen on the screen. There have been many stars who have laid a claim to natural charm and good down-to-earth acting, but I am sure that Hollywood has never seen an actress who could have made the character of "Sally Dunlap" so utterly human and pleasingly natural as Miss Judge has done.—Frank Crowe, Spokane, Wash.

Success Secret!



I am a great admirer of George Raft. He has the same effect upon me as Katharine Hepburn—I am content to just sit and watch these two, they are so utterly fascinating. A lady once said to me: "Doesn't it just thrill you the way he shows 'them' teeth?" I guess that must be one of Mr. Raft's secrets of success. However, it seems to me that the stories he is in are rather slow moving. "Limehouse Blues" and "The Glass Key" were better. But the leading lady in "The Glass Key" couldn't act and wasn't even pretty. I can't understand this when you see so many pretty girls in comedies and Westerns, girls who can act, too. Here's hoping I see him in a good story with a good leading lady.—Bernice Coleman, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Five Wishes



Things I'd like to see done:

Ann Harding (pictured) given a one-way ticket to China.

Better roles for Spencer Tracy with an actress instead of a glorified dress model as his leading lady.

Ditto Franchot Tone. Why he is always cast as the weak-kneed husband or suitor is past me, especially after his performance in "Bengal Lancers."

Shirley Temple giving her fans a rest for a while. Enough is plenty.

Three loud phooeys for Herbert Marshall. I suppose he calls himself an actor, but to me he is nothing but a walking flagpole with his conceited airs and *so* perfect vocabulary. I wish he'd go back to England instead of spoiling good pictures with his everlasting egotistical performances.—Just Me, Detroit, Mich.

Bela Lugosi Crime Report



The "Veiled Woman" sat in the "Thirteenth Chair" and dined with the "Prisoners." She cried, "Oh, For a Man!" not knowing "Such Men Are Dangerous." The "Renegades" were "Broadminded" about taking "Dracula" with them on their "Black Camel" to visit "Women of All Nations." "The White Zombie" with the aid of "Chandu, the Magician," committed "Murders in the Rue Morgue" on "The Island of Lost Souls" by means of "The Death Kiss."

(*Continued on page* 95)

Smart Girls

ARE MATCHING LIPS AND FINGER TIPS



Natural Lipstick: Natural, Rose and Mauve Nail Polish

Coral Lipstick: Coral Nail Polish

Cardinal Lipstick: Cardinal Nail Polish

Ruby Lipstick: Ruby Nail Polish

MAYBE it's the touch of match-making in it that appeals to every woman! Anyway, you'll want to come out —right now—in the new Cutex matching lips and finger tips.

Abandon any fears that the matching idea may be complicated to work out! Just choose one of the 6 smart shades of Cutex Polish. Then complete your color ensemble by smoothing on matching Cutex Lipstick. Could anything be simpler?

A perfect match in quality, too

Cutex Polish, you'll find, flows onto your nails with positively divine smoothness. It leaves no rim or streaking of color. It won't peel or chip. And every smart shade is authentic, selected by the World's Manicure Authority.

The new Cutex Lipstick is just as expertly made as the polish. It's smooth, creamy . . . yet never messy or greasy. And it *stays* on—without drying your lips. It's a perfectly grand lipstick at about half the price you usually pay!

Get Cutex Liquid Polish . . . Crème or Clear...with patented metal-shaft brush that holds the bristles in tightly, and Cutex matching Lipstick, in a smart black enamel case, at any Toilet Goods Department.

Start off with your favorite shade of Cutex Polish and matching Cutex Lipstick—and you'll soon see what an adventure in smartness it turns out to be! Begin today!

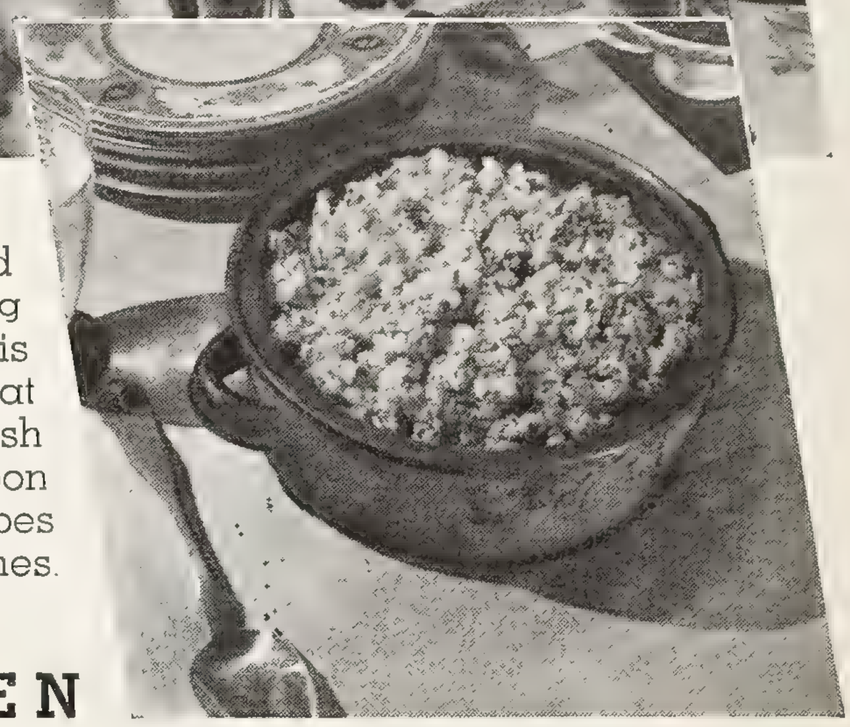
NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX

Nail Polish and Lipstick

THE MODERN HOSTESS





Yum-yum, Mrs. Woods has certainly prepared a delicious meal for Donald. He's telling her that English Beef and Kidney Pie is just what he craves. And Chopped Meat Casserole with Rice (right) is another dish that adds zest to a dinner menu. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you recipes for these and other delicious meat dishes.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Courtesy Southern Rice Association

"MEN LIKE MEAT," SAYS DONALD WOODS, "AND IT'S A WISE WOMAN WHO WILL SERVE IT THE WAY THEY LIKE IT!"

ASK ANY man what he'd like to have for dinner and chances are about ten to one that he'll answer "steak" or "chops"—just like that without a minute's thought.

It's only natural, therefore, that a great many women fall into the error of thinking that those are the only two kinds of meat their husbands really like, when the truth of the matter is simply that the darling lacks imagination and can't think of anything else to say on the spur of the moment.

But no housewife will make any mistake in thinking that when it comes to food preferences men like meat. So, spurred on by a desire to economize, fortified with determination and armed with a few good recipes, she is sure to discover, as I have, that there are lots of meats less expensive than steaks or chops and just as popular with the men folk.

Of course, these cheaper meat dishes must be particularly well cooked and seasoned to compete successfully with more costly cuts for masculine approval. But I have Donald Woods' word for it that no man can resist the appeal of a Savory Lamb Stew or fail to appreciate a wife who adds variety to the daily menu by serving an English Beef and Kidney Pie, a tempting Chopped Meat Casserole with Rice, or a rich, brown Hungarian Goulash!

"GIVE ME one of the dishes I've mentioned, in preference to steak any day," Donald told me. "Well seasoned, attractively served and absolutely swimming in gravy, these meats star on any menu. With them I personally want something starchy—potatoes, rice or noodles. That combination, so far as I'm concerned, makes a really perfect meal!

"Yes," continued attractive Mr. Woods (whom you'll soon be seeing as Elizabeth Allan's young husband in Ronald Colman's next starring picture, Dickens' immortal "Tale of Two Cities"), "yes, it's a wise woman who realizes that most men eat vegetables only because they have to, don't care a hoot about vitamins, consume salads under compulsion only, and shudder inwardly (if they're polite) or kick openly (if they're not) at the sight of too-sweet desserts. But if the main dish is meat and that meat dish is a success, friend husband will overlook any bad points about

the meal and leave the table in a jovial mood, satisfied with the world in general and his wife in particular!

"Take my own house as an example," he continued. "My wife doesn't happen to like meat herself! But like the wise little woman she is, she serves her fancy salads, vegetable plates, dainty egg dishes and the like at bridge club luncheons only. Then for dinner we have one of the many meat combinations that she has discovered I like to eat. Clever girl, what!" he concluded with a proud grin.

Perhaps it was the praise showered upon her by Donald, or maybe my own entreaties had something to do with it, but at any rate Mrs. Woods went to considerable trouble describing the foods over which her handsome young husband is so very enthusiastic. You can be sure that I listened with the greatest interest, for I felt that Donald was on the right track when he stressed a man's marked preference for meats over any other food. And you can be sure that I literally *grabbed* a batch of Woods recipes when they were offered me and rushed home to try them out and to pass on to you the results of my conversation and experiments.

AFTER testing the recipes gathered from the Woods files. I'm here to tell you that such succulent meats and flavorsome gravies I have never tasted. Never before did I realize that one could do such wonders with a simple lamb stew just by adding a little chili sauce and the right amount of seasoning. Never did I think that a pound of chopped beef could be stretched to make a meal for four, nor that it could be seasoned and served in such a way that it becomes a dish fit for a king—or a screen star! Well, you live and learn they say and certainly I learned a lot about men's liking for meats from Donald Woods and discovered how to prepare original and unusual meat dishes from his wife.

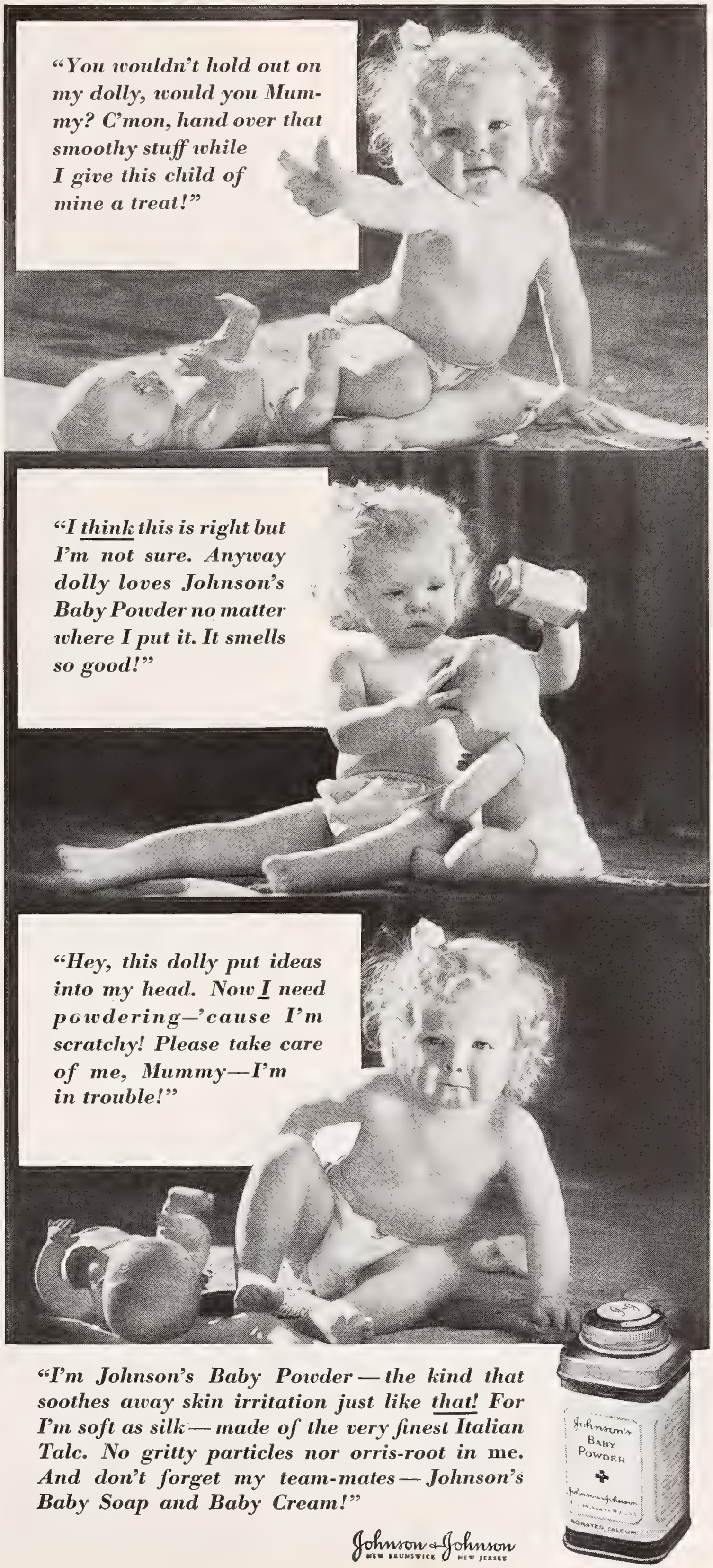
I know that *you* will be pleased to hear that I am going to give you several of these tested recipes this month. You will find two of them at the end of this article—one for the Savory Lamb Stew, the other for Pork Chops, Hawaiian—both of them great favorites of Donald's.

Just below the recipes you will see a coupon. If you are a wise woman you'll fill out that coupon, at once, and send it along to me, because some of Donald Woods' best bets in the line of meat dishes are included in this month's recipe leaflet. It is yours for the asking—as always. Yes, absolutely free! And pretty darned attractive, this recipe leaflet, if I do say so. Thousands of women already have taken advantage of this generous monthly offer of free, tested, practical recipes for the favorite foods of well-known screen stars. Others would do well to follow their example, especially this month when a moment's writing and a stamp or postal will bring you suggestions for meat dishes that are sure to win your husband's approval (or your best beau's heart).

The fact that these recipes will help you save on your meat bills is just another point in their favor. I doubt very much if Mrs. Woods had any such idea in mind when she set out to discover ways of preparing and serving meats that Donald would like. But though she only sought—and found—ways to add variety to the menu, you will discover and appreciate the fact that her suggestions are economical as well.

For these recipes provide splendid examples of the two best ways to "stretch" meat money that I know of. One way, of course, is to use the cheaper meat cuts. The other way is to make a more expensive cut go further by "extending" the meat

(*Continued on page 97*)



ACCEPT FREE

2-DRAM BOTTLE OF

$3 *La Richesse*

PERFUME!



To introduce

LUXOR...*moisture-proof powder*

Combats shiny nose, conspicuous pores, floury blotches

YOU can't possibly have a lovely skin if face powder mixes with natural skin moisture and lets shine through, clogs pores and makes them conspicuous, or forms pasty-looking blotches.

So change at once to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder. Prove it yourself. It won't even mix with water in a glass. Thus, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin and make a harmful paste.

More than 6,000,000 women stick to Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-betweens with gorgeous natural effect.

No powder at any price, contains finer, purer ingredients. Insist on Luxor by name, and get

FREE! 2-drams of La Richesse

a sophisticated, smart French scent, selling regularly at $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together in a bright new Christmas wrapper at all cosmetic counters for the price of Luxor powder alone.

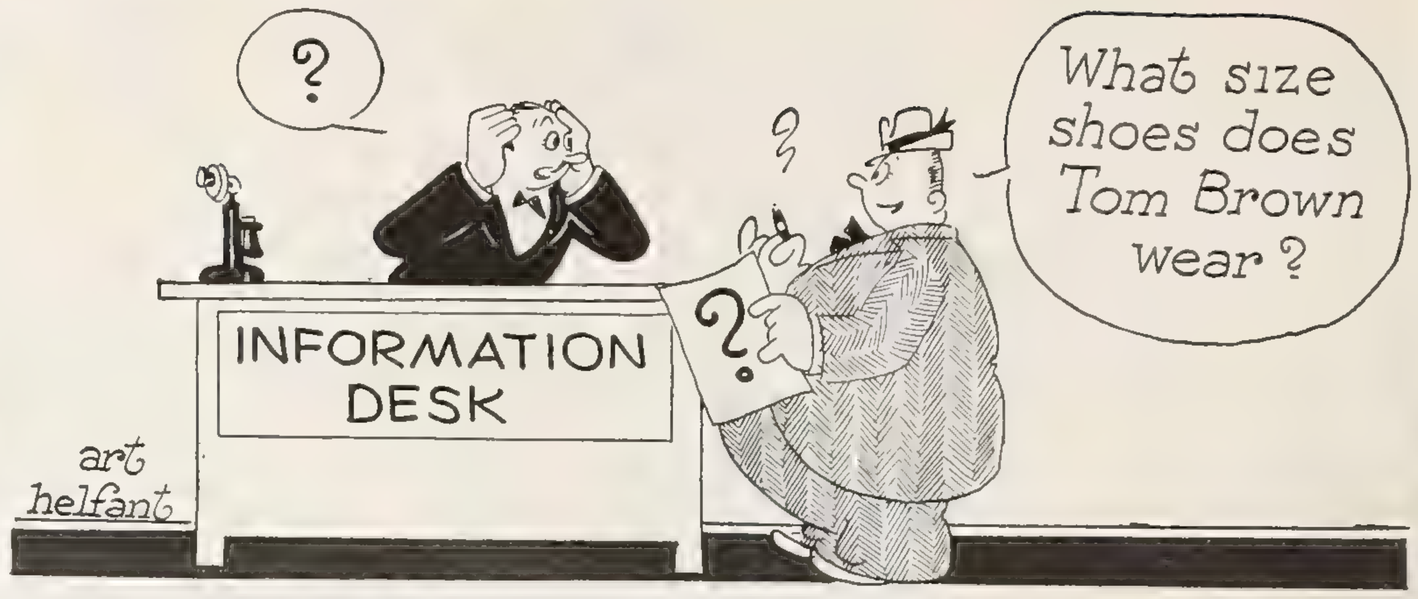
Moisture-proof Luxor FACE POWDER 55c



AMAZING HAND SOFTENING CREAM DRIES LIKE MAGIC!

By all means try this spectacular new softener for hands. A marvelous absorbent cream works right into tissues—dries like magic! At all cosmetic counters.

Good Housekeeping Bureau



ASK US! GO AHEAD, ASK US

HELEN COUGHLIN, Rochester, N. Y.; FLORENCE STONE, Detroit, Mich.; MARY BUTTY, Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELEANOR DEIMLING, Cleveland, Ohio; GERALDINE GENTZIG, New York City; GLENN SCHULTZ, Alma, Wis.; LORRAINE DeNEP, Chicago, Ill.; LOIS WATTS, Dallas, Tex.; MARGARET MOODY, Pasadena, Tex.; MARTHA HILL, Kansas City, Mo.; DORA BROWN, Sask., Canada; MARY F. MOYLAN, CAROLYN KLINE, Phila., Pa.; GRACE NOLAN, Devon, Conn.; HILDA & HULDA STUTZMAN, Natchez, Miss.; MARGUERITE PINARD, Oakland, Cal.; HELEN BURGSTA, Wallington, N. J.; ELSIE HORVATH, Lorain, Ohio; ALLAN LESLIE, Antler, N. D.; RUBY RICKETTS, Anadarko, Okla.; N. P. GUNNERSON, Shrewsbury, Mass.—Our first subject for examination this month is Jean Harlow, who was born with the name of Harlene Carpenter, on March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. Her father was Dr. Frank Carpenter, a dentist. Until she was ten she attended the Barstow School for Girls in K. C., then moved to Hollywood where the Hollywood School for Girls carried on her education. Then back to K. C. and the Bigelow School and later Ferry Hall in Lake Forest, Ill. At 16 she ran away and married Charles F. McGrew II and went to Hollywood to live, but was divorced 2 years later. Through a bet she registered at the Central Casting office and in a short time was assigned to an extra part in Richard Dix' "Moran of the Marines." Then Hal Roach took her over and she played in a Laurel and Hardy comedy, released in 1929. Because of family pressure, she was forced to ask for her release from the Roach contract and spent the next 8 months doing nothing. Trying her luck once more, Jean (she had adopted her present name with her first picture) landed a part in Clara Bow's "Saturday Night Kid." Then she met Ben Lyon and James Hall who were making "Hell's Angels" and through them was awarded the lead in that film. The rest is movie history. Jean is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 109 pounds, has gray-blue eyes and silvery blonde hair. She loves to entertain and is an excellent cook. Collects wire-haired terriers and phonograph records, can't play any musical instruments, likes to play golf, tennis, swim and ride. Her second husband was Paul Bern, her third—Hal Rosson. She and William Powell are still likathis. Jean is under contract to M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., where she is now working on "Riff Raff" with Spencer Tracy.

LETTYE ANN VOGEL, Kansas City, Mo.; MARY ANN GORDON, Jersey City, N. J.; V. SCHNEIDER, New York City—Nelson Eddy is now working on "Rose Marie" with Jeanette MacDonald. If he makes "Maytime" it will probably be with Grace Moore. "Follow the Fleet" is the next Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers opus. John Ford directed "The Whole Town's Talking" and Clarence Brown "Anna Karenina." George Raft's next after "Every Night at Eight" is "She Couldn't Take It."

RUTHE HAWLEY, Boston, Mass.; ESTHER LOOMIS, Ruxton, Md.; IDA SELLINGER, Chicago, Ill.; MARY CHADWICK, EILEEN LEARY, Newark, N. J.; CHARLES R. QUINLAN, AUDREY SMITH, New York City; JANE FRIEDMAN, Queens Village, N. Y.; DOROTHY VINCENT, DOROTHY MINNETTE, St. Louis, Mo.; M. R. MASON, Disputanta, Va.; KENNETH BIDWELL, Greenville, Ohio; N. SANTORS, Bklyn., N. Y.; CLARA HOUSTEAU, Leetonia, Ohio; THELMA REILLY, Salt Lake City, Utah—Chester Morris, son of William Morris and Etta Hawkins, both well known on the stage, was born in New York City on February 16, 1901. Chester attended grade and high school in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and later the Art Students League. Although his father did not want him to become an actor, young Morris joined a stock company in Mt. Vernon. When he was 16 he obtained the role of an old man in "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore, after which he appeared in a great number of other stage productions. Then came vaudeville followed by more plays in New York. In the summer of 1928 D. W. Griffith came to New York to unearth film talent. Chester Morris was chosen for the lead in "Alibi" which netted him a contract with Joseph Schenck. On November 8, 1926, Chester Morris was married to Sue Kilborn. They have two children, Brooks and Cynthia. Chester is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has green eyes and black hair. His most recent M-G-M picture is "Pursuit."

WILLIAM T., Clarkton, Mo.—The part of Addie May in "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" was taken by a little girl named Lois Verner. Garbo's next will probably be "Camille." Margo finished "Robin Hood of El Dorado" before starting her New York play.

ANNE, Macon, Ga., ROYE T. BRAKE, Burkesville, Ky.; JANET GOLDIE, Newtonville, Mass.; J. DRAVILLAS, Oakland, Cal., CONSTANCE PETTY, Gilberton, Pa.; HERBERT GIBSON, Lansdowne, Md.; OLEN McDONALD, Monroe, N. C.; MARIAN SAVIDGE, Jersey City, N. J.; E. V. FLITCRAFT, Oak Park, Ill.; BETTE WARREN, Norfolk, Va.; LOUIE SAUNDERS, Snoqualmie, Wash.; JOANNE ROGERS, Hollis, N. Y.—Rochelle Hudson is going places, and since you'll be seeing more of her from now on, you'd better stock up on her past history. Born in Claremore, Okla. (Will Rogers' home town) on March 6, 1914, she received her education in the Claremore grade school, and the Hollywood High School after her parents moved there in 1930. She determined to become a film star and after many futile attempts signed an RKO contract, making her screen debut in "Laugh and Get Rich." After completing five more pictures with that company she signed a Fox contract following her success in a small role with Rogers in "Doctor Bull." It is important to mention that, while Rochelle had no previous professional stage experience, she had appeared in local performances, had taken dramatic lessons as well as singing, dancing and painting. Her hobby is hook rugs, has two cats as pets, likes to swim, play tennis and read good fiction. She has grey eyes and her favorite color is blue. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has dark brown hair. After "Way Down East" in which she appears with Henry Fonda, she will be in "Snatched" with Bruce Cabot and Cesar Romero. She is under contract to 20th-Century Fox, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Miss Hudson is not married.

GLADYS PRYOR, Salisbury, Md.—John Wayne most assuredly is not dead. His two most recent pictures are "Lawless Range" and "The New Frontier." Buck Jones will be 46 on the 4th of December.

MARY LOUISE ADKINS, Cleves, Ohio; ELLEN SANDFORD, Los Angeles, Cal.; L. GLENNON, Boston, Mass.; MARY HILNER, Taines, Fla.; PATRICIA GORDON, Oakland, Cal.; IRENE HANYAK, Barnesboro, Pa.; DOROTHY FLETCHER, Melrose, Mass.; JEAN LAZARUS, New York, N. Y.; MATTIE LEE, Pasadena, Cal.; KATHERINE KNIGHT, Dallas, Tex.; MOVIESTRUCK, Iowa City, Ia.; EDNA MANSFIELD, Burlington, N. C.—And now's for Robert Montgomery. The son of Henry Montgomery, Bob was born in Beacon, N. Y., on May 21, 1904. There were tutors and exclusive places for his early training and his prep-school education was received at the fashionable Pawling School for Boys, following which he was sent to Europe to complete his education. When Bob was 16 his father died quite suddenly, leaving the family fortune in a sad state. He and his brother set about immediately to find work. Four months later Bob was deck hand on an oil tanker. On his return to New York Bob got a bit part in a show through his room mate, following which he joined a stock company in Rochester. After his stock experiences, Montgomery returned to New York, where he talked himself onto Broadway, and was a rising success there for five years. His first talking picture was "So This Is College," and his first stellar picture was "Man in Possession." He dresses with exceeding care, shoots a good game of golf and is considered one of the best tennis players in the film colony. He plays the piano and sings a nifty tenor, is an incessant reader, and very fond of scotties. Elizabeth Allen is Mrs. Robert Montgomery and they have one daughter. He is scheduled for three pictures, the first of which will probably be a musical with Jessie Matthews and Clifton Webb. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

CELESTE SIMARI, Brooklyn, N. Y.—David and Betty Holt are not the children of Jack Holt. Rosalind Russell is in her late twenties.

MERCEDES FRITZSCHING, Washington, D. C., ELEANOR CLARK, Kent, Ohio; JEANETTE SMITH, Schenectady, N. Y.; SHIRLEY ANDERSON, Chicago, Ill.; LOUISE MULLINAX, Gadsden, Ala.; MARGARET KYLE, Winnipeg, Canada; MARY HOLDEN, Quincy, Mass.; ENID MITCHELL, Columbus, Ohio; DIXON WELLS, Greene, N. Y.; D. LEE TOMPKINS, Cedar

(*Continued on page 73*)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 73. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Taking Care of Mama

(*Continued from page 32*)

shoulders, and makes her feel important . . . and she is. So why not?

"All women like to have their own way, and, in the long run, their way is usually best. Of course, a woman likes to have a little argument now and then. So, every once in a while, I remember to argue a point—just so Dixie can have the pleasure of seeing me give in. That's a very important point! You mustn't be too easy-going, or she'll forget you're a factor and take you for granted. Yes, sir, a little disagreement once in a while sure peps things up around the house!

"I guess you know I don't like to dress up very much. In fact, clothes just aren't one of my hobbies. But Dixie has been after me on that score for years and I'm honestly trying to let her have her way about it. There's only one handicap, you see I'm color blind. An orange sweater, a green tie and a blue shirt—they all look the same to me. So it's not exactly my fault that I haven't given in sooner. But I'm all right today, am I not? Everything I have on *is* tan, isn't it? And you can see she finally got her way about my getting thinner! Thus proving that the wife is always right, or should be!

THERE'S only one thing I boss—one exception to my rule. And that is Dixie's health. I won't let her do anything to endanger it. And that's another good way to hold a wife—there's really more to it than appears on the surface. You can't be happy unless you're healthy. A healthy woman makes a good companion, and a sick one doesn't. I was glad when Dixie went back into pictures and I encouraged it until I saw that too much work was overtaxing her strength, right then and there was where I laid down the law. And I can do it, too! As a matter of fact, I just finished doing it this morning!" Bing added rather proudly.

"You see they want her to do another picture right away. But the doctor told me she should have a little rest first. So that's what I told her. We've been staying down at the ranch, and this morning she wanted to come back to town with me. But I wouldn't let her. I made her stay down there, much as I would have liked to have her with me. But it's good for her down there—good for her, and good for the kids. A husband's got to think of those things. And besides, if I'm cautious about her health, she knows how really precious she is to me!

"Oh, yes, and before I forget it, here's one thing every married man should keep in mind. *Remember anniversaries!* And special ones, too! Ordinary anniversaries, like when you were married, when the babies were born, Christmas and Easter and birthdays aren't enough. Why I've invented all sorts of anniversaries! The day we met. The day we bought our house. All those things! I even make an anniversary out of Dixie's first day, and her last one, on a picture. Why, when she finished "Redheads on Parade" it cost me one mink coat, but it was worth it, I'll say!

"You see I don't want Dixie to think that her career and the money she makes out of it, has anything to do with *us*. It's bad to let a wife mix her business up with marriage."

I got him all right, and was so sold on what I got, that I decided to try out a

frederics

new 50% COOLER PERMANENT WAVE



JOAN BENNETT

PLAY as intensely as you wish . . . Dance till morning . . . if you will, but remember this: If you want to be "lovely at all times" you must have a Frederics Permanent Wave.

A Frederics Vita Tonic or Vitron Permanent Wave is not just a Permanent . . . but a *Permanent-ly Beautiful* wave. Your hair is waved to a soft, lustrous, flattering loveliness.

And now you may enjoy permanent-ly beautiful waves in absolute comfort—even on the hottest summer day—because

FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVES ARE 50% COOLER

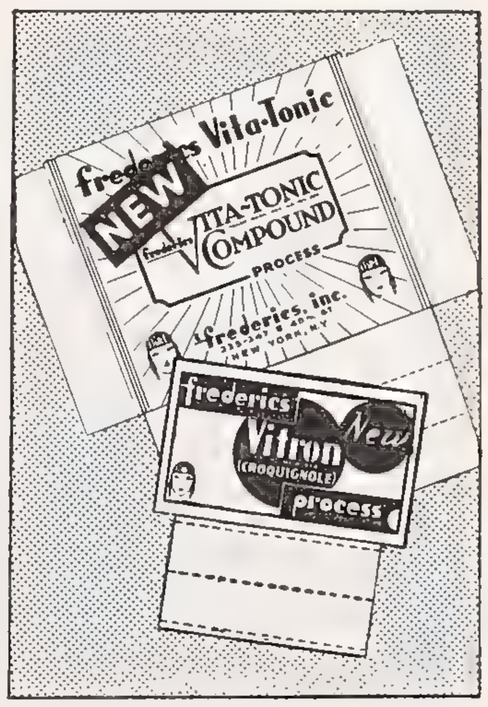
Your hair is waved with exactly one-half the heat formerly required. As a result the hair is more vibrant and alive—scintillatingly beautiful—never dry and brittle. Your finished permanent is lovelier, delightfully manageable, and so much more lasting. Even hair that is silky-soft—dyed or bleached, or wiry and unruly—can be successfully waved with this new Frederics Process . . . Try a 50% Cooler Frederics Permanent, and know the joy of having soft, appealingly "natural," easy to manage waves.

frederics inc

VITA-TONIC *Wrappers*

VITRON *Wrappers*

To be sure of receiving a Genuine Frederics Permanent Wave . . . Patronize an Authorized Frederics shop! Look for the Frederics Franchise Certificate which guarantees the use of a Frederics machine! Examine all the wrappers used on your hair—make sure no harmful imitations are used.



E. FREDERICS, Inc., Dept. MM1, 235-247 East 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me free booklet showing latest Hollywood Hair Styles and list of Authorized Frederics Franchise Salons in my vicinity.

Name..... *Address*.....

City..... *State*.....

Selected
TO CELEBRATE GB'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY

GB'S EIGHT ★★★★ ★★★★ STAR SPECIAL


RICHARD DIX


LESLIE BANKS


HELEN VINSON


MADGE EVANS*


C. AUBREY SMITH


BASIL SYDNEY

"TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL"

New York to London

THE MOST GIGANTIC FEAT IN ALL HISTORY

GB THANKS
Walter Huston • George Arliss for graciously contributing portrayals of the President of the U. S. and the Prime Minister of England . . .

Directed by MAURICE ELVEY
COMING SOON

A GB *Production*

*Courtesy of M. G. M.

few other of Hollywood's happily married husbands to find out how they stay that way. It's true that women have a great deal more freedom today than they have ever had before. And freedom furnishes temptations. Another thing, women, as they grow older today, become constantly more attractive—often more attractive after marriage than they were before. Yes, this holding a wife is a modern problem, and even Hollywood men are not exempt.

One of the most attractive wives in Hollywood is Mrs. Pat O'Brien. Pat, being a fighting Irishman, knows only fighting-Irishman rules. And here they are:

"When I received an offer to come to Hollywood," Pat told me, "I practically had to kidnap Eloise to bring her along with me. And when I got my first pay check, I just told her we were going to get married, even though she'd said 'no' about forty-eight times. I finally dragged her right up to the altar. Well, that's sort of made me boss ever since! And that's why I don't agree with what Bing says about letting the lady rule the roost.

"Of course a man's got to be considerate of the little woman's feelings and preferences about certain things. But I don't hide from her the fact that I'm crazy about her, and that she belongs to me, and that I get jealous every time another guy looks at her cross-eyed! I don't mind admitting I hope she's jealous of me, too. I believe in showing it now and then—not petty jealousy, hell no!—but enough to prove I'm not going to let anything break up our home. We've fought for our home for years, to make it what it is today, a haven of security, a baby and a balance in the bank. And just let *anybody* try to take it away from us! That goes for scandal mongers, gossipers and the rest!"

Now Pat showed signs of cooling off, and continued, "Of course, there are other things that are important, too. Little things, like taking your wife dancing whenever she wants to go, whether you feel like it or not. And you know that slogan you see in some restaurants: 'Take your wife out to eat once a week'? That's okay, too—a swell gag for any married man to follow. Take her out as often as you can—go to movies, go dancing, or just go for an auto ride—hold her hand and give her a kiss or two, like you did in the good old days before you were married. Don't be a mugg and sit home in your slippers all the time. A woman likes to see the bright lights, meet new people, and show off a new dress. And for heaven's sake, *don't ever let her think she's missing something by being married!*

My next victim was Chester Morris. Now Chet is as sentimental as a school-boy about his sweetheart, even after a good many years of marriage. And it's easy to see that Mrs. Morris feels the same way about him. "In the first place," said Chet, "if there are any such things as rules, I believe that *considerateness* is the greatest thing any man can give to his wife. And it's especially important for an actor, because you know how unbearable an actor can be! Why, after a disappointment—not getting the role I wanted—I sometimes go for hours without saying a word—sulking, because I feel sorry for myself, I suppose. It's an actor's greatest failing and I just can't help it. This is an awful strain on Susie and I usually try to clear out until the mood is over. Or Susie will say simply, 'Mood, honey?' And I'll answer, 'Yes, mood.' And then she says, 'Well, O. K. Work it out, I won't bother you.' And with that little understanding between us, we never have any friction because of temperament.

"Another thing, I have sort of funny ideas about children. Although we have two of them, and they're the most adorable children in the world, I never let my affection for them come before my love for Susie. When a father (or a mother, either), allows his children to claim first place in his interest, he weakens the close bond between himself and his wife. It's bound to happen. And it's so foolish, for children always run out on their parents when they grow up.

"I've also found that always telling the truth is one of the surest ways to preserve happiness. Even about little things. Even when Susie doesn't ask me about something, I tell her every little thing I do all day long—the people I've met—the people I've talked to, and what was said. It saves a lot of misunderstandings later. Her confidence in me is terribly important to her and to me, too.

"I like to humor her, too. If Susie likes to have breakfast in bed, she never hears me complaining about having to eat downstairs alone. I have no reason to complain. I like her to do anything and everything she wants. Every husband should make it a point to indulge his wife's whims now and then—and also to go out of his way to do little favors for her. Always be considerate of her strength. And don't be backward about showing your affection for her in front of other women. A woman likes that, though she may pretend not to! And have a lot of laughs! A lot of them. They've got what it takes to stay married!"

AT the Eddie G. Robinsons', love is constantly sending a little gift of roses, or Rolls-Royces, or diamond bracelets, or a whole new bedroom set! Eddie simply showers gifts on Gladys, and as he says, "It isn't so much the gifts that count, but I do try to show her, *by* them, how much I think of her and how often."

And because Eddie was too modest to enumerate them himself, I'm going to tell you just a few little items that he showered on her after the baby was born. There was one new town car, spic and span, shining black. One beautiful bracelet. One service set, a lovely old Swedish design. And one stunning tea service, with tremendous tray to match. In addition to which he bought the town out of toys for the baby.

Of course not every man can afford such a splurge, even when the first baby is born but, as Eddie advises, "If a man has five dollars to spare, he should spend at least four of it on his wife. Yes, sir, four out of five, that's my motto! It shows her you're proud of her.

"And I try to please her in other ways, too. I'm sort of a quiet chap and could stick around the house seven nights in a week. But, if Gladys wants to get dressed up and go out, well then, we get dressed up and go out. And I even 'go the whole hog' and wear tails and a white tie, if she wants me to. Women just naturally like to see their men well-dressed, I guess, and I think there's been entirely too much said on the other side of the question, about how women should keep themselves just as attractive, just as slim, just as well dressed after marriage as before. Well, how about the men? It's just as important for us as it is for the women.

"Another thing, most women are more socially-minded than men. And it's no use to buck it. If she likes to entertain and play hostess, then it's up to the husband to be just as cordial a host as she is a hostess. But it's not right to have too many people around all the time. It's good for the soul of marriage for two people to get off by themselves together once in a while."

Taking Care of Papa

(*Continued from page 33*)

George out of his snores or, whether its scent was supposed to be a sentimental reminder of their wedding, I never heard, but anyway, that's what she did!

The bigger and handsomer the husband, the more he has to be coddled. If you don't think Mrs. Clark Gable has a chore with Clark, you don't know your onions. Clark is much like a big, gamboling St. Bernard dog—lovable, happy-go-lucky and unwilling to be bothered by the details of life. He leaves everything to Mrs. Gable. But he doesn't like to be *bossed,* so she has had to develop her own subtle, but neat, technique in handling him. Wives who have big, gamboling, hearty husbands—take note!

In the first place, she caters to his tastes rather than hers by making him perfectly happy and comfortable at home. A socialite, she loves the opera, formal dinners, dressing on all occasions. Clark hates formality. And so Mrs. Gable caters to Clark's ideas. Most of the time they entertain no more than eight people informally at home. They have stews, cold cuts, or steak and potatoes, and beer, the kind of hearty food Clark likes, instead of squab and champagne. Only once in a blue moon does Mrs. Gable exercise her wifely prerogative and get Clark into something distinctly social. Then, though he protests a little, I think he really enjoys himself.

Rea Gable has never tried to "tame" Clark. She knows that he loves to go prowling at night by himself, having talks with garage mechanics, hot dog proprietors, being with people who do not know he is Clark Gable. That his hunting trips, up in the Arizona and Nevada mountans, for a week at a time—where he fraternizes with hunters and guides, men who don't know him as "sex-appeal Gable," are important to his being himself. And so she never objects when she doesn't hear from him on these jaunts except the laconic wire, "Be home tomorrow. Love, Clark."

WISELY, while he is keeping himself happy and fit, she attends to the business details of the household. She pays the bills, banks the checks, and sees that the household runs smoothly for him. And, undoubtedly, Rea Gable's wisdom as a wife is one of the reasons why Clark has maintained his standing on the screen so ably.

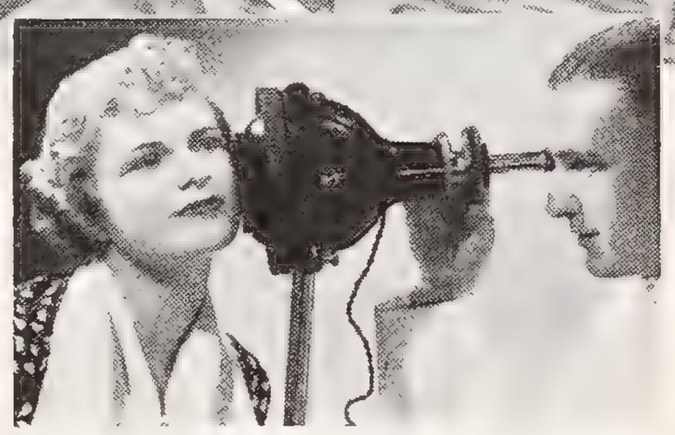
Some of our most successful stars are frank to attribute much of their success and a great deal of their stability to the good sense, unfailing discretion and tact maintained by their wives. Quite a few will admit frankly that they probably wouldn't have a cent to their names if it were not for wifey's keeping a close eye on the checkbook.

In days of yore, papa not only brought in the dough, but spent it. If mama wanted a new dress, it was he who stopped by at the general store and planked out $1.75 for a bolt of calico which would last her and the children for five years. But not in Hollywood today. Papa may bring in the dough, but mama not only spends it, but keeps track of it.

Some wives, even though they don't check the family exchequer or pay the bills, are fine balance wheels for their husbands. Mrs. Robert Montgomery has done a great deal towards stabilizing Bob, and it has taken great patience and great strength of character on her part. Bob,



Miss Rosalie de Forest Crosby, a beautiful brunette



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new Face Powder.

"The right powder makes it brilliant," Color Analyst said

Here's a girl who thought all brunette powder shades were alike. Dark-haired with pale creamy skin, she had been using "just any" brunette powder. Her skin looked sallow with it—yellowish. Pond's Color Analyst told her why: "Too dull a shade." He smoothed on Pond's Brunette. "Why, this *brightens* my skin!" Her coloring looked positively alive!

DON'T THINK Pond's Brunette is like any other brunette shade. Nor Pond's Rose Cream like any other blonde powder! They're not. Pond's Powder shades are the result of a new discovery that adds *life* to every skin.

With an optical machine, Pond's color-analyzed the skins of over 200 girls. They discovered the secret tints that made each skin what it was. Most astonishing of all, they found that dazzling blonde skin owes its transparency to a hidden *blue* tint! Glowing brunette skin gets its creamy clarity from a hidden touch of *green!*

Pond's blended all these precious tints into their face powder. *Invisibly*. When you fluff on Pond's, dull skin lights up. Pale skin surges with new vitality. A florid complexion tones down soft. Every skin blooms afresh!

Don't use a powder shade that stamps you old-fashioned, dull. See what the new Pond's shades can do for you—

Brunette—clears brunette skins
Rose Brunette—warms dull skins
Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skins
Natural—lighter—a delicate flesh tint
Light Cream—a light ivory tone

With Pond's, you don't have to be "powdering all the time"—it clings for hours. So delicate, it cannot clog.

New Reduced Prices—

55¢ size now 35¢
$1.10 size now 70¢

5 Different Shades FREE!—*Mail Coupon Today*
(This offer expires February 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. M-94, Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each shade for a thorough 5-day test.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



Why doesn't it EVER ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

• • • •

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. Use it daily and you'll never be guilty of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

who is essentially a happy-go-lucky, carefree young man, went through a difficult maturing process a few years ago. Hollywood rather went to his head and I think he got the idea he was a great sheik with the ladies. He was a pretty foolish young man on a couple of occasions, and it is to Mrs. Montgomery's credit that she watched him with great forebearance as well as an appreciation of his finer qualities, realizing that he would bounce back to normal eventually. Bob appreciates this now.

Taking care of an absent-minded movie papa is really something of a feat. Ask Billie Cagney, wife to Jimmy. You may have thought of James as a serious, responsible young man who does things with clock-like precision, but if you should talk to his wife, you'd find out he's worse than the traditional absent-minded professor. Billie's best example of this is about the time they didn't meet on the corner to go to the theatre! It's typically Jimmy and reveals a side that few people know. Billie had gone to visit her mother and was to 'phone Jimmy where to meet her. In due time, the 'phone rang. Jimmy answered it. It was Billie.

"Will you meet me in a half an hour, dear?"

"Yes, of course," he said.

"Will you please, while I hang on to the 'phone, see if my watch is on the dresser, and then we'll decide where."

Jimmy went, discovered the watch, returned to the living-room, where he sat down and calmly went on with his reading while Billie held on to the telephone in a public booth miles away. She could hear the rustle of the newspaper as her absent-minded spouse went on with his reading. She heard him whistle a little tune. She shouted over the telephone, she squeaked, she whistled, but his thoughts were far away. She heard him get up, put on his coat, and go out the door to meet her—goodness only knows *where!* So, she hung up and took a taxi home to meet Jimmy coming shamefacedly in the door. The receiver to the telephone was still off the hook!

She doesn't let him handle his own money. He has a bank account but is never permitted more than a hundred-dollar balance at a time, not for the reason that he's extravagant in his spending, but because he is so generous. He will give money to anyone who asks for it.

ONE of the most thoroughly protected and cared for actors in Hollywood is George Arliss, but why not, when he has, not only Mrs. Arliss always by his side and working right along with him, but Jenner, his staid English valet who has been with him for twenty-nine years. Efficient and noiseless, Jenner is a terrific tyrant and sometimes runs afoul of Mrs. Arliss in his duties. I presume that she is victor in these matters, but at the time the air is filled with sparks. Jenner's response to the studio employee who came up to him to ask some questions regarding Mrs. Arliss' work in "Richelieu" is indicative of this. Jenner turned away haughtily and replied, "I really don't know. You will have to ask her. We are not speaking today!"

For aplomb in the face of circumstances which would startle a complacent Mrs. Minneapolis Banker out of her mind, I must report Jessica Barthelmess's poise on the occasion of the Fiermonte fight in Hollywood when she saw her husband, shirt open at the neck, walk calmly into the ring, carrying pail and towel, to be introduced as the Italian's second. Jessica probably wouldn't have minded if Dick, who is the soul of conservatism himself, had given her some warning, but he hadn't. Friends sitting with her heard her gasp for breath at the sight of him. But she quickly controlled herself, and all she did was wave sweetly a congratulatory handkerchief in his direction.

Biography of Binnie

(*Continued from page 41*)

on the stage. In fact, I was billed as 'Texas Binnie Barnes' in the first thing I did, a rope-twirling act with Tex McLeod in South Africa. Nobody knew I was English, and the funny part of it was, that I myself didn't know I had a Southern accent. I'd picked it up from Tex, and thought that all Americans talked as he did. When I went back to London I couldn't get a job as an English girl. I played gangster molls in 'Innocents of Chicago' and other sweet, tender little things in which you couldn't call your life your own. And was I tough!"

"You don't look it."

THANK you kindly, sir," she laughed. "But those were my bad days. I had a terrific make-up, and oh, the walk of me! Later on I played Spanish, French and German girls, all with the same accent. Then I tried an Irish one in 'The Silver Tassie' with Charles Laughton on the London stage. It seemed odd to be with him again in 'Henry the Eighth' on the screen. But I started my movie work with Ida Lupino's father, Stanley, in short comedies. He threw pies, and had to have a girl who could take 'em. The first one that came along knocked me flat on my fanny. Far from a beauty," she pensively added, "I was called 'Pie-Face'."

"You seem to have had a varied career," I sympathetically remarked.

"A bit of this, that and the other," she lightly replied. "I was in slapstick for years. I didn't mind, just taking my luck as it came. I'd probably never got on the stage at all if Tex McLeod hadn't happened to come into a London dance hall where I was working. It's all been surprising. But it amazed me to be given the part of Lillian Russell, for London producers had always associated me with tough parts. And I certainly never was known as a beauty. In England we have no great beauties. Of course, there was Lily Langtry in her time, but even she couldn't hold a candle to Lillian Russell. Today we have personalities, to my mind, far more important than beauty, especially on the screen."

"Whom do you consider the most beautiful screen actress?"

"Wait a moment—a fine lot of trouble I'd be piling up for myself saying that!"

"Nonsense, go ahead."

"W-well," she hesitated, "I will say that Claudette Colbert is charming. But beauty's no good if you've no personality. English girls are much quieter than American girls, who have more push and are more sexy, but do not have more charm. But an English girl can be very dull. She is kept down by chaperons and God knows what! Life is more of a routine in England. Just as in all old countries, it goes on and on without change; customs and habits re-

maining the same. Here there is more freedom. This makes it easier for an American girl to marry. She learns an awful lot. Then there's the climate, with more opportunity for sports, which develop the body and must do the mind some good. Everything here is action. Before an Englishman does anything he thinks twice—particularly about marrying. So what can the poor girl do?"

"But you managed it?"

ONCE—and never again. Now that I've got a husband I'm going to hang on to him. That's my main job, and I'm going back to it after making one more picture here. But I'll return to America. I never want to stay in any one place a long while. After a bit I like to pop off somewhere else. I've had a lot of experiences in different parts of the world, and they've all been swell, even when I've been out of dough. I grumble once in a while, but I'm never discontented. My one idea, ever since I was a kid, has been to keep working."

"You mentioned driving a milk cart."

"We had no money, so I had to do something. Dad was a London policeman, and when he died he left mother and me on a tiny farm. So we went into the milk business. The hardest part of it was getting up at four in the morning. That's not gay, even for a fourteen-year-old girl. But I loved driving the horse, Snowy we called him. He got so he knew every house on the route and would stop without my saying a word or pulling a line. And that, mind you, meant sixty houses. Then there was a little coffee shop where I'd get a cup for myself and lumps of sugar for Snowy. That turned out to be our hard luck place. I was coming out of it one morning when Snowy, scared by a passing tram, started to run away. I just managed to swing myself up on the wagon, but I couldn't stop him. He tore along till he got jammed in between two trams and was so badly hurt he had to be shot."

"Were you hurt?"

For answer she pulled off her hat. Her forehead showed a white scar.

"That runaway put us out of the milk business. But as soon as I was able to be about again I got a job in a factory, where I tested electric light bulbs and became a first-class solderer—sealed the tin casings, you know. Next I worked in a paper bag factory. Then I pressed veins on artificial leaves—sounds silly, doesn't it? From there I went to a tobacconist's. I never did office work; for one thing, I wasn't intelligent enough."

No? With all due respect, you can't believe her.

"When I left a place I always got a better one," was her most intelligent reply. "I liked 'em all while I stayed.

"Work was good for me," she insisted. "If I'd been brought up in cottonwool, I'd never have done anything. And it was fun having a go at one thing and another. I got to know all kinds of people. Lord, the different ones that poked their heads out of doors when I was delivering milk! That was the time, early in the morning, to see them as they really were without any frills. The things they wore and the things they said! I'll never forget one old crone who wore diamond earrings—probably slept in 'em—and a second-hand lady with the airs of a duchess. Oh, well, I dare say I thought myself pretty grand when I got that job in a dance hall! I'd wait for a customer to do a twirl with me, then slither out on the floor like Lady Vere de Vere herself."

"After all your other jobs, what do you think of movie work?"

"This," said the practical Binnie, "is a sissy job."

"MUTINY!"



. . . So rang the cry from stem to stern of H.M.S. BOUNTY, homeward bound to England from the enchanted islands of the South Seas . . . "MUTINY! Down with Captain Bligh!"

The men of the BOUNTY had been at the breaking point for many long weeks, and at last, unable to stand any longer the scenes of horror and ghastly brutality that had marked the voyage, they turned against their captain in fierce mutiny, led by the gallant mate, Fletcher Christian.

Gaining command of the ship, Christian and his men turned their course back to the green isles of Tahiti. The men were elated . . . were they not bound for a peaceful carefree life . . . for a Paradise on earth? Christian rejoiced, for he was returning, as he had promised, to Maimiti, the beautiful Tahitian maiden who had captured his heart . . .

But cruel Captain Bligh, whom they thought dead, was seeking revenge . . . could they escape him and remain in this Eden for which they had fought so desperately?

You will enjoy reading the thrilling and romantic story of "Mutiny on the BOUNTY," M-G-M's picture featuring Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, and Franchot Tone—it appears in complete story form in the December issue

Screen Romances

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen
December now on sale

YOUR SKIN
IS SO LOVELY, DEAR!



TO END SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's EASY TO EAT

PIMPLES and blotches, like muddiness and lack of color in the skin, are usually caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring so little relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets a pleasant, easy way to correct skin troubles caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Body poisons cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should quickly restore your digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And your whole system benefits so that you *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot cause fermentation in the body* and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM-12-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Lone Wolf of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 35*)

to sentimentalize over the Irish George. There is no man in all Hollywood, today, who causes more palpitations than George. Nor any man who cares less whether ladies palp or not. Preferably NOT. I can even list some of them under the general heading of "Palpitations One, Two, Three" and so on. There was Loretta Young, who admitted to a more than professionally friendly feeling for the dark Irishman in the pre-Chatterton days when she and George were making "Week-End Marriage" and "They Call It Sin" together.

There was La Chatterton herself, who from the day when she first saw his test for her picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us," uttered the now famous line, "Where has he been all his life?" There are those who say that because George flies, Ruth flies, too, in the airy hope that perhaps, someday, in the ether . . .

THERE is Joan Crawford—Joan went, I happen to know, to quite devious ends to invite George to one of her ultra-conservative, very private at-home dinner parties. It is said that she asked Jean Muir to bring him with her because she knew that Jean and George were friendly. George was teaching Jean to fly. And then the columnists fell upon the lessons with both pens, so to speak, so pupil and teacher flew no more that day. Nor any other day. And there is a hint of the wistful in the Muir eyes, remembering . . .

A few days ago a pretty girl approached George on the set and said to him, "You don't remember me, do you?" George confessed politely, that he did not. Then the girl seized him by the lapels of his coat saying in a hushed, emotional voice, "Did you ever have the feeling that *you belonged to someone?*" George gave a loud yelp and dashed for the safer precincts of his set, muttering that he *had* felt that way and wanted none of it. The girl turned out to be an extra from another set, inoculated with a Brent-bent. Quite harmless.

And that's reason No. 1 for George being the "Lone Wolf of Hollywood" today. *He doesn't want to belong to anyone.* He is afraid of women. He is afraid of possessiveness. He has survived two unsuccessful marriages and they have not served to lessen his fear. He loathes ties and bonds of any kind. He despises routine eating hours, household schedulism, the silken strands with which women bind a man who would be free. He wants travel and adventure and solitude far more than he wants the frail fevers of any feminine entanglement.

Undoubtedly his birth and background have everything to do with it. George was born, as you may know, in Ballinasloe, a town in mid-western Ireland. His father was a newspaper man, the descendent of a long line of fighting Irshmen.

WHEN George was eleven he made his first trip to America. And learned to love the roll of a ship beneath his feet. He soaked in eagerly the talk of seafaring men, the sight of far horizons. "I knew then," he told me, "that I would never stay long in any one place again."

He returned to Dublin to attend the University there, and, later, during the inception and success of the Abbey Theatre, he was inspired to go on the stage by the plays of Yeats, Lady Gregory, Padraic Colum and others. "I felt," said George, "that the theatre crystallized all of my ambitions for me. I had been torn between the newspaper business and the cavalry. On the stage, I figured, I could be all of the characters I wanted to be—I could smell the sea in my nostrils when I played a sailor, know the tang of war as a make-believe warrior, feel the plains of the West under my feet as a frontiersman. But most of all, *I would be going places.* That was why I chose the stage. I would never be still. Never tied to one place, nor to one group of people. I would be free. The theatrical profession, I knew, was one of the three or four in the world which does not stay in one place. And that was my real ambition. The only real love I have ever had, has been, and is today, the love of freedom. To be free, a man must walk alone.

"I managed to matriculate at the Abbey and the only times I didn't show up for the rising curtain were times when newer and more stirring interests diverted me. Rebellions and political cabals and such.

"That was the time of the Irish Revolution of 1924. With a patriotic newspaper editor for a father and with the hot blood of generations of Irish patriots boiling in my blood, it is hardly necessary to say where my sympathies were. I was in the thick of it from the first and acted as dispatch carrier for Michael Collins.

"I was a spy. And I learned, during those days, to mistrust small talk and the people who were glib with it. I learned to keep my mouth shut and my ears open and to respect those who did likewise. I learned to weigh every syllable before I uttered it. I learned to fear women. I learned to steer clear of their blandishments.

THEN Michael Collins was slain and the young George fled from Ireland for his life. For a time he went into hiding in Glasgow. And there again, he learned the lesson he never has unlearned—how golden silence can be.

But even in Glasgow, the English authorities found him out and in the dead of night he left Scotland and entered England, figuring that it would be the least likely place for them to look for him. A freight boat out of Plymouth offered him safe passage to America and he took it.

His career as a warrior and as a spy was at an end. And George found that his love for the theatre still clung to him. For five years he played more than three hundred leads in stock companies. He ranged through the States—Florida, Massachusetts, Colorado, New York. Then "Love, Honor and Obey" brought him to Broadway, where he played opposite Alice Brady. In that company was another young actor of whom you may have heard! His name was Clark Gable.

The screen began to talk. The dragnet for new talent spread out. New faces for old. There were tests and a few minor pictures for George before the big call came from Warner Brothers, who announced that they were looking for a leading man for Ruth Chatterton. And the rest is history known by heart.

All of which should tell you why George Brent is the "Lone Wolf of Hollywood" today. Why, when he has a leave of absence, he prefers to spend it in the remote ether rather than with such earthy Venuses as Garbo, Crawford, Jean, Loretta. . . .

I faced him down about being a Lone Wolf. He smiled that diffident smile of

his. You have to come right out and face him with things when you talk to him because *he will not answer questions.*

"You are the 'Lone Wolf of Hollywood,'" I stated.

"I am," he said. "I work too hard to be anything else. Nine pictures in a row. When I'm through at night I'm too tired to put on the soup and fish, order flowers, go through the necessary rituals. I go home to my house in Toluca Lake—rented, not owned—I wouldn't own a house for anything. It might come to own me. I go home and go to bed and read and I repeat this performance every night of my life, week in and week out. I'm poor copy for a story just because I don't do anything."

"If you were not working so hard, were not tired," I said, "you'd do the same thing?"

"The same," agreed George. "Matter of honest fact, I'm a very shy person, always was. I have no small talk. I can't spend an evening dotted with such conversational high-lights as, 'So what?' or 'How do you like that?' I'm not comfortable at parties, at the Grove, places like that. And if I'm not comfortable, it naturally follows that I'm not having a good time and if I'm not having a good time, why should I go?

"I'm working with one objective in view, to pay off some annuities of mine. When I get them all paid up I'll be really free. And when I am free, I'll go away from here. I want to travel. I want to see all of the far places of the earth and all of the strange people. I want to hunt, fish, knock about, and keep my mouth shut and my ears open. I don't want to have to punch a clock. I don't want to know or care what time it is. I don't want a home, possessions, ties or responsibilities. I belong with men, in a man's world. I fit better there. I'm more comfortable there. That's all there is to it."

I SAID, "But we read, now and again, squibs in columnists' chatter stating that you were seen lunching here and there, dining this place and the other. For instance, some time ago an item appeared to the effect that you were seen at the races with Garbo. The story went that a small child sat in back of you, poked her mother and said, 'Oooh, Ma, there's Greta Garbo with George Brent!' And the mother, peering, said, 'Nonsense, dear, it is not!'"

George said, his eyes turned now in the direction of the flying field where his plane was tuning up, "If the incident really happened at all, I can say only that Mama was right! I went to the races only once and that once was with my friend and agent, Minna Wallace. None of these items happens to be true. I read that I was seen at Caliente, when I have never been to Caliente. I read that I dined here, there, the other place—and they are usually houses I have never stepped foot into and people I have never met. There are, of course, a few places I should like to go. Grace Moore invited me for dinner several times, for instance. I am very fond of Grace. She is a grand person. I've never been able to go because of work. But for the most part, I go nowhere. I know that one invitation leads to another and before you know it you are enmeshed. And so—I change my telephone number every two weeks and stay alone in my lair."

Strange as it may seem—this is the simple truth. Garbo may sulk, Jean look wistful, Crawford invite, Loretta remember—but far off in the limitless ether his books and his fishing rods beside him, George Brent looks down upon a toy world—alone.

CHERAMY

April Showers

THE PERFUME OF YOUTH



Luxury · · · ON A BUDGET

YOUTH shall not be denied loveliness, says April Showers . . . and forthwith presents the most exquisite toiletries that ever fitted a young budget! *Face powder* . . . a sheer veil of scented mist. *Talc* for a refreshing body-bath. *Eau de cologne* for a glamorous rub-down. And a *perfume* created by one of the world's greatest perfumers to give you a fragrance that is young and gay and in supreme good taste.

PRICE LIST

April Showers

Eau de Cologne 28¢, 55¢, $1
Face Powder . . . 28¢ and 55¢
Talc . . . . . 28¢ and 55¢
Perfume
purse sizes . . . . . 28¢ and 50¢
Dusting Powder
85¢ and $1.25

Rouge, Lipstick, Skin Lotion, Bath Salts, etc., from 28¢ to 85¢. At stores everywhere.

Exquisite . . . but not Expensive

Modern Screen Scoreboard

(Continued from page 6)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2½★		1★	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3½★	3★	3½★	3★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2½★	4★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★	4★		3★	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	1★		2★	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★
G-Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Ginger (Fox)	2★	3½★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3½★	3★		3★	2★	3★
The Girl from 10th Avenue (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2½★	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★
Go Into Your Dance (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Goose and the Gander (Warners)	2★	1★	1★	2½★		2★	1★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
Hard Rock Harrigan (Fox)	3★	1★	2★	2★		2★	1½★	2★		1½★		1★	2★	2★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★			3★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Hooray For Love (RKO)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★			2★	2★
In Caliente (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Informer (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Irish in Us (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★
The Iron Duke (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★		2½★	3★
Jalna (RKO)	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★	2★	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1½★	2★	2½★	2★	1½★	3★	2★	1★	2★
Laddie (RKO)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2★		3★	2★	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	1½★	2★	1½★	1½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	5★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★		3★	3★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
Loves of a Dictator (G-B)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	2★	3★		3★	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★		2★	2½★	2★
The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Paramount)	3★	3½★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	2★	3★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (M-G-M)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3½★	2½★	2½★	3★	1½★	2★	3★	3★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★		2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★			1★	1★	½★		1½★			2★	1½★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★	3★	2★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3½★	3★	2½★	4★	2½★	2★	3★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	3★	1★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	1½★	2★	1★	1★	½★	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★		3★	2½★	3★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★		2★		2★	1½★	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2½★		3★	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (Warners)	5★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3★	4★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★	1½★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2½★	2★

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★	2★	1½★	4★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	3½★	3★	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			1★	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★		1½★	2★	2★	½★	1★	1½★	3★		1½★	2★
Princess Charming (G-B)	1★	1★	1½★	1★		1½★	1★	1½★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Raven (Universal)	3★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	1½★	2½★	1★	2★		2½★	2★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★	1½★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	1★		2½★	3★	2★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
She (RKO)	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	1½★	2★	3★	1★	3★	2★	3★	2★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★				4★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★			2★	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
The 39 Steps (G-B)	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3½★	3★	4★			3½★	4★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (G-B)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	2½★	2½★			2★	2★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★	2★		1½★		2½★	1½★	2★	1½★	1★			1★	1★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★		2★		2★	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
We're in the Money (Warners)	3★	1★		2★	2½★	2★	½★	2½★				2★	1★	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★	2★	2★



"Reduced
37 POUNDS
with DILEX-REDUSOLS"
writes Mrs. H. H. LANGLEY



Now YOU can take off
POUNDS of UGLY FAT
THIS SAFE, EASY QUICK WAY!

No Dieting...No Self Denial, No Strenuous Exercises!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism . . . they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality!

REDUCE 12 POUNDS WITH 1st box...*or no cost!*

Many satisfied users report they have reduced as much as 40 and 50 pounds with safe Dilex-Redusols.

Eat What You Wish And All You Want!

At last you can reduce safely and quickly without denying yourself the good things of life. You do not have to go through tiresome exercises...simply take these carefully prepared capsules and watch the fat disappear! Dilex-Redusols are effective because they remove the cause of obesity.

Profit By the Amazing Experiences of Others!

REDUCED 50 POUNDS
"I want you to tell every woman about my reducing 50 pounds." Mrs. E. D.

LOST 40 POUNDS
"I have lost 40 pounds in 13 weeks." Mrs. H. C. R.

LOST 35 POUNDS
"Changed my weight from 169 to 134 pounds." Mrs. H. L.

REDUCED 36 POUNDS
"Am losing 15 pounds a month with Redusols"... Miss L. H.

The DILEX-REDUSOL Way is the Safe Way!

Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols...the *absolutely harmless* capsules that reduce your weight by increasing your metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed. Beware of any product that makes extravagant claims for more rapid reductions...physicians will tell you it is harmful for anyone to reduce more than 15 pounds a month.

Remember you reduce 12 pounds...or no cost!

DON'T WAIT... MAIL COUPON TODAY

DILEX INSTITUTE

9 East 40th Street, Dept. 8512A, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $3.00 for which please send, postpaid, one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.

☐ Send one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C.O.D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23c. postage).

If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Name _____
Write Mr., Mrs. or Miss

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Give Height _____ *Weight* _____ *Age* _____

Canadian and Foreign Countries Cash in Advance

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 17*)

fragrance-bearing beauty aids, too, as well as in perfume. I can give you carnation, orange blossom, and violet fragrances in delightful bath powders and Eau de Colognes. What are your guesses? Write me, and I'll tell you if they're right.

Now that you've had a guessing party, perhaps you would like some practical hints for your next honest-to-goodness holiday party. Well, first off, there's a grand new two-minute facial. It's oatmeal all dressed in a heavenly fragrance, and with new beautifying properties that you mustn't fail to know about over the holidays. All you have to do is to blend it with water, and it turns into a smooth creamy lotion that will make you feel as if you had acquired a new skin. It is particularly helpful for the rough dry skin to which we are all so subject now that the weather has reverted to type. Then again it combats large pores by deep-cleaning. You know the hardest skins to treat are the large-pored, dry skins. It seems that they are even worse than the oily skins that are so productive of ugly coarse pores. Blackheads which are the result of inefficient methods of cleaning will respond to this two-minute facial. Since the holiday season is almost under your noses, you'll be glad to learn of such a quick cleansing method for party occasions, and after-party occasions when it seems that you're too "dead tired" to so much as pick up a wash cloth. When you've only two minutes to dress for that important twosome . . . there you have a perfect two-minute pick-me-up.

With your skin in condition, you'll want to apply your perfume right on the skin —the only proper place for it. Fabrics have an imperceptible odor all their own. They destroy some of the essential delicacy of the perfume fragrance that the warmth of the skin serves to enhance. Mary Carlisle applies her perfume with the perfume bottle stopper, touching it to her ear lobes, the seductive hollow of her throat, and her wrists. Rita Cansino, new Fox starlet, touches her perfume to her eyelashes. You have to be skillful in doing this so as to avoid getting any in your eyes. Ginger Rogers has a trick that is especially alluring. She adds just a drop of perfume to her eyeshadow before she applies it. I have heard of several of the stars adding a little perfume to their foundation cream, too, as a fragrant base for their powder. It all sounds very festive! doesn't it?

Because I know that you're going to be particularly anxious to keep your personal daintiness contributing to your allure during the holiday season, I have prepared a special bulletin for you about the whys and wherefores of Personal Daintiness. It tells you about deodorants that deodorize without preventing perspiration, and those that prevent both odor and perspiration. It talks about soap appeal and sex appeal. It will clear up all the guess-work questions you've been wanting to ask about the rather intimate subject of a woman's personal daintiness.

You'll see that I'm trying to be your good angel this month, because I have yet another special bulletin for you, and this one has a great many tips to help you solve your gift problems as well as your own personal glamor problems.

Get the answers to your guess-work questions now and send in this coupon.

MARY BIDDLE,
Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your bulletins on
Personal Daintiness ☐
Holiday Beauty ☐

Name.....

Address.....
No. Street

City.....State.....

Just check and send in with stamped, addressed envelope.



A gay trio at the tennis matches—Norma Shearer, Sam Goldwyn and Jack Gilbert. Jack certainly is getting about the town these days and nights!

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 62*)

Grove, W. Va.; DOROTHY ROBINSON, Pompton Lakes, N. J.; ELAINE MIDDLETON, La Grange, Ill.; JAMES MANK, Indianapolis, Ind.—Katharine Hepburn probably holds the world's record for the number of times fired from stage productions. She was kicked out of the lead in "The Big Pond," removed from the casts of "Death Takes a Holiday" and "The Animal Kingdom" and even temporarily canned from the production in which she eventually gained Broadway stardom, "The Warrior's Husband." Her dynamic personality and fine work in this play caused RKO officials to sign her to a long term contract and put her in "A Bill of Divorcement." She then scored in "Christopher Strong" and "Morning Glory" followed by "Little Women." Briefly, these are the highlights of Miss Hepburn's rise and present fame in the cinema sun. Miss Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn., on November 8 about 27 years ago. She is a graduate of Bryn Mawr. Her first appearance on the legitimate stage was in "These Days." She next understudied Hope Williams in "Holiday" and substituted for her one night on the road tour. She has also appeared with considerable success in stock productions, particularly in Baltimore. Katharine has auburn hair, green eyes, and a beautiful, slender figure. She never goes to night clubs or large parties. Goes to bed very early. For hobbies she indulges in tennis, swimming and golf. She is divorced from Ludlow Smith and rumored already married to Leland Hayward. Following "Alice Adams" she is now working on "Sylvia Scarlett" with Brian Aherne.

VIOLA CRISSINGER, New Windsor, Md.—Maurice Murphy played the part of Jimmy in "Curly Top." He is a free lance player and you can probably reach him at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

OXFORD CLUB, Rockford, Ill.; EDWARD M. WRIGHT, JR., IRENE OSIKA, Chicago, Ill.; EDITH GALLOWAY, TERRY O'CONNOR, Warren, Ohio; HELEN HIDA, Plainfield, N. J.; BETTY KNOWLES, Rocky Mt., N. C.; EATON SMITH, Lebanon, N. J.; BEVERLY BEVILLE, Detroit, Mich.; ANTHONY HANSEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.; MARGEAN SCHULTZ, Michigan City, Ind.; VIRGINIA CERNEY, Wilmetre, Ill.; BETTYE LAWSON, Reisterstown, Md.—Little Jackie Cooper can hardly be called that any longer. He was 12 his last birthday, September 15, and is now all of 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Born in Los Angeles, he is the son of Mabel Leonard, a former vaudeville violinist, and the nephew of the well-known director, Norman Taurog. He was educated in kindergarten, then by private tutors. Because of the position of his uncle in the movie world, it naturally followed that Jackie should turn to the screen. His first part was a very small one in a Lloyd Hamilton comedy. Other bits followed, including some with "Our Gang." "Skippy" was the picture that launched him on his road to stardom, but "The Champ" with Wallace Beery was the biggest hit of his entire career. His hobby is tennis and airplanes. He is enthusiastic about athletics and likes dogs. Jackie has blonde hair and hazel eyes. "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," with Wally Beery, is his most recent vehicle. You can write him at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

LUCY KALEN, Boston, Mass.; ELIZABETH KIRKPATRICK, Indiana, Pa.; JESSIE DETTY, Steilacoam, Wash.; ANN ROWE, Hamilton, Canada; SYLVIA CALHOUN, Olympia, Wash.; BERTHA MARKINS, Wordsworth, Ohio; MARGARET SCHISLER, Nashville, Tenn.; M. FRIEDBERGER, ALICE CHECK, Phila., Pa.; ELSIE MARTIN, Falls City, Neb.; ELAINE LECAS, ALICE PERRETTI, New York City; SADIE GREENBLATT, Plainfield, N. J.; VIRGINIA CAMPBELL, Sioux Falls, S. D.; M. HANLIN, Bklyn., N. Y.—The future Anthony Adverse—we'd better call him Fredric March for now—was born in Racine, Wis., on August 31, 1898. In 1920 our hero graduated from the University of Wisconsin, having won his letter at football and track and also having been elected to the Beta Gamma Sigma and Alpha Delta Phi fraternities. He won a scholarship which the National City Bank maintained to train students for service in its foreign branches, and consequently worked on a bank staff for nearly a year. Then came a change in bank presidents and young March, fearing a like change in the scholarship, asked for a leave of absence and went on the stage. His first theatrical job was third assistant stage manager, but after that he got speaking parts which, step by step, became larger. For three years he played stock in Denver, where he met and married Florence Eldridge. In 1928 Fredric went to Los Angeles to play on the stage in "The Royal Family" and as a result was offered a part in the Paramount talkie, "The Dummy," which he accepted. This resulted in a long term contract. This handsome gent is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. His favorite recreations are horseback riding, tennis and swimming. Fredric and his wife (it's still Florence Eldridge) have two adopted children, a girl and a boy. As hinted above, Fred will make "Anthony Adverse" in the title role—and a good Anthony he should be, too. (Note to V. C. —Marilyn Knowlden was the cute little girl who played Fredric's foster child in "Les Miserables.") You can reach him at the United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

INFORMATION DESK,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of .....

.....

in your department.

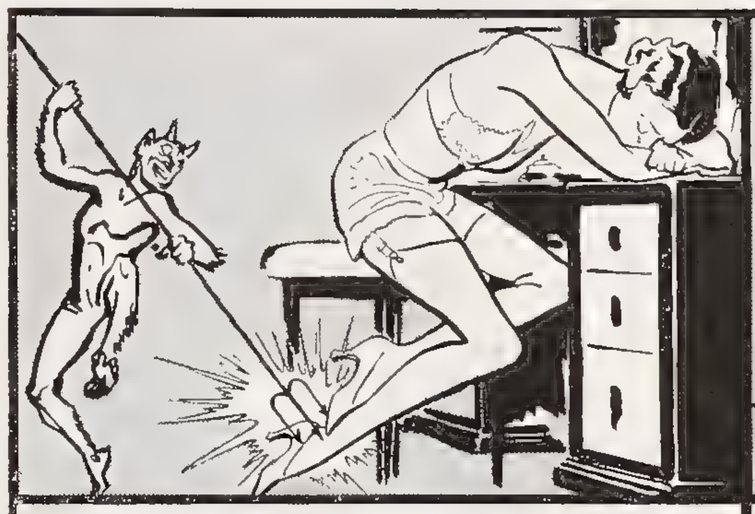
Name.....

City.....State.....



WHO'S AFRAID OF A BIG BAD CORN?

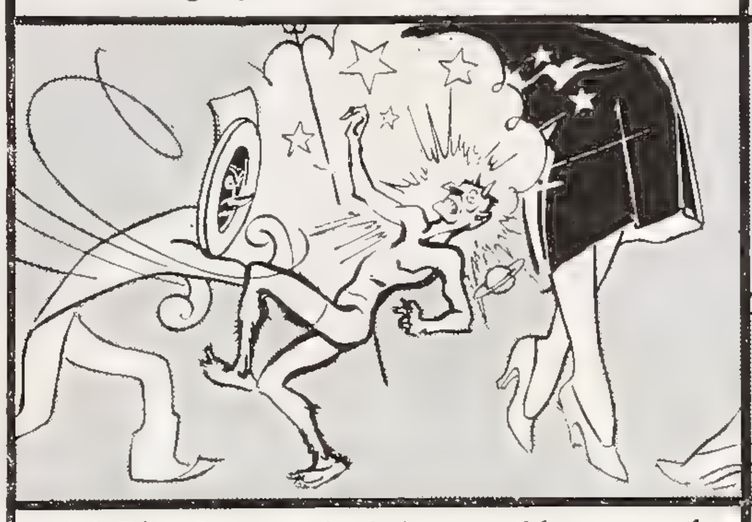
"Not I", said Brave Blue-Jay, as he set about to rescue the beautiful lady in distress



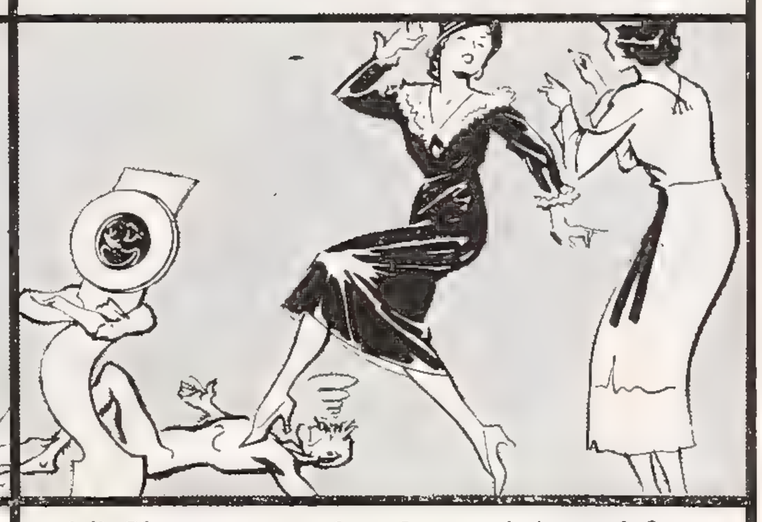
(1) She *was* in distress, too, that beautiful lady! This terrible corn had her by the toe . . and he just *wouldn't* let go! He stabbed and kicked and made ugly wrinkles and a look of agony come into her beautiful face.



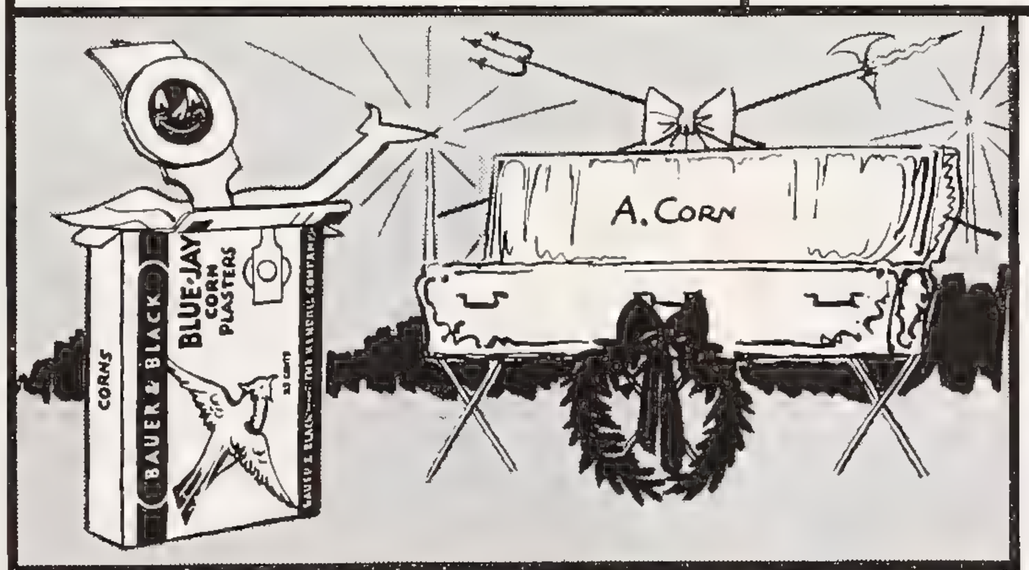
(2) Who will come to her rescue? "Blue-Jay!" whispers a kind and helpful friend. And out of his package-home leaps Brave Blue-Jay, ready and willing. Quick as a flash—



(3) Blue-Jay attacked that terrible corn and had him down in a moment utterly helpless. The villain's torturing hold on the beautiful lady was instantly broken, and—



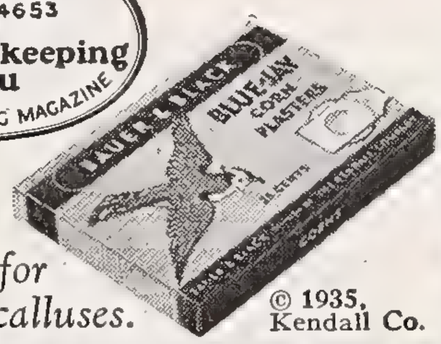
(4) She sprang to her feet and danced from sheer joy! Now *that* corn would trouble her no more . . would no longer make her cranky, nor keep her from dancing with her friends!



(5) The end of the story is the end of the corn. Imprisoned by Blue-Jay for three days, at the end of that time his lifeless form was lifted out, carried away. Thanks to Brave Blue-Jay!

MORAL: If you have a corn, get rid of it safely and quickly with Blue-Jay—the scientific corn remover • The pain stops the minute Blue-Jay is applied. The snug-fitting pad of the finest softest felt cushions the corn against painful shoe pressure. Then the mild Blue-Jay medication gently loosens and undermines the corn—and after 3 painless days the dainty pad is quickly removed and the corn lifted out easily and completely. Blue-Jay scientific Corn Plasters have been used successfully by millions of corn sufferers for 35 years. They are made by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressing house.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine Serial No. 4653



25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.

© 1935, Kendall Co.

EXERCISE BOOK FREE Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

(*Pasting coupon on government postcard saves postage*)

MS-12

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

STOP A COLD THE FIRST DAY!

Drive It Out of Your System!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift method.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. A cold also calls for a COLD treatment and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

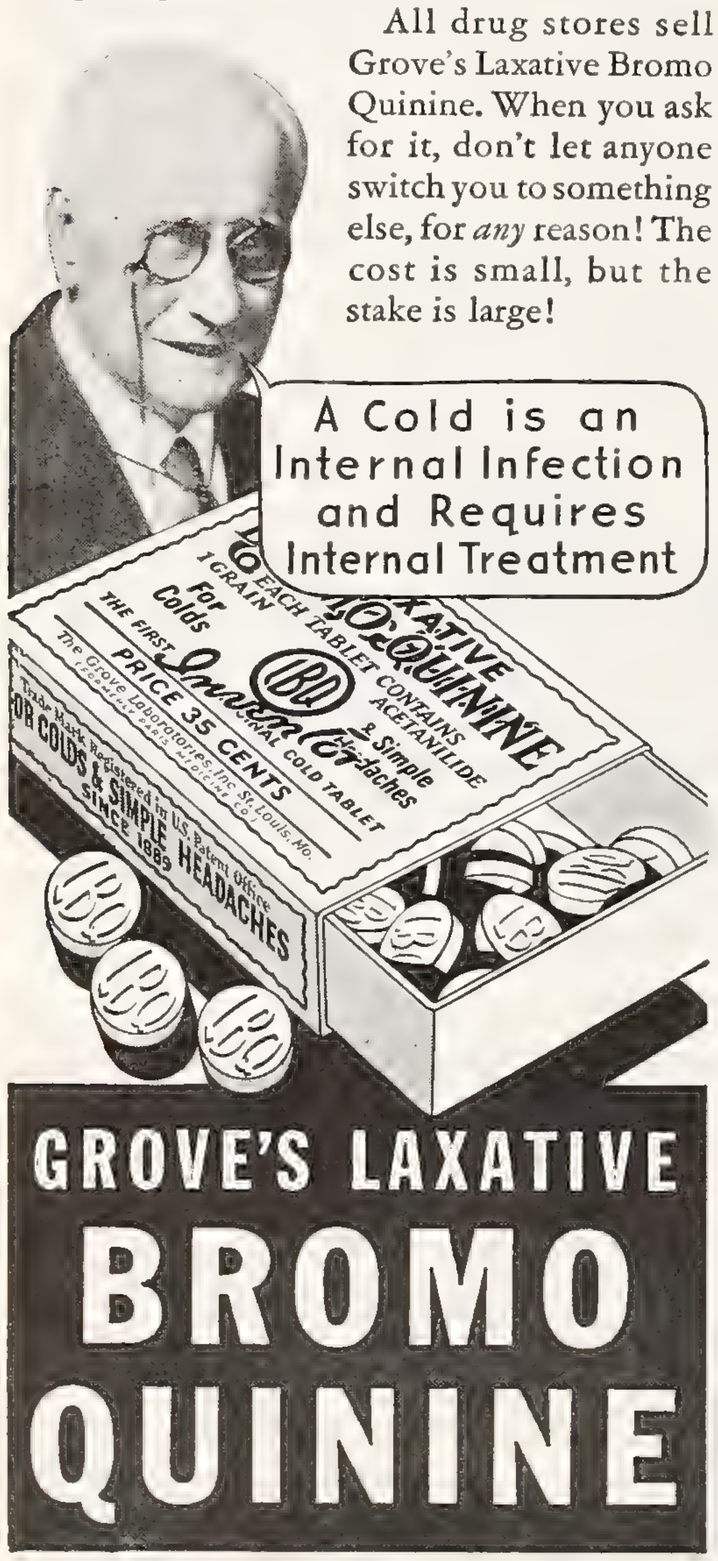
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is definite treatment for a cold. It is expressly a cold treatment in tablet form. It is internal in effect and it does four important things.

Four Effects

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Bromo Quinine is distinguished for this fourfold effect and it is what you want for the prompt relief of a cold.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, don't let anyone switch you to something else, for *any* reason! The cost is small, but the stake is large!



If You Would Have a Figure Like Crawford

(*Continued from page 43*)

the studio takes them in hand, remodels them, fixes up what's wrong with them—and the studio pays the bills. And that's a darn good way to make a selfish, lazy sissy out of a girl. But when you have to struggle and skimp and sacrifice to get the things you want, you can throw your shoulders back and say, "I *am* somebody." And not only that, you won't forget so easily and so quickly that you were once an ugly duckling, as the movie stars love to forget. Gosh! Some of those stars' memories are as short as their leading man's close-ups. We seldom appreciate what's given to us.

AND now back to this month's movie star double, Joan Personette. You have a beautiful forehead, high and broad. And the structure of your face is very nice. It is the kind of face that has camera possibilities. Remember, it was the possibilities that the studio saw in Joan Crawford. Your hair is nice and you show good taste in the way you arrange it. You're smart to keep it simple.

And now I want you to gain health and vigor. Notice some of the things Joan Crawford does. She has a swimming pool but she isn't an ardent swimmer. She takes long sun baths, and there's nothing better for you than that, but she's wise enough to know that swimming develops ugly shoulder, arm and thigh muscles.

Joan can't afford to develop her shoulder muscles. As it is she has very wide shoulders. Do you know that gal is a size sixteen through the shoulders and a size twelve in the waist? And she gives the appearance of being a small fourteen!

Also Joan Crawford dances. But she dances in the right way. That's why her legs remain good looking. She doesn't go in for the muscle building buck and wing, tap stuff. She does more soft shoe work and graceful bends.

Turn on your radio or phonograph to some snappy music that's got exactly the right beat and tempo. All the old tunes are swell. Like "Turkey in the Straw" or "She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain." Believe me, *that* tune will get the moon over the mountain. That's what Kate Smith has been trying to do for years. I'm sure if that moon of hers were in the first quarter it would be lots easier.

There's an old saying that when you see the moon in the first quarter any wish you make will come true. But don't just wish and let it go at that. Wish and work is the way—and let's have a lot more working than wishing. Because right now I'm going to tell you how to lose fifteen pounds in one month.

Get up early. Never sleep more than eight hours. Every morning or evening get those tunes going and dance around the room a dozen times. Put some pep in the dance. Take this limbering-up exercise. Stand with feet slightly apart, arms straight above your head. Stretch and reach as high as you can. Now swing the body from side to side. Keep knees stiff and do not move the feet. Always keep arms above head. Then swing the body from the waistline in a circle, not moving the lower part of the body. Do this ten times in one direction and then reverse.

Take a brisk walk whenever you can. Don't, don't sit down after meals. Get up and move around. Don't take hot baths. A tepid shower is best. Use a body brush and dry with a real heavy Turkish towel.

THEN take your special exercises for the fat spots. (How are you gals getting along with those hip and thigh exercises I've already given you? Is the soreness gone yet? No. Well never mind, keep it up. It's good for you.) But for heaven's sake use your common sense. Don't write me for a million exercises at once. Stick to one job at a time. If you're fatter in the hips than any place else work on them until they begin to go down before you start on the abdomen exercises.

And now for the diet. Some women, you know the type, the whiny ones—complain that it's monotonous. I'd like to give them a good shaking—and it would do them good, too, believe me. I give you plenty of choice—and how can anything be monotonous when your mirror tells you that you're getting slimmer and more beautiful every day. Stop complaining!

BREAKFAST
Small glass grapefruit or orange juice
Slice melba toast or thin wholewheat toast or rye wafer with a little honey, but no butter
Cup black coffee (no sugar)

LUNCHEON
Glass tomato juice or grapefruit juice
Large bowl of clear vegetable soup or consommé (no crackers) *or* (that's "or" not "and") green salad or cole slaw
In the middle of the afternoon tomato juice or orange juice or an apple.

DINNER
Fruit cup or melon (not watermelon) with lemon juice and no salt
Salad of lettuce and tomato or endive and watercress (Dressing of very little oil and lemon)
Choice of the following:
Small broiled rare steak
One double lamb chop
One slice one-fourth inch thick roast beef
Two slices of broiled or roasted turkey
Chicken breast and wing
Two slices of broiled lamb
Small portion of broiled ground round steak (without fat)
(No thick gravies or sauces with any meat)
Two vegetables (Peas, carrots, broccoli, greens, etc.)
Small baked potato prepared like this: When potato is done scoop out the inside leaving about one-fourth inch still on the skin. Put this skin back in the oven until it is crisp and brown. Eat this instead of bread
For dessert have fruit gelatin or baked apple without sugar or stewed fruit without sugar
Use very little salt. And take no liquor at all!

This diet, combined with the exercises will take off fifteen pounds in one month. It's worth working for! It's worth fighting for!

Remember, too, that I am always eager to help you with any beauty, weight and general health problem that you may care to ask me about. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a reply.

Silent Young Man

(*Continued from page 34*)

to the sincere, emotional youth sort of comes under the head of an understatement. He mooned around for weeks before he decided to try to get over it. He still phones her. There are those who say he has visited his ex-wife on the "So Red the Rose" set, but this Henry denies. At any rate, no woman has meant anything to the lad since Margaret, which puts him in the class of a "one-woman man," a rare specie in Hollywood—or in any town for that matter.

Henry will do anything in the interest of his job. The day we saw him, the company was shooting the ice floe scenes for "Way Down East." Many a leading man would have demanded a double rather than take a certain ducking as he fled after Rochelle Hudson over huge cakes of ice. But our hero wrapped himself up in a mackinaw, boots and fur cap, on the hottest July day that ever bloomed, and did his stunt. Of course he touched bottom somewhere between the third and fourth cakes of ice, but he came up smiling and asked, "Will I have to do this again? It would just be like someone saying that my scarf wasn't on right the first time!"

HENRY wants to get back to the New York stage. "Trite but true," says he, "there's nothing like audience reaction. There's nothing like building up to a big dramatic scene and being able to sustain the emotion. In pictures, when you're all het up someone shouts 'Cut' and you've got to deflate like a balloon and start all over again.

"I'm not saying a thing against Hollywood, mind you. I like the place. I have an apartment now—share it with another fellow—and we have a cook. She's better than the house man we used to have. He sort of got us down. He'd worked for some big shot or other and I think he thought we were a little on the uncouth side. You know, not dressing for dinner and such like. I guess I'm not much on wardrobe, which annoys heck out of a valet."

Henry flew to Omaha over week-ends during production. It worried the company, but his father was ill and he was going to be with him every minute he could steal from work. There's a loyalty



Skeet shooting is one of Hollywood's favorite sports and here is one of its youngest devotees, George Breakston. He's currently appearing in "The Return of Peter Grimm."



You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY *Lady Esther*

Are you using the right shade of face powder for *you?*

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (19) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



LET your own mirror and the flattering comments of friends prove that last season's dress can be a smashing success *today*—with Rit!

Tinting and dyeing with Rit is so easy, so sensible, so economical, you'll find dozens of uses for it. For tinting, use only warm water; even for dark colors, you need NO BOILING. Try Rit today—you'll be grateful for the introduction!

Rit is a concentrated wafer: easier to measure than powder; won't sift out of the package; dissolves instantly.

INSTANT



AT ALL DEALERS

RIT

TINTS AND DYES

White Rit Color Remover . . . takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.

and sincerity about the lad that is truly touching. It shows through in his work. It shines through his eyes, which are the bluest blue you could ever imagine. He's a good-looking youth, but seems totally unaware of it. He's very tall and slim and diets in a mild way. If you accused him of this, he'd say, "Don't be redick," but if scrambled eggs and stewed tomatoes every luncheon is a pleasure, then there's no such thing as a key to the calories!

Mr. Fonda spends his evenings at home. Which is another source of wonderment to the city of glitter. There are so many places to go when the sun goes down, gay places with guh-rand music and celebrities and beautiful girls. Henry doesn't take them in. He's not interested at this point. He doesn't care to be rumored about. He says, "If the right girl comes along, she'll never believe I'm on the level if she's read I've been here and there with this beauty and that." Being on the level is very important to Mr. F. Things are as they seem to him.

"I've got to sing in Lily Pons' picture," he said. "At least it's in the script. Maybe when they hear the play-back, they'll cut out the song, which should spare the audience no end. There's no need of torturing nice people, you know, when all they want is good, clean fun—a little honest entertainment." Which, we suppose, is fair enough, even though it is said that Henry can hit a mean musical note.

OFTEN Hollywood does strange things to people. Sometimes it gives them the big head. There are those skeptics who claim that when Fonda begins reading his very excellent press notices he's going to think, "Pretty good, this Henry—eh, wot?" That it would be only human. Our guess is that no such thing is due to occur.

He says of himself, of course half kiddingly, "I must be pretty hot stuff. Why, the producer who signed me to make pictures has loaned me out ever since the day I put my name to the contract. Yep, two for Fox and one for RKO. Some fun, hey?"

The very fact that other companies bid for the services of a movie newcomer shows what faith the powers that be in the Celluloid City have in Henry. He really has about everything, you see. Youth, good looks and acting ability. A rare combination to turn up in a town where if you look the part, you're apt to be blah and if you're a swell actor, the profile isn't anything to be taken seriously; in fact, it should be somewhere on the comedy lot.

Yes, we think if we had any shekels to bet, we'd place them on Henry Fonda's very straight nose and, so, would come in the winner of the cinema sweepstakes.

Romantic—Never Routine

(*Continued from page 37*)

factors who decided that what this country needs—besides a good 5-cent cigar—is more connubial osculation. So they took the following pledge:

1. I solemnly pledge myself daily to embrace my wife, kiss her and tell her that I love her.
2. I promise to compliment her at least once each day on some particular part of the menu she prepares.
3. I promise to perform at least one kind and unexpected deed for her daily.

Latest news reports attest that, after a fair trial, the wives of these reformed husbands declare it to be a marvelous idea, and insist that the Club be continued. . . . (Did some of these smart husbands perhaps hear of the wonderful results of the Gibbons-del Rio marital experiment in romance?)

"AND," continued Dolores, breaking in on my reverie, "you can't imagine how I anticipate that nightly dinner date with Cedric. That's the advantage of being absorbed in my work all day long. I'm sure, if I didn't work as hard as I do now and if I had the empty time on my hands I used to have in Mexico City, I couldn't make a go of my marriage. But being compelled to see other people all day long makes coming back to Cedric both a soothing tonic and a wonderfully fresh adventure.

"Then there's another important rule we observe which makes ours an out-of-the-ordinary marriage. The question of finances never enters into it at all.

"I earn money enough to be financially independent of Cedric—and I spend it as I like. I've always thought it shameful for women to have to go begging to their husbands every time they want a new dress or coat. To be made to realize that they're dependent, body and soul, on the man they marry. Ugh! It's humiliating. I could never bear it!"

But Dolores admits that Cedric doesn't allow her too much independence. That's never good for women. As the old grannies say: "It gives 'em ideas—puts foolish notions into their heads."

Cedric insists on paying all the household expenses. Which indicates clearly to all concerned whose house it is and who's the master in it. There should never be any doubt about that, he firmly believes. And Dolores quite agrees with him.

So with the salary Dolores earns (which is no slouch these days) under her new contract with Warner-First National, she buys all her own clothes, pays the wages of her secretary, and does lovely gracious things for her parents—such as building and decorating a new home for her mother to occupy during her annual six months' stay in Hollywood.

DOLORES is exceptionally proud of that house because it is completely her own brain-child—every spot of color, every stick of furniture in it. It was her way of showing Cedric how much she'd learned from him in the matter of artistic selection.

She admitted all this to me one day in her dressing-room—which, by the way, is also very modern—a sparkling affair in white and tomato red. When I admired it and remarked how perfectly it suited her personality, she said, "I'm glad you think so. To do one's best work and to be happiest one should always manage to wear a touch of one's personality color, or have it in one's surroundings. Red is my color—just to see it makes me feel alive and gay!"

Actually, Dolores looks up to Cedric's intelligence with something of awe, as an adoring pupil regards an adored and splendid teacher.

"I know he's mentally superior to me, and I'm certainly not sorry!" she declares.

In the past four years, since her marriage to Cedric Gibbons, Dolores del Rio has learned more about life and the right way to self-expression and the achieve-



They were all set for matrimony but now Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor just go out together occasionally.

ment of happiness, than most young women of her age—and certainly more than she ever learned in the 24 or so odd years before Cedric entered her life. She's profited wonderfully by the sad experience of her first marriage.

She realizes now what is of permanent value to a woman and she's employing the knowledge that was born of suffering to maintain the happiness she's found with Cedric.

FIRSTLY, Dolores realizes that there can't be a true and happy relationship between a man and a woman unless it's tacitly understood by both that the man is superior to the woman in some way that counts. And that doesn't necessarily mean earning more money—or being physically stronger. It's much more subtle than that. A woman must never be allowed to consider herself the superior or the equal of her mate in every respect. It's fatal—no matter how emancipated the two people consider themselves. Think back over the smashed-up marriages in Hollywood. How many times are they caused, primarily, by the wife being a Neon-lighted star who regards herself, and compels everyone else to do so also, as the superior member of the union. And the husband—whatever his profession and no matter how good at it he is—must either submit to being patronized because he's just *Mr.* Movie Star—or get out because he can't stand it!

This explains Dolores' delight in being able to look up to Cedric's "superior intelligence." She wants to feel herself inferior to him in some respects!

Then there's still another thing she's learned. Keeping a love relationship at a high pitch of emotional satisfaction depends largely upon the woman. Having become quite a young philosopher, Dolores has a theory about this. She believes it's easy for a woman to do this, at least, easier than it would be for a man because every woman is a true actress at heart!

"A woman never completely reveals herself as she really is no matter how much she adores her man. She simply can't help acting just a little, even though she wants to be entirely honest!"

Further, Dolores believes that love is like the theatre—"You have to continually create and maintain a perfect illusion to hold an audience, or your lover, spellbound!"

NEW EASY WAY TO

Perfect Chocolate Pie!



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup water
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

● Use any other recipe, and it'll take you 30 minutes' cooking and stirring and watching to get this creamy-smooth filling! Don't fail to clip this magic recipe! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. MM125 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Print name and address plainly)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

Borden Quality

Wedding bells rang for Sylvia Sidney and Bennett Cerf recently. The pair won't have time for a honeymoon until Sylvia finishes her Paramount film, "Mary Burns, Fugitive."



VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 72-19
64 E. Lake St., Chicago

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 12318-H, Chicago

The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

"I Look Years Younger"



"Sem-Pray Creme made me look 15 years younger. My skin is lovelier too." Mrs. M. S., Richmond, Va. Sem-Pray's rare Eastern oils smooth away erasable lines, wrinkles. Clears, softens, smooths skin instantly. Look years younger. Concentrated. Outlasts 5 ordinary jars of cream. Get Sem-Pray today at all good drug and department stores, 60c. Or send 10c for 7 days supply, to Mme. LaNore, Sem-Pray Salons, Grand Rapids, Mich., Suite 217S.

Sem-Pray Creme Youthifies Beautifies



It all depends on the WOMAN

There are sensitive women everywhere who do not trust the superficial information that is going around about feminine hygiene. These deep-natured women want the whole truth from the scientific standpoint. They must depend on themselves to sift out the real facts. And to them the news about *Zonite* will be welcome.

● *You* do not need to use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, just because an older generation used them. In those days there were no antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose, except the poisons. But that was before the discovery of Zonite—the antiseptic-germicide of the World War.

Zonite is powerful, and Zonite is *safe*. Zonite is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. But Zonite is *not* poisonous. *Not* caustic. Zonite has never harmed any woman. It will not desensitize tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning.

● The old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic has no place in the life of the modern woman. She has welcomed Zonite—and Zonite is now available in every town and city throughout the length and breadth of America. Sold in bottles; 3 sizes, 30c, 60c, $1.00.

Another form of Zonite . . Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite, there are also Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 for box of a dozen. They are dainty white cone-like forms, each sealed in its own glass vial. Some women prefer them to the liquid. Other women use both. Ask for both the Zonite Suppositories and the Liquid Zonite by name at drug and department stores. There are no substitutes.

● Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Much discussed in women's circles. Coupon below will bring you a copy. Read it and get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Write today.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION MS-512
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women ( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME .....
(Please print name)

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P.Q.)

Shirley Temple, Saver of Lives

(*Continued from page 27*)

allowed the dress to be unfastened. Lovingly she patted the soft satin.

"I'm going to keep it always," she said soberly, "and when I get married I'll have a big dress just like it."

Before she left the building, she returned to the sewing room to wave goodbye to the "girls." She carried away an armful of scraps of silk, which they save for her doll clothes, but she left behind a smile on every face. Those women love her and they are also grateful to her for their jobs. They know that when a Shirley Temple picture is being prepared there will be several weeks' work for three extra seamstresses and it makes them all happy.

In "Curly Top" she has eighteen changes of costume. Each tiny garment is beautifully made and finished with the most exquisite handwork—little rabbits on pink satin pajamas, gay flowers embroidered on black velvet. There are hats to accompany many of the costumes. Even her shoes are made to order.

"Every dress we make for Shirley costs from $35 to $40," René Hubert told me. And there is no star for whom the great designer would rather fashion clothes. "She is so refreshing," he explained. And every garment that is made for her is given to her for her personal use when the picture is finished.

Marion Weldon, a young lady who sings and dances, is another who owes her weekly salary directly to Shirley. She learns all of Shirley's songs and dances and, in turn, helps to teach them to Shirley.

"I try them out on Marion," Jack Donohue, the dancing instructor, explained. "When I'm satisfied with them I teach them to Shirley by having her watch Marion. It's the easiest way to teach a child and besides, Shirley is a born mimic."

During a Temple production, he hires an assistant to carry on his regular work so that he is available for Shirley at any time. Handicapped by the law, which allows children to work a limited number of hours a day, he must be ready to rehearse with Shirley whenever she can work with him. In preparing for a new picture they usually rehearse two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. There is an extra pianist hired for Shirley's rehearsals. For "Curly Top" an Hawaiian dancing girl was hired at $15 a day for at least a week to teach her a native dance.

SHIRLEY says her lessons to Miss Lillian Barkley, who teaches the stock players at the studio, but a welfare worker is employed for Shirley exclusively.

This welfare worker, Mrs. Veta Geddes, receives $9 a day for her services and she works every day that Shirley does. She reads to Shirley, plays games and is with her every minute she is on the set.

Both teachers are enthusiastic over their small pupil and say she always worries over other children who work in her pictures. When making the baptizing scene in "The Little Colonel" the little colored boy had to be ducked many times before the scene suited the director. Each time, after the ducking, it was Shirley who ran for the blanket and wrapped him up so he wouldn't take cold.

Generous to a fault, she wants to share her good fortune with others and particularly with her little stand-in, Marilyn Grannis. If she is offered an ice cream cone or a piece of candy, she will scarcely wait to say "thank you" before she adds, "Marilyn is over there."

Marilyn, however, has profited more than in these small attentions by Shirley's rise to stardom. In "Baby Take a Bow" Marilyn, with some other children, was hired to do a specialty number. Mrs. Temple and Shirley took a fancy to Marilyn and her mother and so she has been employed regularly at a salary of about $30 a week to act as Shirley's stand-in. The money Marilyn earns is not needed for "family" expenses and is put away intact for her use later on.

Of course Shirley's mother wouldn't be any place, but with her child. But for her companionship, for teaching Shirley her lines and for other duties she performs (perhaps as a reward for having had Shirley!), Mrs. Temple is paid a salary of $100 a week by the studio.

This money enabled Mrs. Temple to hire a housekeeper to do the work which she had previously done herself. It also enabled the Temples to move into a more secluded home when Shirley's popularity caused a crowd of curiosity seekers to surround their house at all hours of the day and night in an effort to get a peek at the tiny star. While this was an unbearable annoyance to the Temples, it was a break for the real estate dealer who sold them a new home.

Several months ago Shirley's fan mail increased to more than 4,000 letters a week (more than that received by any Fox star) necessitating the hiring of a secretary to answer it. She is a permanent employee and taking care of the mail occupies all of her time.

BESIDES the people employed at the studio in Shirley's pictures and for her in other ways, there are hundreds of other people who enjoy a salary every week on account of this child. There are the people who wrote and published the Shirley Temple books. There are the people who manufacture and distribute the Shirley Temple cut-outs (paper dolls).

There are the Shirley Temple dolls, which must be manufactured, dressed and distributed. This business has grown to huge proportions. There are the Shirley Temple hair ribbons, her latest venture. There are the Shirley Temple dresses, which have become so popular that the company which manufactures them on Long Island, New York, has recently moved the factory into a larger and newer building.

Last, but by no means least, is Shirley's lawyer, Loyd Wright, who makes all of her contracts and takes care of her business.

In spite of this fame and attention, it is the general opinion of those who know that Shirley has remained remarkably unspoiled. Her influence has been felt around the world. Just to see her in a picture is to feel better.

Darryl F. Zanuck has big things in store for Shirley and that means a treat for her great legion of fans.

How would you like to have Shirley in a grand musical? Well, one is being considered now. The idea is to give Shirley's nimble feet and musical talent full sway, surrounding her with a cast that will be the tops.

While all these plans are on foot, Shirley is having a perfectly grand time slowing her fast foot work down to the sedate pace of the minuet and the quaint dignity of the hoop skirts she wears in "The Lit-

tlest Rebel." When this is finished she will rest before playing in that beloved old story "Captain January."

Speaking of plans for Shirley, Mr. Zanuck says, "By her talent, Shirley has won her way to the highest rank of the film stars. We mean to help her remain on top. In the future, everything will be done for Shirley that is done for grown-up stars. She will have the best writers and her supporting casts will be composed of outstanding personalities. Great care will be exercised so that her roles will be varied and the fans, whose hearts she has captured, shall remain hers for a long time to come."

With all this sudden wealth, the Temple family has hardly changed its mode of living. Shirley has worked in pictures before and her mother has always accompanied her to the studio. The greatest difference is that formerly Mrs. Temple had to hurry home to prepare dinner for her husband and two hungry boys.

An adverse Supreme Court decision, together with Father Coughlin, couldn't (if they would, and they wouldn't) jar this one-girl institution, for the TRA is the most effective cure-all yet advanced.

Confessions of an Extra Girl

(*Continued from page 46*)

But when absolutely no more calls came I realized the truth—that the story had been whispered around, that the director was being believed and that I was dubbed "bad news." Apparently others were afraid to give me work lest I "pull off another frame."

In vain I tried to do something about it, but I found that I could not even see the assistant directors who had once given me work. And I realized that I was being "blacklisted."

When I was working more or less steadily I spent the surplus money with which I had come to Hollywood for clothes, because a good wardrobe made me more valuable. The result was that I had no extra money on which to fall back. I was behind with my rent for the first time.

I believed that Hollywood would forget that I was "bad news." Hollywood forgets so quickly, sometimes. And so I began looking for other work to tide me over until that happened.

Another job? What a fool I was! I had not learned typing and shorthand in high school, so sure was I that I was destined to be a famous actress, so I applied for work as a waitress and then as a clerk in cheap stores. But how many thousands of girls there are in Hollywood who come out to seek fame and fortune and, finding neither, start looking for other jobs. Stores and restaurants are filled with would-be Garbos, Crawfords and Colberts.

And so the days dragged on. I was so miserable and unhappy that I would not even read the studio news in the papers.

Now I had one alternative. I might have given up and gone home. But I could not. No, there is something about Hollywood that gets you, even if you're on the very outer fringe. I would undoubtedly have been better off had I not gone to Hollywood in the first place but once there, there is no turning back.

Then finally another alternative presented itself.

One evening Bradley called for me in his car and we drove to the beach together.



FAME AND FORTUNE . . . OR HOME AND HAPPINESS?

When little Annette Monard married the poverty-stricken composer, Fritz Brecker, at a carnival, little does she dream that she will become a great singer . . . nor does Fritz. But, upon realizing what great talent she possesses, he starts her on her career. As Annette rises rapidly and becomes a great artist, Fritz sinks deeper and deeper into the gloom of his own lack of success. He leaves her, and Annette must choose . . . will she have a great career—or a happy married life? With this difficult choice before her, how does she decide?

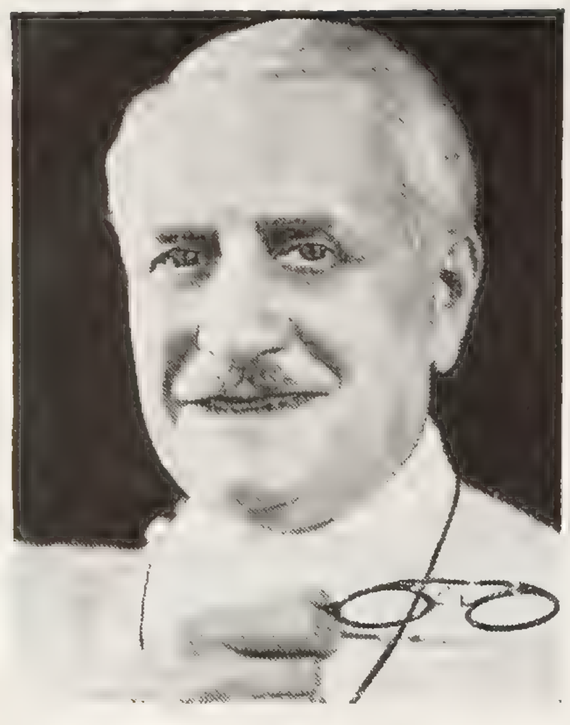
You'll enjoy reading "I DREAM TOO MUCH," the story of RKO Radio's new musical, starring Lily Pons, famous soprano, in her film debut, with Henry Fonda. Complete story in the December SCREEN ROMANCES.

Other complete stories in December will include: "Rose of the Rancho," starring John Boles and Gladys Swarthout . . . "Magnificent Obsession," starring Irene Dunne with Robert Taylor . . . Barbara Stanwyck with Preston Foster in "Annie Oakley" . . . James Cagney and Margaret Lindsey in "Frisco Kid" . . . "A Night at the Opera," starring the Marx Brothers with Kitty Carlisle . . . William Powell and Rosalind Russell in "Black Chamber" . . . Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty" . . . Helen Twelvetrees and Donald Cook in "Spanish Cape Mystery" . . .

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

DECEMBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE.



Science Discovers New Way to Increase Weight

Gains of 10 to 25 lbs. in a few weeks. First package must add weight or the trial is free

AN AMAZING new "7-power" yeast discovery in pleasant tablets is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny", run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-strengthening iron in little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny", run-down persons who need these vital elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 312, Atlanta, Ga.

10 lbs., 3 weeks

"I was like a scarecrow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 10 lbs. in 3 weeks."—Fannie Alcorn, Oneida, Tenn.

14 lbs. quick

"I seemed born to be skinny, but with Ironized Yeast I gained 14 lbs. in 3 weeks."—Dora Sotelo, Anaheim, Calif.



Posed by professional models

Overlooking the beautiful moonlit water, he told me that I had no chance of becoming a star and that I should give up trying to get extra work again.

"Darling," he said, "I love you. I want you to marry me so that I can take care of you and protect you."

The security of a fine husband—no more financial and emotional worries! But I could not accept Bradley now. I had two reasons for my refusal and I hope I can make you understand them.

First of all, I still had to prove to myself that I could act if I were given the chance and I felt that I must not give up when only situations over which I had no control were apparently keeping me back. Secondly, I felt that perhaps Bradley was asking me to marry him simply because he felt sorry for me. And my pride would not let me accept that. Before I could marry Bradley or anybody I had to prove myself in some way.

I tried to explain these things out there in the moonlight but I saw how hurt and disappointed Bradley was. He hid his hurt with anger, called me a "damn career woman" and, when he left me at my door, swore that he would not see me or talk to me until I had "come to my senses." Actually, he did not know in what straightened financial circumstances I was.

AND so began the most depressing and heartbreaking period of my life. There is nothing so dreadful as being alone and without money in Hollywood. Time and again I was tempted to call Bradley but that I could not do until my pride was restored.

I sold a few dresses to the second-hand clothes shops with which Hollywood abounds, but I could not give up all my best things in case I received a call. I pawned a little bracelet with one diamond in it that my mother had given me.

Finally I discovered myself completely without money. For two days I did not eat. Once during those days I weakened and called Bradley. He was not in and I did not leave a message. No, I must see this thing through myself.

But hunger is awful. One night as I walked along the street I thought, "If this were not Hollywood, I would have the alternative of the oldest profession in the world. But, heaven knows, one can't *sell* love in Hollywood when so many girls are eager to give it."

I must have been a little crazy to think such things. As I walked I stumbled against something. I looked down and saw a garbage can that had just been put out. On the top was a big piece of dry bread. I hurriedly looked about me to see if anyone were looking. I snatched the bread from the garbage can and ran with it, cramming it into my mouth as I ran. I thought what my mother would say, what tears she would weep if she knew I was eating food from garbage cans!

I tried to stop myself from having these thoughts. I ran along the street in the direction of some lights ahead of me. At one of the few studios—a smaller one—actually remaining in Hollywood proper, they were doing some night shooting.

I discovered that they were working on the street in front of the studio. A crowd had gathered to watch. I became one of that crowd, on the outside looking in again.

The scene showed the star being picked up, obviously having been struck down by an automobile, and being carried away on a stretcher. How familiar it all was—the lights, the cameras, the sound truck. Would I ever be working in this atmosphere again?

I heard the director say to the extras, "Here now, when she is put on a stretcher one of you throw a coat over her." He called for a prop boy and asked for a coat, but the boy explained that since no such prop had been requested beforehand, none was available.

The director looked the extras over. Several girls were wearing coats but one was too dark and one was too light.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon me. "Will you lend me your coat, young lady?" he asked. "It is just what I want."

Gathering all my courage I said, "I will if you'll let me be the one to throw it over her."

He laughed. Apparently he thought me some idle girl who wanted the thrill of working in a picture. Ah, if he only knew!

"Okay," he said. And so again by the merest accident I was working. I even had a small bit to do, stepping forward when the star was lifted on the stretcher and throwing the coat over her.

We worked until past three o'clock and then he said it was time to go home. The assistant director came to me and gave me five dollars.

I SNATCHED the money and was just turning to go when the director shouted, "Say, stop that girl and get the coat. It's spotted in this scene and when the stretcher arrives at the hospital it must be thrown over it." He turned to me. "Will you sell us the coat?" he asked.

"No," I said, "it's the only one I have."

"Then will you rent it to us?"

"Yes," I answered, "if I go along with it. You'll need extras in the hospital scene, won't you? Let me be one of them."

He shook his head. "You've been spotted in this scene. We'll need other faces at the hospital. But I'll rent the coat for what I'd pay you—five dollars a day."

And so, by a curious chain of events which could not possibly happen anywhere but in Hollywood, I ate regularly once more and my coat worked for me.

Every evening I went to the studio and collected the money the coat earned. On the third day they said they were through with it but that I should keep it carefully since they might need it for retakes. And then I took a bold chance. I asked to see the assistant director. He undoubtedly thought, when he saw me, that the nuisance was back again.

I said, "You must listen to me." And I told him the whole story and my belief that I had been "blacklisted."

He was most kind and he said, "Such a thing is actually impossible. There is no blacklist in Hollywood. I'm sure I can explain what happened, although I've never heard of your particular case before. But perhaps this rotten fellow told a few people not to use you. As you know, the people right on the ground are the ones who get the jobs. When they stopped seeing you around they forgot about you. It's just one of those tough breaks. But I'm willing to help you. I'll begin right now by putting you on my call list for a new picture. It will probably start the ball rolling again for you."

And so I was back in pictures once more.

That evening I called Bradley. He seemed unhappy that I had another chance. "I thought," he said, "that I could make you see that marriage was the best thing for you."

And now I have told you the most dramatic things that have happened to me. But before I finish completely with my confessions I want to do what I promised to do in the first place.

Next month I'm going to end my story by telling you what my life is like today and discuss what I—who *should* know Hollywood by now—think of the chances for an unknown girl in this town.

Spencer Tracy Speaks His Mind

(*Continued from page 29*)

money until we came out here! Most of us never knew whether we'd eat from one week to the next until we hit this town!

"Look at doctors and lawyers and longshoremen, do they yelp and howl if they have to work all hours of the night? They do not. And do they get the rewards we get out here? Not on your life they don't and can never hope to. And some of 'em have had long years of arduous preparation and others of 'em work, with their muscles and their sinews and their strained hearts. We need never have gone to school—Hollywood doesn't ask us for any mortar board. And the strain we put on our hearts and muscles wouldn't hurt an embryo. Better hit me over the head, if you want me to stop. This is a sore point with me. Seems to me that for actors to complain about Hollywood and the producers is like a spoiled brat hitting an overindulgent, undemanding parent in the face.

ANYWAY, this is *my* credit side of the sheet. If it hadn't been for Hollywood and what it has done for me I wouldn't have been able to do what I've done, and am doing, for Johnny. I couldn't have taken him to the best doctors, the last-word experts in the country. I couldn't have taken him to San Francisco last week, for instance, and have tests made and a device used which has ascertained that he has a little hearing. A very little but enough so that there is hope for the future. Enough so that he could, for the first time in his life, hear my voice and his mother's. Say, no headline story that could be written about me could be the big story this one line of information is. And say, I'd owe Hollywood the skin off my back if all it ever gave me was the look on that kid's face when he heard his mother's voice and mine for the first time in his life."

Spencer cleared his throat, rubbed one hand across the blue of his eyes and said roughly, "Sure, it's given me the chance to live on the ranch we're living on now —Gary Cooper's you know. It's given me the chance to give Johnny and Susie, too, horses and polo ponies and dogs, a swimming pool, fields to roam about in. It's opened a whole world of activities to a little chap who might have been shut out of a lot of them. Just this alone is enough to swell the credit side of my sheet so top-heavy there won't be much room for the debits.

"Hollywood saved my mother's life. She was seriously injured in an automobile accident back East. The doctors there said that the injuries were fatal. I could and I did bring her out here, into the sunshine, into a house of her own in Beverly Hills. Care was available, medical attention. She is alive and well today. It couldn't have been done if I had been in any other line of work. Chalk that one down to the credits . . ."

And there are other items which belong on the credit side of Spencer's Hollywood. Things he didn't tell me himself. Things his friends have told me. There are the old friends of his Dad's—men who are tired and beaten, too old and too frustrated to start again. Well, thanks to Spencer they have started again and one of them said to me one day, "It wasn't only the money he gave me, it was the faith in people *I* got back."

"When I was a youngster I dreamed of being a doctor," Spencer once told me, adding with a laugh, "but hell, I wouldn't have got through the first year of *pre*-medical school. Too dumb."

SO now there's a certain young man who is going through McGill and, Spencer will tell you proudly, standing third in his class. And when this young man begins to heal with his hands the wounds of his fellowmen it will be the hand of Hollywood that trained him.

"I don't want money. Not for myself," Spencer told me. "I'd be a bad boy if I had too much dough. And I know it. If I could say to the studio tomorrow, 'Toodle-oo, I won't be needin' you!', I'd go berserk. So I keep myself broke and I'm happy and safe. I have insurance and annuities so that if I should die tomorrow the family would be substantially safe. That's all I care about. I've got no use for the stuff myself.

"On the credit side goes, too, the way people feel about us—us movie actors I mean. In all the fan letters that come to me there's not one with a grouse in it. You'd think that some folks would write in and say, 'How did you get this way,

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933.
of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1935.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Regina Cannon, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Trustee for Estate of George T. Delacorte, Jr. Margarita Delacorte, Trustee for Estate of Margarita Delacorte.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders or security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1935.
MAY KELLEY,
Notary Public, N. Y. County.
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 89.
N. Y. County Register's No. 7K118.
(My commission expires March 30, 1937.)



The 8th WOMAN

HER ADVANTAGE OVER OTHERS

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never pleads that she is "indisposed," and whose spirits never seem to droop?

She is apt to be that eighth woman who has learned to rely on Midol.

Eight million women once suffered every month. Had difficult days when they had to save themselves, and favor themselves, or suffer severely. But a million have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, save yourself, on certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you playing golf. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while! Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. And they do *not* contain any narcotic.

You'll find Midol in any drug store — usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.



ALWAYS HERSELF—Nature doesn't keep the eighth woman off the links—or from other strenuous activities. Midol means freedom from the old martyrdom to "regular" pain.



Rinse away hair dullness with Colo-Rinse. Rinse in "the Sheen of Youth" —glowing, natural color; shimmering highlights; and a soft, glamorous lustre. Neither a dye nor a bleach, absolutely harmless. It tones up dull, faded or harsh hair *immediately*. Used and praised by leading beauticians everywhere.

10c Trial Size at all 10c Stores
ALSO ASK FOR
Nestle SuperSet, Golden Shampoo or Henna Shampoo
Hot Oil Shampoo and Nestle Shampoo
THE NESTLE LeMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK

"AIR-CONDITIONED"
FOR RAPID DRYING AND BETTER CURLS





Divorce, Hollywood style! Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot have frequent dates now that they are divorced! And don't they look like bride and groom here?

you big punk? Who are you to be making your dough and riding around on polo ponies and living on dude ranches and buying orchids while we sweat for a beastly pittance and are as good as you are?' You'd think they'd say this sort of thing, some of 'em. They never do. No one seems to begrudge us our big piece of cake. And so I say that on the credit side of my sheet goes my appreciation, my knowledge of the generous hearts, the unbegrudging spirit of my fellow men.

"And not only from the fans do we get this attitude, but right here at home where our well-paid and pampered bodies are right under the eyes of fellows who sweat for a living wage. The boys on the sets, I mean. Why, a finer gang of fellows never lived. And when I hear some actor beef, or when I myself think of beefing because I have to work overtime and then look at those chaps—say, it teaches you a thing or two.

"I remember," said Spencer, flipping an admiring paw at Jean Parker as she passed our table with her chaperone, "I remember one night when we were making 'Dante's Inferno.' I was dead tired, doing two pictures at the same time. Day and night stuff. There were two hundred extras on the set that day and the director couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted me to stand up on a platform and take a long shot or a close-up. Along around seven o'clock I got temperamental for the first, and I think, the only time in my life. I ripped off the shirt I was wearing and started to go. As I made to leave the set one of the electricians grabbed hold of me. 'Say, Spence!' he said, 'I had to move those big lights for this take, you know. Damned heavy, those lights, when you've been moving 'em all day. And it's seven o'clock for me, too.'

"So it was. So it was seven o'clock for him, too. Say, I put that shirt of mine back on and got back to that set in a hurry. Seven o'clock for him, too, and he couldn't send out for coffee and sandwiches, either.

"They try to say that the life of a screen actor is short-lived. Phooey! Unless we go crazy, get grogged and stay that way we can keep working till the wagon comes. Look at George Arliss and Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone and a few of the others.

Spencer was saying, "Now about these debits—I told you I'd have to dig a bit for them. It comes to about this, I think. We actors are like the children of very wealthy parents who keep a very close watch on us, have guards and spies set over us. The studio is the mama and papa of the actor. The whole world, the press, the public are the guards and spies. We can't really be ourselves, much of the time. "Maybe," laughed Spencer, "maybe it's just as well, but it's damned uncomfortable at times. I mean, the average chap can do what he pleases, but an actor must always be on his toes. One slip and the whole town's talking, and magnifying it to tremendous proportions.

"I can't go about dressed like the farmer's son as I would like to do and do do a good part of the time. But even when I do, I can't get the full pleasure out of the blue jeans and sweat shirt. I feel that I should be sporting the soup and fish and making papa proud of his little boy.

"I can't play practical jokes, shoot off my mouth, horse about as I might want to for fear of being misinterpreted by some little bird who might overhear me or oversee me. It's kind of a strain, all this. Even when I play polo I have a sense of guilt. I know that mama and papa studio really disapprove. They fear that I might break my little neck which is carrying the Tracy face through a production with a heavy cost sheet.

"And them thar," said Spencer, finishing his pistachio ice cream with a flourish, "them thar are about the only items I can think of to list on the debit side. Kinda skinny little items they are, at that. But I can't invent any. Even the well known 'temptations of Hollywood' are a lot of bologna, most of them. All the pretty girls, they say. Sure, but you know the old psychology about a candy shop. Work in one for a few days and you pay no attention to the sweets! The only temptation I know about out here is a sort of general inclination to go mildly nutty when you aren't working. The balmy air, the vacationland atmosphere do tend to make you have to buckle on the armor and behave. But that's really up to the individual and if the individual will keep his eye on the credit sheet he won't really disgrace mama and papa—not for long.

"I got no kick coming," said Spencer, "it's all on the credit side with old man Tracy."

"I'd Be a Terrible Husband"

(*Continued from page 45*)

boyishness which is his greatest charm, "nobody ever *did* ask me if I had been married so I did not think to mention it. There are so much more important things to talk about."

CERTAINLY this young man with the face of an ardent ascetic—a passionate monk—does not lack for words even in his adopted language. Night after night, from college and lecture platforms, he pours them out, day after day when he is not on a movie set making love before the grinding cameras, he is sitting at his desk writing them—flaming words, coaxing words, persuasive words, ten-dollar words! The two cramped, dusty offices he occupies on the studio lot in place of the richly-decorated dressing-rooms of other stars are filled to overflowing with words, locked up in cabinets, filed away under "P," Peace Plans, "U," Unemployment Remedies, "W," War Statistics.

But under "L" you will find nothing about Lederer, Francis, Stage and Screen Idol, or Luxury, or even Love. And under "M" you will find no notes about Marriages, past or to come.

"If being a husband means being an escort, a dancing partner, a host for dinner parties, then I would make a very bad husband indeed," Francis admitted when I asked him whether the rumors of his coming marriage to Mary Loos were true. (I wasn't going to make the mistake of not asking this time.) "But if being a wife means being a housekeeper, or a bridge partner, or a hostess for one's parties I do not need a wife. I do not live in a house. I do not play bridge. As for parties, time is too precious to waste eating and drinking and making small talk about nothing at all. I do not know what to say when charming ladies rush up to me to tell me pretty things about my last picture. They wouldn't believe me if I would tell them how embarrassing it is for me to hear such compliments and how wasted the time is to talk about myself. You cannot point out to these charming ladies that there are important, worth-while problems they would do better to discuss. Instead at the end of a party you are exactly where you started except perhaps with a fine headache."

Whenever there is a Cause to be upheld, a Little Theatre to be launched, a college speech to be made, a peace convention to be addressed, Francis Lederer is there. But no parties. For one reason, he does not drink. At the age of ten his teacher in school in Czecho-Slovakia showed the class the colored picture of the stomach of a drunkard, and the sick memory has remained with him all his life!

"I think that a woman to marry me—Francis Lederer—would have a very difficult task ahead of her," he reflected aloud. "My life is not the sort of life most women would have the courage to choose. And yet I am not a cold idealist. I believe with all my soul that love is the greatest thing in life, a love that is a sharing of the mind and not merely the sharing of a roof, a love that springs from complete sympathy and understanding and not from holding hands under the moon. And I am hoping that I will find that love. I have heard that one of your poets says that he is strongest who travels alone. But my life is so full of empty places! When I stand before a big audience and feel their response and their enthusiasm I am alive, excited, ecstatic. But when it is over and there is no one to turn to, to talk it over with, to share all this experience then I know that it is not living fully to be alone."

FRANCIS LEDERER is right. It would be difficult for an American girl to fit her American ideas of marriage into the strange, selfless, chaotic life he leads. No Hollywood movie star cashes in his fame and popularity for the things on which this handsome, eager young Czech spends his. He lives in an inexpensively furnished apartment, drives his own car of a popular make and by no means new. He owns no yacht, no swimming pool nor wardrobe filled with sixty suits of clothes.

His manager, one of his own countrymen, quivers with emotion as he tells of the offers that pour in by every mail from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, London and New York—offers of stage parts, movie roles, lecture tours, magazine contracts which must all be turned down. "Meeelions," mourns the manager flinging out his hands desolately, "we refuse meeelions just because Mr. Lederer must make the peace talks."

Francis Lederer, bachelor, may keep himself poor to have money to spend on the cause near to his heart. Francis Lederer, husband, will assuredly do the same thing. There will be no square-cut emeralds, no star sapphires for the woman who marries this young idealist, no villas with forty rooms and a Roman swimming pool, no imported limousines.

"If she is the woman for me she will not want such foolish things," smiles Francis. "I would never fall in love with anyone who finds them necessary to her happiness. Myself, I own nothing. Even my ranch house is for sale. It is a forty-five minute drive from Hollywood and I cannot afford to waste so much time. I have only spent two days in a house of my own in my whole life. Houses, sticks of furniture, pots and pans—are these things marriage? Not to me!"

Here is a man who, looking back, remembers none of the dear associations of home. When he was a small child his parents were divorced. His beloved older brother was killed early in the war. He himself was in the trenches firing a machine gun when he was thirteen years old, before his bones had become man bones or his childish ideas, man ideas. Since then he has hung his hat in many places. He has never known the need of familiar walls about him, or a rosebush that he himself has planted at his own doorstep.

"A HOUSE becomes a tyrant," he says impatiently. "It demands that you live by the clock. For instance, three meals a day! I could never, never promise any lady to love and honor and eat three meals a day opposite her! Some days when I have much on my mind I do not eat at all, most days I eat only when I am hungry. I want only fruit and vegetables and perhaps crackers. Such things seem to me so unimportant, so unreasonable. Is it reason, I ask you, to spend the precious days of one's life, performing the ceremonials of domesticity—shopping, cooking, always repairing, mending, keeping the machinery of a house going? Surely there are women in this world who would not think that love means that a man must come home at a certain hour to dinner.





NEW SHOES for OLD

NEW

GRIFFIN BLACK DYE

Less work, no mess—just paint it on for a jet black finish which will not wear off. Gives you a "new" pair of shoes with old shoe comfort. Adds another pair of shoes to your wardrobe. Available at your favorite 5 and 10 cent store, or any shoe repair shop.



10c BOTTLE

GRIFFIN MFG. Co.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Avoid dirt

The easiest nursing bottle and nipple to clean is the safest to use. Ask your doctor.

HYGEIA

THE SAFE NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE DID TRICK



They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that is all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Only 25c—all druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful 5 Color—1935-1936 Calendar Thermometer with the purchase of a 25c box of NR or a 10c roll of Tums (For Acid Indigestion). At your druggist's.

"And a woman who was so courageous as to marry me would have to be willing to be alone a great deal. I have only been home two nights out of the last ten days! When I am not in a picture, I am speaking, here, there, everywhere. I have made five talks this week already. There are times when I attend two meetings within the same twenty-four hours, a hundred miles apart. There are times when I drive my car all night, after a day on the set, to speak at some woman's club or school group. My wife would have to choose whether she would remain behind and occupy herself with her own interests or whether she would travel about with me, leading the same active life I lead. I tell you that I would be the most difficult husband in the world! And yet," his expressive face grows wistful, "if I found someone who felt as I feel, who saw the world as I see it, who thought my thoughts, she would perhaps not know that there were any difficulties because she would also like to do the same things that I do."

The girl whom Hollywood watches lunching almost daily at Francis Lederer's side at the moment, is not the typical movie actress. Mary Loos, the niece of Gentlemen-Prefer-Blondes Anita, is a college girl. She belongs to the exclusive Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority. She has dark thoughtful eyes and a serious forehead and she is in the movies more or less by accident.

"Does any woman," I asked Francis Lederer, "really care about World Peace, do you suppose?"

"I know one," he answered quietly. "Miss Loos is deeply interested in it. She is helping me hunt for something to make it colorful, a substitute for the parades and martial music that takes man's reason away, and the flags that children are taught they must be glad to die for and willing to kill for. Only then will we be able to make peace as dramatic and exciting as war."

The little-boy smile radiates his dark face. It is strangely touching, that young, eager smile in a face cut deeply, chiselled by sad memories and anxious thought. "Please, do not think that I have no other interests than that one. There are too many things in this world that I shall never find the time for. Right now I am taking up sculpture and painting. Miss Loos thinks that I have talent. She has made a friend of hers, an art critic, see my poor beginnings and he encourages me to go on. I am always trying to learn something new, to talk with people who can teach me things I would like to know. Long ago I made up my mind that every moment of my life I would be doing something that would develop me as a person. That thought drives me! You see now why I am impatient with parties and dull domestic details."

Driven! That is the word for Francis Lederer. It explains the eagerness of him, the nervous vitality that chacterizes him on the screen, the deadly earnestness and sincerity that led a blasé theatre manager to part unquestioningly with his trousers when he asked for them long ago in Budapest. It explains why, except to the one woman he seeks, he would make the worst husband in the world.

New Star in the Sky

(*Continued from page 31*)

admiration of everyone in "Escapade." "I like it because everyone seems to be walking on little pink clouds! Europeans, you know, are too intense!" And then, after thinking very seriously she added, "But what I like about Europe is that when a man loves a woman she knows it, but here, here she seems to be just another good friend!" Darn clever, those Viennese!

WHAT amazed me most was the tremendous progress she has made in English and she explained it so:

"I have worked at it very hard. At first the lessons, they were no good. I was talking with my face, my whole body, expressing everything in actions, not words, and then I said to my teacher, 'Please may I talk my lesson over the telephone?' And so it was decided! Every day for a long, long time I would speak over the telephone and every time I tried to say something in action I realized it would do no good so I just had to learn English, you see?" And she seemed entirely delighted at fooling herself.

Off the screen she tries very hard to talk English exclusively, except when speaking with Johnny, her Scottie, that she brought from Europe with her. Johnny understands only German for the studio hasn't gotten around to him yet.

For Bob Leonard, who directed her film, she has a deep regard and eternal gratitude.

"He was so kind," she said, "he explained how pictures differ from stage work, how to repress action in close-ups, how to keep from moving about and to use my voice skillfully under a microphone. And," she added, mischievously, "he taught me how to joke in American."

Luise jokes "in American" very well. She has mastered the pun with telling effectiveness and is as quick on the come-back as her most agile adversary. When Bob told her macaroni grew on vines she took it all in, very seriously, but her retort was, "And I suppose the egg plants are fresh every morning, too!"

ONE scarcely expects such hardiness from the slim brunette who isn't strictly beautiful, but whose expressiveness makes her face a constantly changing picture, and whose eyes have repeatedly been called "the most beautiful in Europe"—with which description one finds no grudge.

Puttering about her small house at Santa Monica, right next to Max Reinhardt's, she seems happy and content for she loves the beach and the open air reminds her of "home." But she hasn't had time for leisure—or for that matter, loneliness either. She is being wined and dined, teaed and cocktailed. Virginia Bruce was the first to introduce her to the American crowd and like everything she does, in her intense, whole-hearted way, she has embraced the American scene.

For instance, she likes Cab Calloway, is delighted with the Mills Brothers. She clogs on the set to the delight of both cast and crew and plays and sings in our best Yankee style. At the studio commissary she invariably tops off her dietless lunch with apple pie!

The studio itself realized her value as a new and exciting personality when the "rushes" were run off after the first few days' shooting. To their lasting credit it must be recorded they practically rewrote the part to fit her individuality. When you admire her charm and "cuteness," the latter

an all too inadequate word to describe her certain magnetism, you may be reassured you are meeting the *real* Rainer, for they are her gestures.

Bill Powell, you know, was delighted with her. And in return she thinks him "the most brilliant and wittiest man I have ever met. And kind, too! He gave me so much confidence by being patient and considerate of me!"

In short, she is in love with everything and from observation, everyone is quite head over heels in love with her.

I told her she seems so satisfied, so filled with a zest for life that I wondered if somewhere there might not be some secret peeve, an unexpressed annoyance with circumstances or people.

"The only things which bother me are a narrow outlook and a small mind. I don't believe in people dividing themselves up into factions and each believing they are right. And," she added, "I also like only to be told the truth."

That alone sets Luise in a class by herself.

Mr. Boles Takes Pen in Hand

(*Continued from page 47*)

appearances in Chicago recently, John did the unheard of, and un-Hollywoodish thing of entertaining as many fans as he could in his dressing-room after every performance. One evening there were sixteen. (There were hundreds of others waiting outside the stage door, but these sixteen young women had made an appointment en masse.) John was as cordial and hospitable as he is in his own home. Among other things, the girls asked him why he hadn't sung their favorite song, "Sylvia," on the stage. "Because I didn't know it was your favorite," he replied. "But it's not too late to remedy that!" And John called in his accompanist and sang the song for the girls!

PERHAPS you don't know about the many John Boles Fan Clubs all over the country, and in England—and if you don't you should. To John they are one of the most encouraging things about his career. He talks of them often, never bragging, but oh, so appreciative. The motto, slogan, battle-cry, or whatever you want to call it of these clubs, is, almost universally, "We want John Boles to sing!" And no snatches of songs, either, as he did in "Music in the Air." (Did his fans raise something about that!) His fans want him to sing lots of songs and sing each one of them all the way through in his pictures. Here are some more aims of these clubs:

1. To encourage friendship amongst the admirers of our favorite singer and actor, John Boles.
2. To promote his popularity and his progress by writing to his studio and requesting suitable roles for him.
3. To show our appreciation by writing Mr. Boles and the studio after seeing each new film.
4. To encourage members to correspond with each other and to get together to see John Boles' films.
5. To keep members informed of Mr. Boles' activities by issuing club bulletins to members.
6. To send Mr. Boles greetings on his birthday and other days of celebration.

At times these clubs stage contests for the best letter about Mr. Boles, or perhaps, just a membership drive. On such occasions John usually donates some personal belonging for a prize. His own monogrammed handkerchiefs are most in demand. He also writes his clubs regularly once or twice a month, and his letters are always reprinted in the club bulletins.

But now to get down to the questions at hand, as John and I did later that afternoon. Here are his answers as he wrote them out for you.

How do you spend your time when you're not working?

"Out-of-doors, mostly. You see, I think keeping physically fit is one of the first laws for success in this business. After I have finished a picture, I am really fatigued. My energy is at low ebb. It isn't the work that does it. It's the strong lights. They take something out of me which only the sun and the fresh air and good healthy exercise can put back into me. That's why I play so much tennis, and ride horseback, and like to go fishing in the High Sierras. I take Sunday automobile rides, too, just like you do. I like to go picnicking. In the spring I spend a great deal of time at the baseball training quarters. Baseball is one of my hobbies, you know . . . I used to play it in college. In the fall, every Saturday afternoon finds me at a football field, on the 50-yard line, yelling my head off. Not good for my voice? On the contrary, I think it helps it!"

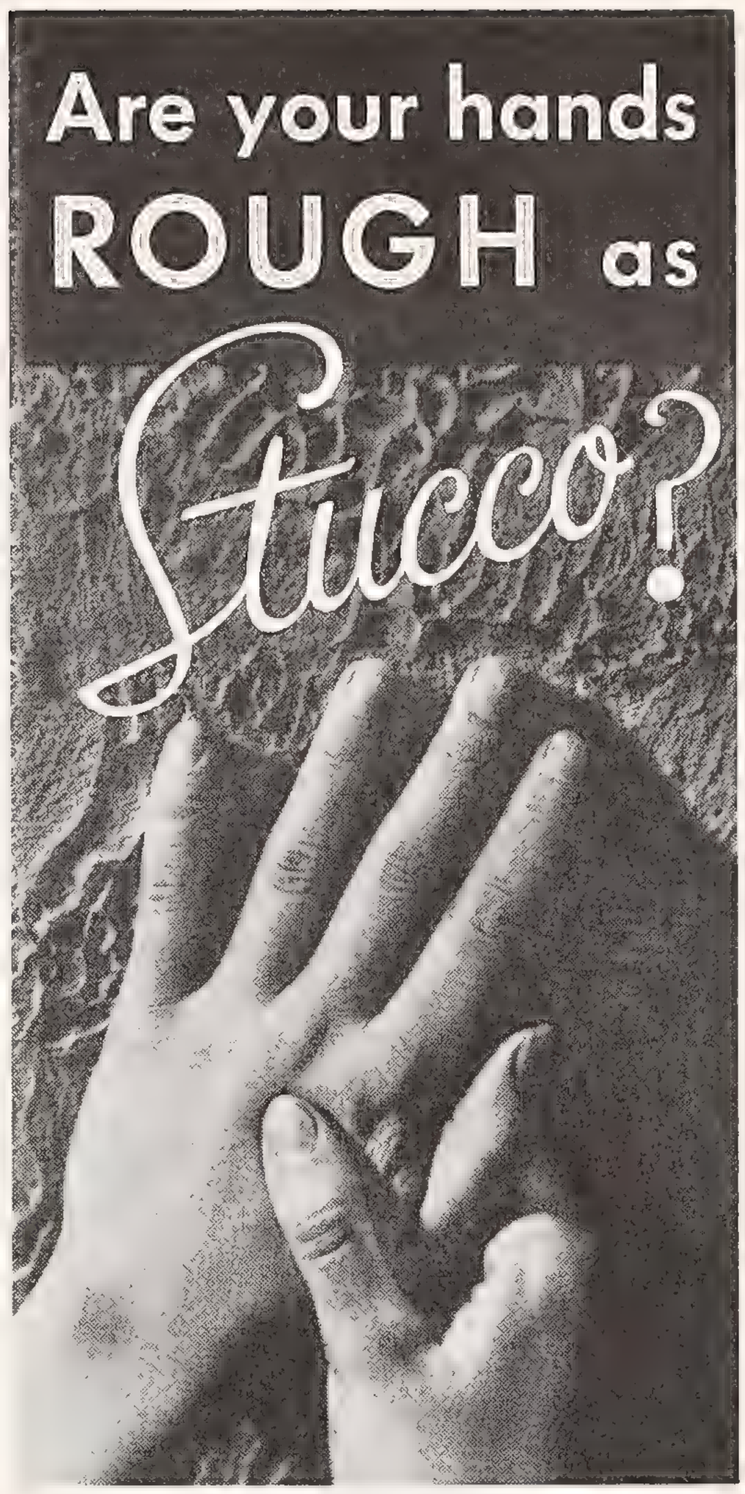
When did you start to sing?

"I started to sing when I was seven . . . and I am still studying, still taking singing lessons! One of my first recollections, as a barefoot boy on our ranch in Texas, is hearing the negroes singing in the fields. Their rich, tuneful voices inspired me to sing, too, and negro songs of the South were the first songs that I learned. I also learned to dance their dances. My uncle had given me an air-gun, one of my prized possessions. I made a bargain with one of the best negro dancers on the ranch. If he would teach me to dance, I would let him shoot my air gun. I have never yet sung those songs or danced those dances on the screen, but perhaps I will have an opportunity some day soon."

How did you get your first job?

"I borrowed a thousand dollars from my father to go to New York and then went to Glens Falls and taught French in the high school, meanwhile studying voice with Oscar Seagle. Two years later I went to Europe and studied a year with Jean de Reske. When I returned, a year later with scarcely five dollars in my pocket, I looked up my buddy with whom I had been through the war, and he gave me a bed to sleep in. Then started my long weary trek for a job. In spite of my urgent need, I was convinced that I should hold out for a leading role in a musical show. Small, bit parts would do me little good. I had to make money and make it quickly.

"Managers looked at me as though I were crazy when I turned down small parts and asked for the lead. They laughed at me for four months and then, strangely enough, they began to believe that, if I was so confident of my ability, I must have something after all. If they only knew! It was not so much confidence as determination! Then, when the leading man in 'Little Jesse James' had to leave the show, I was given his role. You can imagine that all my years of study, my burden of debt, my anxiety and my long wait, were well rewarded at that moment.



■ **Do your hands *feel* coarse? Are they rough as stucco? Do they "snag" on silk?**

Why not use some rich, wide-spreading, quick-drying Italian Balm (just one drop is sufficient) and see how quickly your skin becomes soft and smooth in texture!

Italian Balm is recognized as one of the *quickest-acting*, most *economical* skin beautifiers ever invented. These two qualities—effectiveness and economy—have made it the largest selling skin protector in America.

In one of the nation's largest cities a recent Parent Teacher's Association Report, covering over 5,000 homes, revealed that Italian Balm was practically a 3 to 1 favorite—used in about 3 times as many homes as any other similar preparation.

Italian Balm is made from a secret formula, by a secret process. There is nothing like it on the world market today. Your drug and department store carry Italian Balm in 3 sizes of long-lasting bottles—35c, 60c and $1.00—and in handy 25 cent tubes.

Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Free **HANDY HOME DISPENSER**



Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses *one drop* when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—then get one FREE by sending ONE 60c Italian Balm carton (and 10c to cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY—with your name and address—to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.

Campana's

Italian Balm

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES;
HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND
SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND . . .
SHE EATS WHAT SHE DARN WELL PLEASES!

NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION!

MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals —or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. Pleasant to eat as candy. Only 10c at any drug store.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE
HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful 5 color 1935-36 Calendar-Thermometer with the purchase of a 10c roll of **Tums** or 25c box of **NR** (the all-vegetable laxative). At your druggist's.



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 187, Chicago.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Phelactine removes hairy growths —takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



Bob Montgomery shows off his new snooty looking imported Bentley car to his pal Chet Morris.

In less than six months I was able to return the thousand dollars I had borrowed from my father."

Who are your best friends?

"That buddy of mine who helped me through the war, and who kept me alive while I tramped Broadway looking for a job, is still my best friend today. I have never had very many friends but the few I have are good friends. No one person can do justice to a great many friends. It is much better to have only a few who mean something, and to whom you can really offer something, than a lot of halfway friends.

FOR the last few years I have been begging this buddy of mine to come to California to visit us. But until recently his business prevented such a trip. Then, a few months ago, when I was planning to go East to make personal appearances, I wired him that I was coming by plane, and for him to meet me. He knew that I had never flown before. Nor had he. He wired me to please take the train East because he wanted to return to California with me, by plane. He said, 'Let's have our first experience in the air together, just as we had our first experience together at the front.'

"And that's what we did. And we *did* have an experience. We were returning by plane to Hollywood on New Year's Eve night and at the stroke of twelve, we were sitting up front with the pilot. He had let us put the radio ear phones over our heads, when suddenly out of the great dark space about us, came the cheery, friendly greeting, 'Happy New Year!'

"We scarcely could believe our ears. 'It's the landing field below,' the pilot explained. 'We're passing over Leavenworth, Kansas.' He handed me the microphone. I called out into it, 'Happy New Year yourself! Happy New Year!'

"Someone handed us paper cups. In them, there was champagne. One of the passengers had brought a bottle of champagne for a New Year's toast.

"Drinking champagne out of paper cups, hundreds of feet in the air, with the landing field below calling up, 'Happy New Year!' It was a thrill that darned near brought tears to my eyes."

Why don't you sing in all your pictures?

"I love to sing. I would like to sing in all of my pictures but unless a story carries a logical excuse for music, it is better to have no music in it at all, than to drag the music in at awkward spots. Just because there is a piano in the room, is no reason to break the thread of the story with a song. But if the song and the singing is the natural development of the story—well, that is something different. Gladys Swarthout, the famous Metropolitan Opera star is making the operetta, 'Rose of the Rancho' for Paramount, and I'm in that with her. So you can see you're going to have to listen to a lot of my singing from now on!"

What are your plans for the future?

"I never look more than a year ahead. A year is a long time in this business—there's very little point in looking beyond it. There's one thing, however, which I do realize, and which each succeeding year only makes more clear, that material things aren't so important, as I used to think they were. As a boy I used to worry about building up financial security, I wanted to possess material things. Now these things don't seem to matter very much. The important thing is to be able to work, and to enjoy it, because you are doing the best kind of a job you know how."

And here is a typical letter from one of the John Boles Fan Clubs. This one was from the John Boles Music Club of Minneapolis and reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Boles:

Because I've received so many letters from your fans, who say that they want very much to join your Music Club, but that they have been ill, and out of work, or either they are going to college, and really find it difficult to pay the Club dues of one dollar—which I think is quite reasonable for one year —I have had a *new sheet* printed with the Club's *particulars and aims* and I am asking only fifty cents for dues now, because I am very anxious to see your Music Club grow . . . so that more of your ardent fans will promise to write to the Studio, and to the magazines to plead for *more* films and *better* roles for JOHN BOLES.

Would you kindly let me know whether or not you think the new sheet I've had printed for you is better than the one I had printed last summer?

The other day I telephoned to Mr. Bob La Piner of the Minnesota Theatre Co. and asked him if it is really true that you will appear in person at the State Theatre here in Minneapolis in a few weeks. I was afraid my husband was just teasing me but Mr. La Piner assured me that it is true. All the Club members here are delighted.

Sincerely,
Lillian Musgrave.

Warm Furs—Giddy Hats

(*Continued from page 50*)

aura of the glamor that we demand of any fur purchases we may make this winter.

Like dresses, the length of your fur coat is optional, only more so since you can make your coat briefer than you can your dress! The three-quarter swagger is one of the most popular, and I think one of the most youthful. For those who demand both practicality and smartness, this coat offers both. It is long enough to be warm, it has dash, with its fuller and favorite swagger cut, and it is to be had in every imaginable fur from the inexpensive lapin to the definitely expensive mink. One of the very best examples of this style is Glenda Farrell's attractive Persian lamb, shown on page 49. The easy, flaring silhouette, the small turnover collar and the slash pockets are all excellent details.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, on the other hand, wears the longer, less fully flared swagger of Safari brown seal. Many of you will prefer this length to the shorter one of Glenda's because it is warmer and permits the wearing of thinner costumes beneath. Olivia's sleeves have fullness through the arm which is gathered into tight cuffs. Can't you remember when you used to sniff at seal as "an old lady's fur?" You don't need to any longer because both black and brown seal coats come in such smart, young styles that they are perfectly charming. For you who feel you can't invest in real Alaskan seal, the Hudson Bay seal is being made equally as smart and wears just as well. The same is true of the real beaver as compared with the less expensive nutria or beaver-dyed lapin.

Of course, lapin which can masquerade as eight other furs, is the answer to the small budget. All sorts of very smart costumes are being made up with lapin. The three-piece suit with the topcoat warmly lined with it, or with deep tuxedo revers is one of the best investments of the season because it gives you that good old combination of several costume possibilities in one. School girls and business women especially are finding these lapin and fabric combinations a joy since they come well under the hundred dollar mark, yet create the illusion of a luxurious costume.

Gail Patrick gives you that luxury yearning with her two winter fur purchases. One is a magnificent black broadtail coat made with a complete disregard for economy. Its Princess lines give it a nipped in waistline and a great flaring skirt that is bordered deeply in red fox. And, as if that wasn't enough, a huge muff of the fox is thrown in for good measure. It's the last word in daytime elegance, only equaled by the pet mink which every star considers her final seal of success when she can at last own one.

And Gail goes the cape subject one better, too. She sweeps into the night in a full length white ermine with sable collar and jeweled catch. The skins are used horizontally, giving a very unusual and stunning effect. We can ogle such elegance futilely but satisfy ourselves with a decorative black velvet cape with collar of ermine or some less expensive yet equally effective fur. There's always a way of getting around such yearnings, you see, even on a comparatively slim purse. And by day, the glorious broadtail cannot even "top hat" its less sophisticated sisters the kidskin or pony caracul.

THE short jacket is not prominent among this winter's first furs but a few of them are seen. Virginia Bruce wears an attractive one in "Metropolitan." Hers is of white ermine and at first glance, it looks like a cape until you discover that the sleeves are loops of fur like slings, covering the arm from shoulder to upper wrist. The rest of the jacket is hip length and slightly flared at back.

Frances Dee wears a kidskin coat that is a compromise between the short jacket and the three-quarter length coat. It is a fingertip length and has a boyish collar caught with the ends of the fur. Fairly straight in line, Frances wears this wrapped over in front and unbelted. It's a nice type for you who cling to your jackets.

Hollywood loves the white fur coat for daytime as well as evening. Any number of the stars wear them with their street clothes. Norma Shearer has had one for several seasons and so has Anita Louise. It is more appropriate for their winter days which often turn too warm for heavier and darker furs. Frieda Inescort, a stage star who made her screen debut in "The Dark Angel," has just such a coat in her personal wardrobe. I have shown it on page 50. It has a brief Johnny collar and very graceful sleeves that are bloused just above the wrists.

Aside from the furs which I have shown this month, there are several others which you will find much to your liking. The kidskins in many becoming costume shades, either swagger or belted types with slightly flared skirts and tunics of the Russian type, not to mention the longer, less extreme but very wearable styles that are standbys year after year.

An old favorite that is being revived is mole. Mole, like squirrel, is listed among the more perishable furs. They are not quite as hardy as the muskrats, the caraculs, seals and beavers but they are grand to wear and own if you can have an extra coat to save the wear and tear. Mary Astor has a smart moleskin swagger coat this season with a large matching muff made with an overflap in envelope style. The flap has a jeweled gadget for ornamentation.

Glenda Farrell has an auxiliary coat to her Persian lamb . . . squirrel with the skins put together diagonally, a treatment usually seen in ermine and mink. For sports coats, leopard and leopard cat are sturdy and so good looking whether they have a contrasting fur as trim or are self trimmed. Civet cat, mink and ermine gills together with a dozen or so unusual furs, give you a selection that ranges up and down the price scale, making it possible for everyone of you to own a warm, attractive fur coat which will give you more than a share of the Hollywood brand of glamor.

I can't think of furs, whether they are collars, whole coats, capes or separate scarfs, that I don't think of the giddy little hats you can have such fun wearing as toppers to these flattering furs.

THE other noon, I attended a luncheon at which Nicole, a famous French milliner, now having her main shop in New York, was the guest speaker. Mme. Nicole arrived with an enormous hatbox out of which she brought hats, like a magician brings rabbits. These weren't just ordinary hats, either, they were copies of chapeaux which she had designed for three well-known stars. There was a forward jutting black velvet with sharp black



If you like to draw, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our simple Art Ability Test. An opportunity to get a frank opinion, *free*, as to whether your talent is worth developing.

Magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Design and color influence the sale of most things we buy. Artists have become important to industry. Machines can not displace them. If you have talent, train it. Drawing may be your surest road to success.

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing institution, has trained many young men and women now serving industry as designers or illustrators, capable of earning from $1,000 to $5,000 yearly. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning, contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years' outstanding success. Courses sold on easy payments.

Send today for Art Test and Free Book explaining present opportunities in art. Just fill out and mail coupon below.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.
1229E Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me, without obligation, your Art Test and Free Book.

Name.....
Address.....
.....
Age..... Occupation.....





"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, *Couldn't even Lie Down!*

WHAT a terrible affliction, Piles! What they do to pull you down physically and mentally! The worst part of it is that Piles are such an embarrassing subject, that many people hesitate to seek relief. Yet there's nothing more serious than Piles, for they can develop into something malignant.

There is no more satisfactory treatment of Piles than Pazo Ointment. Pazo supplies the needed effects. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves pain, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

RESULTS!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2000.00 FOR 1¢

We pay the world's highest prices for old coins, encased postage stamps and paper money. Large Copper Cents up to $2000.00 each, Half Cents $250.00, Indian Head Cents $50.00, 1909 Cent $10.00, Half Dimes $150.00, 25c before 1873 $300.00, 50c before 1879, $750.00, Silver Dollars before 1874, $2,500.00, Gold dollars $1,000.00, Trade dollars $250.00, 1822 $5.00 Gold Piece $5,000.00, Old Paper Money $26.00, Encased postage stamps $12.00, Certain Foreign Coins $150.00, etc.

Don't Wait! Send Dime Today for our large illustrated list before sending coins

ROMANO'S COIN SHOP
Dept. 597. Springfield, Mass.

Stop..
WORRY OVER
tell tale
GRAY HAIR



Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Get busy with your knitting needles and crochet hooks, gals! Instructions for making these smart costumes are yours for the asking



1—If you are afraid to start out on a whole costume, get into the swing by crocheting this charming beret and bag set. Patricia Ellis has made hers in red and gives you all her instructions for the writing in, as explained below.



2—A two-piece costume with smart scarf is Genevieve Tobin's example of her handiwork. You can knit it all, or just the sweater top. The skirt is brown and the top beige—but use your imagination for your own color scheme.

feathers sweeping out over the face and down to shadow one cheek. Guess who? Marlene Dietrich, of course. And perfect, too, for the lovely German. Another Dietrich number was the other extreme . . . a mannish velour with creased crown pierced by two bright quills, set at opposite angles. Marlene could remove these quills, replacing them with other colors to suit the costume.

A tiny turban with a great cascade of coq feathers down one side was a Claudette Colbert choice. While Adrienne Ames had picked a Venetian tricorne of almost fatal charm. Also, black, it had a great veil that swept down from its front point in a flaring triangular piece. This veil only half covered the face and was sprinkled with chenille dots that gave a wicked glint to the eye they half hid.

And, if you don't think veils are popular, try to resist buying at least one hat with one. I have pictured several here this month. Back to Mme. Nicole. There were other hats which she had designed for these three but the point which she stressed about each was this . . . she would not design a hat for anyone in Hollywood unless she felt that she could express her true personality in so doing. No business of just making pretty hats, these were hats that bespoke the character of the star. It is something to bear in mind as you pick your next hat . . . don't just pick one that Sally looks well in, choose one that you are *you* in!

If you can't find a becoming hat this winter, you never will. The majority are giddy and gay but for you, who can't face the light of day in a slightly mad concoction, there are plenty of conservative standbys, either brimmed, off-the-face or turbaned. And your pet old beret pops up time and again in as many disguises as an amateur sleuth. You can have an international flavor to your hats . . . Venetian tricornes, Italian military hats with coq feathers, Mussolini's fringed fez hat, African native turbans, Tyrolean sports hats, French gendarme caps. Anything you like, but wear only what really becomes you, remember!

KNIT YOUR COSTUMES! CROCHET YOUR ACCESSORIES! Get your needles and your yarn, girls. For several months, henceforth, I am going to give you a chance to get full instructions for some of the smart knitted things all Hollywood is making. Begin with the two featured above this month. They are easy to make, fun to work on and exciting to wear. Just designate by number and the name of the star, the instructions you want. Write directly to me. Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. It's all free for the asking—just include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

A Tale of Two Cities

(*Continued from page 39*)

of a redoubtable woman—a very battleship of a woman—all starch and competence and bombazine, who flew at him, demanding, "What have you done to my ladybird?" Then flew at Lucie with tender croonings of dismay. Then flew to the door, shouting for cold water, burning feathers, vinegar, quick! And then flew back at poor Mr. Lorry, upbraiding him for a great oaf—and asking why had he told her whatever he *had* told her with such clumsiness. During the hubbub, Lucie opened her eyes.

"I'm all right, Miss Pross," she said to the battleship female. Then, to Mr. Lorry, her gentle voice firm, "I entreat you to tell me, sir—*where is my father?* You must take me to him at once!"

"I will," replied Mr. Lorry.

RECALLED TO LIFE

Later, Lucie and Mr. Lorry were being escorted by one Ernest Defarge up the filthy stairs of a still filthier rabbit-warren in one of the unhappiest quarters of Paris. A towering, taciturn bull of a man, Defarge. Had not the minds of the other two been so intent upon their mission and had they not had good cause to be grateful to Defarge, they might well have found it in their hearts to fear him. And that wife of his, down in the wineshop—taciturn like her husband, with a cold eye and a hard mouth. Seldom speaking. Knitting, knitting, all day. A vast web which proved, upon examination, to have the coat of arms of many a noble French house worked into its folds.

And the men who frequented the wineshop—what men! Garbed in rags—for there were no clothes in Paris for the poor. Thin, for there was no food in Paris to feed them. Silent, for what topic could men discuss in those days, except the ever-present one of injustice and cruelty? And if the wrong ears overheard such talk, a man found himself behind bars. Even the tragedy that had occurred that afternoon was not discussed too openly. The tragedy—scarcely worth mentioning, for such things happened so often—was the murder of their friend Gaspard's little boy. The child had been clumsy enough to get himself run over by the coach of the Marquis D'Evremonde. Very vexing—to the Marquis, who had had to stop when his horses plunged and reared. Standing there on the step of his elegant carriage, a delicate frown on his high-bred features, he had given a moment of his precious time to rebuke the father for not taking better care of the child—and had tossed a gold louis in the road to show that, after all, he bore no permanent ill will toward the wretch who crouched there, so silent, with the limp bundle in his arms.

But there, as we have said, such things were not worth mentioning—except, perhaps, in whispers. And there *had* been some whispering in Defarge's wineshop—a whispering between groups of equally ragged and starved-looking men who seemed, all of them, to have the same name. At least, each called his fellow "Jacques" and was in turn called "Jacques" himself. Surely, it could not be that these scarecrow mortals had still enough levity in their souls to play a sort of game?

The arrival of Lucie and Mr. Lorry had put an end to all this. Mr. Lorry's signal, "Recalled to life," had met with a recognizing nod from Defarge. It was all very sinister and mysterious. Lucie remembered things afterward—long afterward.

At the very top of the crazy building, Defarge stopped. Across a grated door, he pulled a rusty key. "Must you lock him in?" asked Mr. Lorry.

A shrug of the huge Defarge shoulders. "He's lived so long that way, an open door would . . ."

"Is it possible!"

"All things are possible in France today!" The deep voice shook as though with secret fury. "Just as all things will be possible later!" And Ernest Defarge unlocked the door.

DR. MANETTE'S STORY

Eighteen years before the time of our tale, the iron gates of the Bastille had closed upon Alexandre Manette. His crime had been this: he had been summoned to give medical care to a young girl—summoned too late, for she had died. From her tearful mother and sister he had pieced out the sad little story. The girl, young and pretty, had found favor in the eyes of the Marquis on whose estate her family lived. The fact that she had loathed his attentions only whetted the nobleman's desire and, of course, the laws of France stated that all things on his lands were his. So, what was not given willingly was taken by force.

A common enough story. The only uncommon part about it was that a clever and respected surgeon bothered to go to the mighty Marquis—the same bored and elegant Marquis whose progress through the Quarter had been upheld that very day—and register a protest. That, indeed, was uncommon—unheard of. And it was quite to be expected that D'Evremonde's guards should, shortly thereafter, have entered the doctor's home—torn him from the embrace of his golden-haired wife and the sight of his little daughter—and taken him to prison. A trial? Any sort of hearing? Naïve questions!

For eighteen years, Dr. Manette remained in the Bastille. "105 North Tower"—he came to think that that was his name. But on a piece of paper he wrote other names—the names of every member of D'Evremonde's house. Wrote with pencillings of soot and grime from the floor of his cell and with blood squeezed from his ragged body. And he buried that list under a loosened brick in the floor.

After months—eons—had passed, to save what remained of his sanity, he begged permission to learn a trade and it was granted. He learned to make shoes—and for the rest of the eighteen years, he made shoes. All day. Every day.

D'Evremonde had, naturally, long since forgotten the trivial case of the impudent doctor. But there was one who had not forgotten—the sister of the girl who died. When she grew up, she married a wine merchant named Ernest Defarge. And through some tortuous, secret means known to themselves, they had been able to snatch one victim from the Bastille. One victim "recalled to life."

It scarcely seemed, however, that the pathetic, trembling ghost whom Lucie and Mr. Lorry saw before them could have any life left in him. He could not understand that it would be quite all right for him to leave that room. He clasped his rough shoemaker's tools to his ravaged



If you want to keep the sparkle in your eye and the peaches and cream in your complexion, get rid of accumulated body waste *regularly.* If Nature fails to maintain a regular schedule, take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are just the thing for the purpose. Gentle and mild, easy to swallow, non-habit-forming, they assist nature in her work of house cleaning.

Keep tab on yourself. If more than a day goes by, take a beauty laxative—Olive Tablets. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE Beauty LAXATIVE

PINS 35¢ FOR YOUR CLASS-SOCIETY-CLUB! RINGS $1.60
Send For Free 1936 Catalog
PINS handsomely silver plated, enameled 1 or 2 colors, any 3 or 4 letters and year. Doz. Price $3.50. Sterling or Gold Plate 50c Doz. $5. RINGS, Sterling Silver, similarly low priced. Largest makers for 40 years. Over 300 designs. Write today!
BASTIAN BROS. CO.
71 BASTIAN BLDG. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

BE A DESIGNER OF HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS



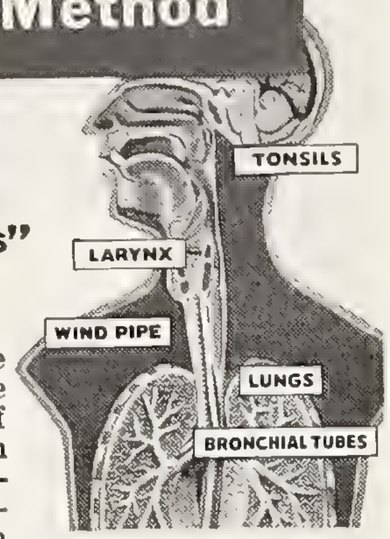
Earn $25 to $50 a Week
Have your own Style Shop, design smart gowns for best dressed women, mingle with the elite, be the **Hollywood Fashion Expert** of your town.

Dress Like Screen Stars at Little Cost
You can learn to design and make gowns like those of your favorite star at a fraction of their cost. You may acquire the charm such alluring gowns give the wearer. Have more clothes and dress more smartly, at less expense.

Hollywood Fashion Creators Train You at Home
With the aid of Fashion Creators of Motion Picture Studios, and Screen Stars themselves, this 50-year-old college will teach you Professional Costume Designing in your spare time at home by its easy-to-learn method, and prepare you for high-salaried position. Free placement service for students; graduates in demand.
Woodbury College, Hollywood, Cal.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK
WOODBURY COLLEGE, Dept. 53-M, Hollywood, Calif.
Send me FREE your new book, "Designing Hollywood Fashions," and full particulars of your home-study course in Costume Designing. My age is.....
(No student under 16 years accepted)
Miss—Mrs.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Stop COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method



Getting throat's moisture glands to work "soothes" coughs away

THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and windpipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Get after that cough today—with Pertussin. ***Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year,*** **according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.**



PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name_____
Address MS-12

Skin Help

When surface pimples spoil looks or eczema torments you

Send for FREE SAMPLE Poslam Co. STATION G NEW YORK

POSLAM
WORKS FAST

OWN A Potato Chip Factory COMPLETE



NEW HOME FACTORY MAKES NEW KIND of POTATO CHIP
Donuts Salted Nuts

Stop looking for something difficult. Turn potatoes into cash. I show you just how with my newly perfected outfit. Start anywhere. Very little cash needed. Exclusive location. Profits pour in. No experience needed. I furnish the plans. Begin anywhere—village, small town, city or suburb. A big opportunity is waiting. Business permanent.

MAKE UP TO 300% PROFIT ON RAW MATERIALS

Raw materials are plentiful and cheap. Highly perfected outfit and confidential plans make operation simple, with startling profits certain.

WE HELP FINANCE YOU

and locate you. Send no money, just name, for book of facts and free opportunity.

Complete 16-unit Outfit includes new type vitreous white enamel ROUND Cooking Vat. Direct-to-fat high speed Slicer, centrifugal Grease Extractor, Thermometer — Positively everything necessary to start—all at new low price.

LONG-EAKINS COMPANY
1190-S High St. Springfield, Ohio

body. At last, Lucie's gentle insistence seemed to awaken some dim remembrance in his mind. But there was one other thing which troubled him. "The list? Where is it?" and he felt pitifully along the floor for the loosened brick—the brick that must be there.

"Something he left in his cell," rumbled Defarge. "Get him out of France!" he went on. "Get him to England! For his sake—and for the sake of the Jacquerie who rescued him!"

CONCERNING THREE LIVES—AND TWO LOVES

In stuffy little London chambers, two men shared lodgings—Mr. Stryver and Mr. Carton, King's Counsellors. An oddly paired duo. People often said they couldn't understand why that nice Mr. Stryver—such a gentleman!—put up with that very peculiar, if extraordinarily handsome, Sydney Carton. Mr. Carton drank, they said. He had no manners. It seemed too bad that Mr. Stryver kept up his schoolfellow association with one who, obviously, was little better than a pensioner.

That's what they said—hitting the truth just about as accurately as they usually do.

"Really! Not working yet, Carton?" Stryver entered the littered apartment, to find his friend sprawling morosely in a chair, a bottle before him. "This is too much. You've got to put your mind on this case. They've got this, this Charles Darnay up for treason."

"I don't know Charles Darnay," in sardonic accents from Carton. "I hate treason and I hate Frenchmen. For that matter, I hate Englishmen, too."

"Yes, all very well, but Lorry sent this case to us with a special request for all our consideration."

"You don't need me to help you," replied Sydney bitterly. "You're becoming a great man in the law courts these days."

"I use my brains."

"You mean you use mine," said Sydney.

"Well, if I do, I pay you for it."

To this, Sydney replied that the money wasn't sufficient to make up for the continual interference with his drinking. And he poured another drink. Somehow, Stryver managed to set the brief before him and make him glance at it. "I tell you, Darnay is lost," he said despairingly—meaning that the case was lost, of course, "unless we can do something to counteract the evidence of these witnesses, Barsad and Cly."

"Barsad and Cly. Barsad and Cly," mumbled Sydney. "Cly and Barsad. Why, the case could be tried on the mere sound . . . From the very syllables of their names, they are manifestly villains. Barsad—Barsad. Seems I've heard that name before. Now, the other fellow. Charles Darnay, is, from his syllables, man'f'stly a gen'lem'n." This sudden thickness of the tongue—annoying! He took another drink to relieve it, clapped on his hat at a crazy angle, and prepared to leave. To the protesting and puffing Stryver, he answered merely that he thought he knew where Barsad did his drinking. "That means I can pursue this case in a congenial atmosphere. You're in luck, Stryver. I'll lay you a wager I'll drink you a victory."

AND so it came about, because the handsome, melancholy, clever and disillusioned Sydney Carton did not like the name Barsad and did like the name Darnay, that one life was saved and the threads of three lives were woven together in a bond that nothing but death could break.

In the dock at Old Bailey Court, young Charles Darnay stood—pale, resolute and handsome—with hope quite lost. He knew, too well, the one across the Channel who had engineered this trumped-up treason charge. And the power of that one.

Some months ago, he had come to the long-pondered conclusion that his manner of living was, through no direct fault of his own, wicked and wrong. He existed, common sense and common humanity told him, on the sweat and blood of other men. The delicate food he ate, the well-cut clothes he wore, the chateau which was his home—all were paid for and kept up because the peasants of France were taxed to the breaking point. But the real power to make the slightest change in the French *ancien regime* was not his. Conversations and pleadings with his uncle, the Marquis D'Evremonde, had brought him to the bitter conviction that D'Evremonde was not only a cold and indifferent man, but an evil one as well. And so Charles Darnay had forfeited his noble name, divided his inheritance among his people, adopted the simple appellation of *monsieur* and journeyed to England.

When he had informed his uncle of his resolve, sneers had been the response. Some hot words had passed between them. Sorrowfully bidding farewell to his old tutor, Gabelle, a faithful D'Evremonde retainer, he had set out for England.

He had not seen the calculating look in the Marquis' eyes, bent upon him. He could not know that the Marquis' gold louis had purchased the services of a certain Joseph Barsad, informer *par excellence,* who had always been able to secure evidence on anybody, provided there was a cash profit involved.

AND so Charles Darnay stood in the dock and looked, with his heart in his eyes, upon the sweetest face in England. Lucie, Lucie, that heart cried. Life is hard—I have found you, only to lose you so soon. The gentle girl and her father he had met on the Channel packet. They had been summoned as witnesses in his case. Forced to comply, they hadn't known that Lucie's most diffident statements would be used against the young Frenchman. Oh, so he had commented—and adversely?—upon England's treatment of her American colonies? No, no, the gentleman had merely said . . . If you mean the prisoner, madame, kindly say the prisoner. But—. Witness dismissed! And Mr. Barsad, you are quite certain this list of officers in His Majesty's army had been prepared by the prisoner? Quite, yer honor! And the crowd outside Old Bailey waited to see the miserable French spy hung, drawn and quartered . . .

Hours later, these vultures went away, cheated and grumbling. The clever Mr. Attorney Stryver, it seems (to whom Mr. Attorney Carton had been passing notes throughout the trial) had nullified the evidence of Joseph Barsad. In fact, at one point in the proceedings, Mr. Barsad had turned an odd shade of green and shaken as if with the ague. That was when Mr. Carton had looked up from the papers on which he kept scribbling and stared Mr. Barsad straight in the face. Mr. Barsad had taken back almost every statement he had made. And Charles Darnay had been acquitted. (Oh, the light in Lucie's eyes!)

Yes, Sydney Carton had drunk Mr. Stryver a victory. How? Oh, a little matter of many bottles at the tavern where Barsad did his drinking. A little boasting about certain fictional misdeeds of his own which, in turn, had prompted Barsad to do some boasting, too, for there are men who love to boast of their misdeeds. And how could Barsad have known that the roistering rake in the tavern would turn up next day at Old Bailey, gowned and wigged for the defense?

Was Sydney elated over his victory. Not at all. He was glummer than ever. Life was a savorless, lonely affair, with no one to share its joys and sorrows. There



Henry Wadsworth wants you to meet Pookie, a fan dog! He is a gift to Henry from an Ohio fan club and a pretty grand one, too. Henry will return to M-G-M after being loaned out for "The Big Broadcast of 1936."

never had been anyone. . . . Today, when he, too, had gazed upon Lucie Manette's sweet face, he had thought, "If there was one who would look upon me like that!" And the look, and Lucie's face, had remained in his mind all day.

Late that night, he stared moodily at his unkempt reflection in a tavern mirror. He had dined with Darnay and the young Frenchman's courtesy had had an uphill struggle against Carton's taciturn reserve.

"Why did you treat the man like that?" Sydney asked his image. "Is it because he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been? Change places with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was? Come on, Carton, you're jealous! Have it out in plain words: you hate the fellow!"

SOME YEARS ELAPSE

It was plain, of course, to the veriest duffer, that there could be only one ending to the love story that had begun on the Channel packet. Lucie and Charles Darnay were married and Charles took a position in Tellson's bank. He had frankly told everything to Dr. Manette, now much restored in mental and physical health. When the doctor heard the name D'Evremonde, his face had gone haggard and some of his old vagueness had returned for a moment. But for the sake of the daughter he loved, above everyone else in the world, he had smothered his own feelings and given his blessing, only cautioning Darnay not to worry Lucie with a needless repetition of his past story. Affairs in France were unsettled—it might distress her. Satisfied with this reason, Darnay consented to keep his secret.

They were married, and in due time, there was a little Lucie, as fair and sweet as her mother. Miss Pross now had an entire household to bully and fuss over. At Lucie's behest, Sydney Carton became a frequent visitor in their home. His life, sweetened and warmed by that home's influence, became a little less bleak. Content to be near Lucie, he kept his love for her locked in his heart. At her pleading, he drank less, became a little less moody.

"I feel you still have such possibilities, Sydney," Lucie often said.

"They will never be realized," Sydney would reply lightly. "Think of me as one who died young."

"I'll never give up my hopes for you," Lucie insisted.

"I know better. But this I know, too. I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Think of me as a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you."

"Thank you, Sydney. God grant it shall never be necessary."

"IS HE NOT A D'EVREMONDE ALSO?"

1792! The Revolution—a plant sown years before, nourished by oppression, tended by misery, reached its full harvest in that year and flowered under the hot breath of fanaticism. French aristos, hundreds of them, fled to England—those who were lucky enough to escape. An edict passed by Citizen Danton confiscated their property and made their return to France punishable by death at the hands of Madame La Guillotine. The sharp-toothed madame claimed many victims those days. After the flimsiest hearings before self-appointed judges, hundreds were hurried through the bloody streets to appease her appetite. Some, like the Marquis D'Evremonde, were not accorded this honor. It saved time when one of the Jacquerie (could it have been Gaspard, father of the murdered child?) knifed the Marquis in his luxurious bed. The Chateau D'Evremonde was razed to the ground and the still-faithful Gabelle taken prisoner by the mob—he might be useful later!

On the historic day when the populace stormed the Bastille, chanting their ghoulish cry for liberty, fraternity and equality, the huge figure of Ernest Defarge and the grim face of his wife could be seen in the lead. They had a little private mission to attend to in 105 North Tower. Under a loosened brick in the cell floor, they found Dr. Manette's list, the names of all those in the house of D'Evremonde. The public tribunal could find a use for this!

Dr. Manette's hands trembled so that he could hardly hold the letter. It was from his son-in-law—and very brief. Darnay wrote merely that he had heard his old friend, Gabelle, had been seized by the





GREATEST MOUTH WASH VALUE IN AMERICA!

MIFFLIN
Antiseptic
MOUTH WASH

12 oz. SIZE 20c

4 oz. SIZE 10c

AT LEADING 5c and 10c CHAIN STORES

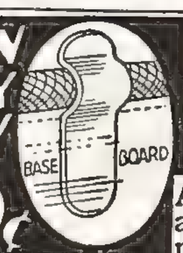
Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau 3954 GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

THE PURE KNITTED COPPER
CHORE GIRL

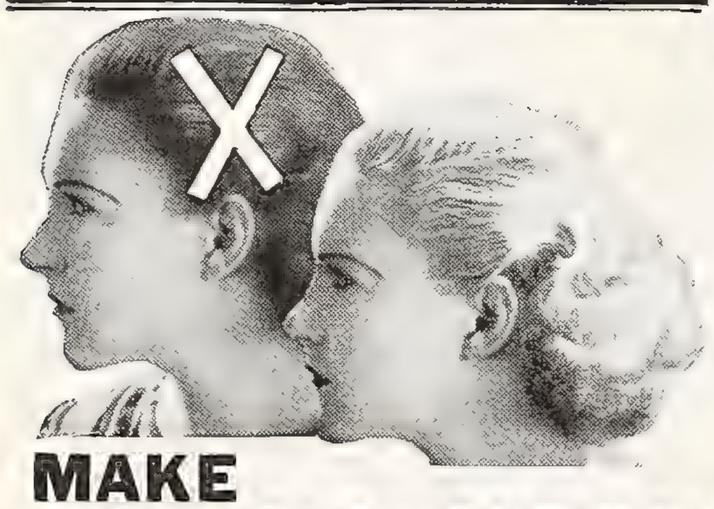
The big hand full of safe cleanliness for pots, pans, aluminum and oven glass. Burnt-in grease and grime off in a jiffy. No splinters, no rust. Buy one today at the store where you secured this magazine. 10c



NEW EASY WAY 10c JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP



KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
(LAMPS AND RADIO)
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c.
At Kresge's



MAKE
BLOND HAIR
—even in DARK shades
GLEAM with GOLD
in one shampoo WITHOUT BLEACHING

GIRLS, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair and that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Blondex brings back to the dullest and most faded blond hair the golden beauty of childhood, and keeps light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of hair become alluring without bleaching or dyeing, camomile or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. It is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

Revolutionaries and that he would be released only upon the verification of Darnay. For this reason he had gone to Paris. There was no need to alarm Lucie. Would the doctor simply tell her that business had summoned her husband away?

No need to alarm Lucie! Ah, now, for a surety, there was need for all to be alarmed!

What to do first? He must tell Lucie her husband's secret—he had no right to keep it from her now. Mr. Lorry was in Paris, on business for Tellson's—he would be able to help, perhaps. And Dr. Manette felt sure that his own past history would have some weight. He would seek out Ernest Defarge.

So Lucie was told and with hope and fear alternately sending their hearts up and down, they set forth. Miss Pross, staunch female, would not hear to letting her Ladybird go without her—nor would she leave little Lucie behind. She poohpoohed the entire Revolution and Lucie, too distraught to know what was wisest to do, let her have her way.

Inquiries in Paris quickly unfolded the bleak situation. Gabelle's letter to Darnay had, of course, been a hoax. The hapless tutor had been murdered, after cruel torture had forced him to reveal the whereabouts of his former young master. Charles Darnay—his noble origins twice disclosed, once by Gabelle and once, so ironically, by Dr. Manette's own revengeful list in 105 North Tower—had been seized, upon his arrival in Paris, and incarcerated in La Force Prison.

Dr. Manette pushed his frail strength to the utmost in trying to gain a reprieve for his son-in-law. He had counted so earnestly on the help of the Defarges. But they, inflamed and insane with the blood-thirstiness of the times, gave him little satisfaction. "You, Citizen Manette, have suffered with us. But Darnay, is he not a D'Evremonde also?" It seemed hopeless—it was hopeless. Charles Darnay was condemned to die at the hands of La Guillotine.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

The gaoler outside No. 23 in La Force prison was remarking that you never could tell about these accursed aristos. Why, the women played games with their children and did fancy work. And here was a D'Evremonde in 23 who did nothing but write letters. His companion—the one they called the English spy—replied absently in abominable French that that was so. The English spy, who seemed to have something on his mind, waited until the gaoler had gone on his rounds. Then he beckoned down the dark corridor. A figure appeared. Stealthily, the English spy slipped a key into the lock of No. 23. And the other figure passed within. "Thank you, Barsad," it said.

"I'm afraid we won't pull this off, Mr. Carton," whispered the "spy."

"Do as you're told and we will."

"There's got to be a No. 23 in the morning."

"There will be. No, look here—return before the gaoler comes back to take Mr. Carton—*Mr. Carton,* understand?—to his coach."

"Lor, you couldn't pay me to do what you're doin', Mr. Carton," and a look that was almost reverence passed for a moment over the villainous Cockney face.

"Oh," Sydney Carton replied lightly, "I daresay you'd have your price even for this, Barsad."

Speechless, Darnay stared at the man who, once before, had saved his life and who had come now to—what had he come to do?

Apparently, he had come to dictate a letter—a letter which Darnay obediently wrote, but which he could not comprehend. It said, "I ask you to recall the words that passed between us on a certain occasion. I am grateful the time has come when I can prove them. . . ."

Darnay looked up. "What occasion? What is that queer smell? I feel faint . . ." Carton was waving something back and forth in his hand. Darnay leaped up to stop him, but Carton, too quick, felled him with a blow. Then with feverish haste, he took off the young Frenchman's clothes—dressed the inert form quickly in his own and himself donned Darnay's attire. He pulled his own hat far down over Darnay's unconscious face—called Barsad.

The next morning, the prisoner in No. 23 looked out of the murky little cell window. His eyes were shining, his heart full of a deep peace. When a grating noise sounded at his cell door, he turned eagerly, as one who welcomes a guest. The time had come then? Good.

BUT it was not the gaoler—it was a bigger, burlier man—who was speaking to someone without. "For the doctor's sake—this last interview. It's all I can do, but if it is discovered, it's all over with me. Remember—keep faith."

"I will, I will!' And thank you—bless you, Defarge!" said Lucie's voice. She entered the cell, spoke a name. "Charles!" Quickly, Sydney Carton snuffed out the candle on the rough table. Lucie came forward—seemed to sense something—stopped.

"Lucie, my darling, it was brave of you to come," Sydney spoke in a whisper, but with the haste of one who wards off another's speech. "There is nothing you can do—*nothing,* but say good-bye." Comprehension dawned in the blue eyes, so bright with unshed tears, that were raised to his. With an almost superhuman effort, he went on. "Remember, all that I have given you, I give freely. Say good-bye quickly, my dear. To stay, to make any protest—would be to endanger the others—all the others, even little Lucie." With a stifled sob, Lucie flung herself in his arms. A look that was mingled agony and ecstasy passed over Sydney Carton's face. "Charles is safe. Say good-bye for me," he murmured, gently loosening her arms. "Say good-bye to me!"

For a long time, she gazed at him. Then she drew his face down to hers and kissed him.

"Your time is up, Citizeness," said a gruff voice at the door.

Later that afternoon, the mob around the guillotine howled and shrieked as one noble head after another was severed by Madame's blow. Sixteen! Seventeen! Eighteen! Nineteen—an effete viscount, who thanked the headsman graciously for terminating a life which had become a burden. Twenty and Twenty-one—the Duc and Duchesse of—what did it matter? Twenty-two! A little seamstress—oh, a dangerous traitor. She had been heard to express sympathy for an enemy of the Republic who had been knifed the day before. Her face was pale to ghostliness. Her step faltered. She struggled to gain a little courage—turned to No. 23 behind her.

"You're not afraid! The others are pretending—but you—you really aren't afraid. It's almost as if you welcomed it!"

The mob howled for the accursed D'Evremonde—see, he hides his face! Haste, haste, headsman—the light is dying.

Sydney Carton spoke to the little seamstress. "Believe me, it is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known."

Sydney Carton's hand rested for a moment on the shoulder of the little seamstress, as though in a blessing. The peace and glory that had come to his soul that morning was glorified a thousandfold.

The Men Who Make Your Movies

(*Continued from page 47*)

to Negri to Dietrich—he's known them all. He has worked on big musical productions in which Hollywood's most beautiful chorus girls have appeared in costumes consisting of—well, a little of this and a little of that and a couple of beads. And musical productions bore Earl to death.

WOMEN stars, with a few exceptions, bore him, too. His favorite stars—and he's seen them all—are Dick Arlen, Randy Scott and Gary Cooper. The one woman about whom he is wildly enthusiastic is Tallulah Bankhead, because "she always thanks you when you do her a favor." And what favor, you ask, could an electrician do Tallulah? Well, he can rig up an impromptu dressing-table with the lights placed at just the right angles around the mirror. Or he can attach a small electric heater on cold days. These things do not come under the head of regular duties. They are just little side jobs, small courtesies. And it seems pretty bad if the star neglects to thank the electrician.

An electrician's duties are so many that it is a favor when he takes time out from his other tasks. The electrical crew arrives on the set before any of the other workers. The night before, the "best boy," as he is called, has looked over the set and decided what lights are necessary for the next day and has requisitioned these from the electrical department. Before the other workers arrive the "gaffer," the floorman (or "best boy") and the operators (or crew) do a little stunt called "roughing in" which means setting the lights so that the set will be well flooded and all the generators will be at advantageous points. When the cameraman arrives the "juicer" or electrician is under orders from him. It is the cameraman who tells where he wants the spotlights placed. "And," Earl told me, "cameramen can be more temperamental than the stars when they want to be."

THE toughest set Earl (who is a "best boy") ever had to light was the Algerian town in "Devil and the Deep." The electricians worked for two days on that location before the company showed up, for, in order to light the street, platforms had to be built for the lamps. There were five portable generators, 150 lamps, 20 sun arcs and a lot of other things—all of which generated about 20,000 amperes. Twenty electricians were used.

Just to give you a slight idea of the amount of lights used, even an ordinary set would cost you about sixty dollars an hour, if it were on your electric bill. The studios, of course, make their own juice.

No, the electrician's job is not an easy one. Although the biggest work consists of the morning's "roughing in," the lights must all be moved and changed for each different scene, or set-up. And every hour brings some new problem.

For instance, when you're watching a scene in which an actor walks into a room and snaps on the light you probably don't stop to realize what a difficult job that is to photograph. He can't, for instance, walk into the room in pitch black darkness, else you wouldn't see him. There must be some light right at first. Then, when he snaps the switch there must be a great deal more. It takes the electrical crew just about forty-five minutes to rig up the lights so that you will see this effect on the screen.

Although they get overtime, the electricians hours are long and tedious. The longest stretch Earl ever worked was from six A. M. Sunday to 10:30 Monday night. In telling me of this he said, "And the rest of the crew worked on until midnight."

I asked, "Why did you leave at ten-thirty?" Very simply he answered. "Well, they telephoned onto the set that our baby had just been born." And there, gentle reader, is a little drama for you. For forty and a half hours he had been pulling lights around in front of actors' faces, knowing that his wife was at the hospital having a baby. But he could not desert the fake drama for the real thing.

WHEN he was just a kid, Earl ran away from home and got a job as a laborer at Universal City in the studio mill. From there he went to a quickie company as an assistant cameraman. Then he learned the electrical business and has, as I've told, been at Paramount for ten years, working darned hard every minute. "Some days," he told me, "I hate the studio. And then I like it. No, it isn't a thrill any more. I don't exactly know what it is."

Neither do I, but since I've experienced the same sensation myself I can guess. It is, somehow, being so intimate a part of the life of the drama. Work it is, but it is invariably exciting, stimulating work.

For instance Earl has lots of fun watching new actors and actresses in their first roles. He makes little bets with himself about whether they will make the stardom grade or not. And he has seen so many come and go, that he is usually right. He prophesied, to himself, of course—for who thinks that an electrician knows anything about art?—that Mary Brian would last longer than Betty Bronson. That was when he watched the two of them work together in "Peter Pan." Mary is still in pictures. And Betty? Where is she?

He thinks Mary Brian is a swell kid, by the way. Helen Mack he admires, too. She is sweet like Mary.

He has wonderful times kidding around the set with Dick, Randy and Gary—his three favorites. He also is very fond of Kent Taylor and Cary Grant. They, he'll tell you, are regular fellows—and that's a relief. In some films he has no interest at all and doesn't care to see them on the screen. But others he watches carefully in the making, they're usually the outdoor, he-men pictures. Later he takes his wife and kids to see them, when they play at the neighborhood theatre. He is always interested in watching how his lighting effects show up and tries to explain about it to his wife. But she's more interested in knowing what Claudette Colbert is *really* like.

Then on the days when important visitors come on the set it's fun. It's work, too, of course, because he has to make a new electrical set-up so that the still men can take photographs of the visitors for the newspapers. He has seen probably every important person of this generation. Royalty doesn't interest him at all. He wouldn't waste a second look on them. But the football stars, ah, they're great and usually all of them are swell fellows.

HE glowed with interest when he told me about them. And suddenly, he turned to me. "Guess who I saw on the set one day?" His voice was low. He was truly impressed. This was to be a name with which to conjure. But keep in



Have you wormed your dog lately? Worms kill thousands of dogs. All puppies and dogs should be wormed regularly. For safe, sure results use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES for worms in pups; SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES for older dogs. Sold by druggists and pet shops everywhere.

Write for Free Dog Book » » »

Do you know the symptoms of worms and the many diseases to which your dog may fall prey? Do you know how to feed your dog to keep him well and strong? Do you know how to train your dog to be well-behaved and obedient? Give your dog the benefit of expert care. It is yours for the asking. All this information, and much more is yours in the famous "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." 46 pages and many illustrations. All you have to do to get it is to send us your name. It may save your dog's life. Write at once.

EXPERT ADVICE FREE. Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you about your dog's health. Write fully, stating all symptoms and the age, breed and sex of your dog. There is no charge.

For Free Book or Advice, Address
POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1969 W. Broad Street
Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

HAIR Removed now and Forever at **HOME**

You Can Cure Your Own Case

In privacy of your own **HOME** with this amazing **ELECTROLYSIS OUTFIT. REMOVES HAIR FROM FACE, ARMS, LEGS, ETC. IT'S SO SIMPLE! IT'S SO EASY TO OPERATE.** No longer need you be **embarrassed.** Bring your loveliness to light. Results **guaranteed.** Quick **relief—harmless.**

NATHENIELS—ELECTROLOGIST SPECIALIST
906 Fox Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

ELECTROLYSIS Outfit Instructions Complete **$12.75**

WORK FOR THE GOVERNMENT



$1260 to $2100 Year
TO START

Men—Women

Get ready immediately

Common education usually sufficient

Mail Coupon Today—SURE

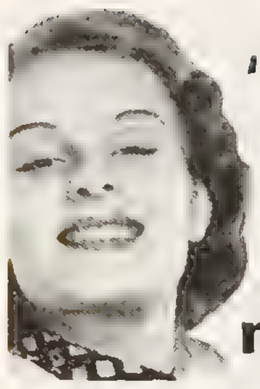
COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. C320
Rochester, N. Y.

Rush FREE list of U. S. Government big pay JOBS, 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work. Tell me how to get one of those jobs.

Name.....

Address.....



"3 minutes of my time... and I forgot my troubles!"

There's no doubt about it—the three-minute way certainly makes a difference. Three minutes chewing FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing-gum laxative—then good-bye constipation and the logy way it makes you feel. Have you been using racking "all-at-once" cathartics? Then you know what cramps and griping are. The three-minute way is easy, thorough, and oh so efficient! It's good for the entire family—and children love it.



THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
KnoGRAY ENDS GRAY HAIR

Mme. Turmel, famous French hair expert, retiring from private practice, now offers for home use her unique method of coloring hair any shade, blonde to black, from the same bottle. Not a restorer, exact match. Instantaneous. Permits Permanent Wave. KnoGRAY cannot fade or rub off. Apply yourself day or night. Free Booklet. Madame Turmel, Dept. 8, 256 W. 31 St., New York

5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Send postcard for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address: LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk 369, GIRARD, KANSAS

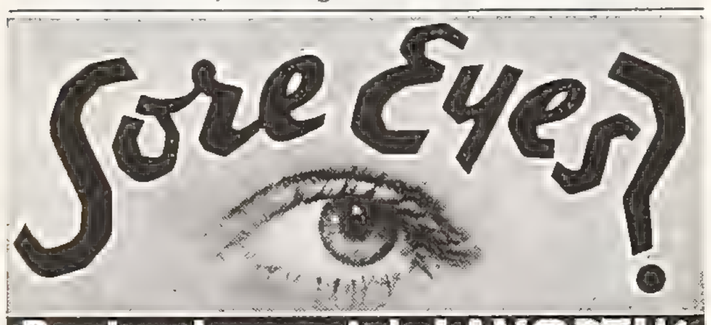
Brand New TYPEWRITER NOW ONLY $17.95 UP



PORTABLES
10¢ a Day • Easy Terms
Sensational Low Prices and easy terms on limited supply only. All brand new, up-to-date—4 row keyboard. Fully Guaranteed.
SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial
Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE trial offer.
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1261 Chicago

ASTHMA?

"If you are sick and tired of gasping and struggling for breath—tired of sitting up night after night losing much needed rest and sleep, write me at once for a FREE trial of the medicine that gave me lasting relief. I suffered agony for nearly six years. Now I have no more spells of choking, gasping and wheezing and sleep sound all night long. Write today for a FREE trial. Your name and address on a post card will bring it by return mail." O. W. Dean, President, Free Breath Products Company, Dept. 1351-B, Benton Harbor, Michigan.



Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik (with free eye cup) from your druggist.

mind that Earl has seen all of Hollywood's biggest stars, has worked with them daily. And here he was saying, thrilled, "Guess who I saw on the set one day? I saw Arthur Brisbane!"

No, Earl wouldn't turn around to see Marlene Dietrich in the altogether. But it was a big day when he actually saw Arthur Brisbane. It is a matter, I suppose, of whom one's heroes are.

The gaffer called him. They were talking a strange language—"save 'em," "put a silk on that broad and kill the baby," "get it hotter," "bring it up," "put a screen on that." It was a language you and I couldn't understand. They were in the secret world of their trade. Earl was busy now putting those curious words into action. As I was leaving he broke away long enough to say, "This afternoon I'll be over on the test set. I like making tests. It's swell seeing the new kids. And, funny thing, sometimes they're more at ease than the old-timers."

"Do you ever give the new ones tips about acting?" I asked.

"I would if they asked me to," he said earnestly.

And he could, too. For he's seen the best and the worst acting of his generation; he knows the difference. And maybe it's the realization of this knowledge that has kept him so many years at the studio.

In spite of the work, the long hours, the grief, the pandering to temperaments—the electrician's job has its compensations.

Pons & Co. Invade Hollywood

(*Continued from page 44*)

English she hastened to explain that she had been practicing the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" since the early hours of the morning.

"If I do not keep up constant practice," she accompanied herself with Frenchy gestures, "in one month it is difficult for me to reach a high note. A voice must be watched even more carefully than a child. Only no amount of pampering can spoil a voice. A mother lives for her child, a singer for her voice. Such is the leisure life of an opera star."

BUT you are in the movies now," I reminded her. "That means that at last you will have some time for play. Once a song is recorded, it's recorded, and that's that."

"I'm afraid I have not much time for play," she answered, carefully searching for words with which to make herself clearly understood. "You see, I have a schedule by which I must work in Hollywood, the same as in Paris or New York. Here everything is new to me, and it is the same as a baby learning to walk. *N'est-ce pas?* In the mornings I practice my operatic selections. In the afternoons, I must change my technique of rendition to rehearse the songs I am to sing in the picture. To mix the two would be dangerous. The vocal cords would rebel. My teacher is here with me to see that I do nothing to injure my voice. After all, I must go back to the Metropolitan next season."

The doors of the music room swung open and Miss Pons' celebrated teacher, Signor Alberti de Gorostiaga; a shy, meek little Italian with the quietly twinkling eyes of a Pekingese, came in to join us. Miss Pons hurriedly explained to him, in his native tongue, my mission. Signor de Gorostiaga, evidently pleased, bowed and bowed and bowed. Such graciousness have these Continentals!

"If it were not for Signor Gorostiaga, I would not be in Hollywood today." She looked proudly at the little music master as she spoke. "It was his belief in my future that made my musical career possible."

Signor Teacher broke into a ripple of smiles that bespoke approval and, although he understood not a word of the English she was trying to speak, he knew the significance of the words, and nodded and nodded and nodded. I, too, found myself nodding.

"Signor Gorostiaga has been my teacher from the very first," she pointed out. "I myself never dreamed I could ever be a singer worthy of the Metropolitan. Once, long before I knew my teacher, I played the music halls of Paris, but I did not sing a note in the act. I was merely a comedienne in a skit. As you say over here, I was a stooge."

Another door opened. (There were at least a half dozen leading into the large reception room where our interview was under way.) A sleek, dark young man walked in, and was introduced as Lehman Byck, Miss Pons' director on her radio programs of last winter. He, too, had made the migration across the continent to assist the diminutive diva in her movie début. Upon his foreign features was written the look of a thick accent. When he opened his mouth he actually spoke English!

Then suddenly from another door, a tall, blonde woman appeared, followed by a handsome, olive-complexioned middle-aged lady bearing a striking resemblance to the most renowned of the "Lakme" interpretors. The dark one, Mr. Byck introduced as Miss Pons' mother, and the other as her secretary. Like the good Signor Gorostiaga, they, too, could not speak English. After bowing, nodding, and bowing some more, we all sat down in a little family circle to continue the interview. The scene had suddenly taken on the feeling of the dénouement in the last act of a play. All the leading characters were on the stage and very soon a climax must be reached.

Mr. Byck, jittery about something, rose suddenly, explained that he must be off to the studio, where the sound department was waiting to discuss the best method of presenting the Pons voice to the movie microphones. As he disappeared the one person besides myself who could understand English, was gone—like the final flicker of a candle. As for my French, it would be worse than their English. I looked hopefully towards dear Signor Gorostiaga. He was still nodding.

The interview must go on. "Did you ever think of becoming a movie star before you went into Grand Opera?" I promptly asked Miss Pons.

HER eyes brightened with animation. She understood! Signor Gorostiaga seemed to understand, too, for there was a new gleam in his eyes. Also the mother and the secretary. I expected them all to answer at once. Words hung on their lips. But it was Miss Pons who replied.

"Never could I imagine that I would some day be a movie star," Mademoiselle Pons confessed. "You see, I was not a pretty child, my family disapproved of a professional life, and Hollywood was so

far away. But," she chuckled with the memory, "I was such a movie fan!"

"You mean like those people who stand around begging for autographs and writing fan letters?" I probed relentlessly, giving gesture for gesture.

"Only worse," Miss Pons answered. "As a little girl in France, I adored movie stars. Thomas Meighan was my favorite. I used to collect his pictures avidly, out of newspapers, magazines, and keep them pasted in a book. Once I went backstage in a little provincial theatre and stole his photographs off a wall of the dressing-room."

"I presume you are still a movie fan." I addressed Miss Pons, but it was Signor Gorostiaga who bent forward and clung to every word. "Who is your favorite star now?"

For a moment she digested my question, wavering between diplomacy and honesty—then promptly confessed, "Wallace Beery. I never miss his pictures. Oh, I loved 'Viva Villa!'"

On the subject of men, I garnered courage and ventured into more dangerous territory.

"Why did you divorce your husband?" I asked right out loud, emitting the words so quickly that it would be impossible to recall them. Then, holding my breath, I waited for the explosion of Parisian temperament.

MLLE. PONS stiffened. Embarrassment fluttered across her face. She opened her large eyes even wider, and looked at me in delicious dilemma. Even the Signor understood the word 'husband' giving him his cue. He, too, stiffened, in rhythm with the emotion of his famous pupil—and for once he did not nod—but only stared, helpless and pathetically forlorn, like one suspended in mid-air. Mamma Pons and the secretary looked at one another as if I had just asked them to join a nudist colony. I tried smiling even more sweetly than Maestro Gorostiaga.

Miss Pons broke into one of her little chuckles, clearing the atmosphere of the electricity with which my question had charged it.

"I had to choose between marriage and a career." She perked her head up defiantly. "So I chose a career.

"You see," she went on to explain, "I was so young when I married. I did not realize then what this career meant to me. I have given years to my studies. My teacher," she looked fondly across at the beaming little Italian, who looked at that moment like a romantic puppet vendor on the canals of Venice, "my dear, dear Alberti, believed so much in my talent that he gave years of his time to devote to my training. When the great opportunity came to go into Opera, I could not walk out on him in repayment for his devotion and faith."

As if sensing that he was the subject of Miss Pons' long impassioned speech, Gorostiaga permitted his eyes to blink with modesty, and had he had a puppy dog tail he would have wagged it.

"After I married I tried to continue with my career," she went on to vindicate her matrimonial misadventure. "Each week found me in a different Opera House in a different country. I was no longer just a woman. I no longer belonged to myself. My husband followed me with such tender thoughtfulness from one city to another, to be near me always. But I soon realized he had become only a part of my entourage. It was unfair to a man so very deserving of domestic happiness. So I divorced."

However, after her divorce, Lily found romance again. It was a shipboard romance with Dr. Fritz von der Becke. She met and fell in love with him during a return trip from South America. They announced their engagement, but later it was broken by mutual consent. The ship's doctor and the star could not make their separate lives merge to the happiness of both. It meant that one must give up a career and neither felt such a sacrifice was fair.

On being queried about her recent romance and rumored marriage to Andre Kostelanetz, orchestra leader on the prima donna's radio programs, she denied that there was anything to it.

"Well, anyhow," I laughed nervously, noting the glint of iron in the secretary's eyes, "how do you like Hollywood?"

"It is fascinating," she replied at once, then immediately interpreted my question for the three listeners. They all agreed it was fascinating, and broke into a symphony of nods and smiles. Yes, yes indeed, it was fascinating. Everyone nodded. Everyone acceded. All was bliss and harmony again.

"Everyone is so friendly." She went on to relate how thoughtful were the studio executives, how polite the electricians, how gracious the stagehands, how generous the press. Each time she handed out a bouquet, good Signor Gorostiaga's chin mechanically pressed down on his chest in agreeable affirmation.

"Hollywood is making some wonderful predictions for your future in pictures," I assured her.

She glowed for a moment with the excitement of the information, then quickly relayed it to her teacher. He promptly got up, and bending himself in two, bowed to me. What could I do but bow back.

The secretary glanced at her wrist watch. In French, she reminded Miss Pons it was time to go to the studio. The interview was at an end. Thanking me, the vest-pocket-edition prima donna bid me adieu. The last glimpse I caught of her, she was bounding up the wide stairs to her bedroom, two leaps at a time, like a little girl who must get dressed in a hurry because she is about to be taken to a party. She was crooning "Minnie the Moocher"!







Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 58*)

"The Mysterious Mr. Wong" spent a "Night of Terror" at the "International House" after "The Return of Chandu." "The Whispering Shadow" was satisfied that the "Black Cat" received "The Mark of the Vampire" for chasing "The Raven" because he knew that "The Best Man Wins."—Hope Lininger, Johnstown, Pa.

Disgusted

If by some miracle you have ever gone to see a movie, did you notice that men as well as women go? Movies are not made for women only. Why, then, are movie magazines made just for the females? Yes, lots of men and boys read your magazine and we want to see styles of men and masculine advertisements. We are sick of reading about lipsticks, powders, mascara, Paris gowns, reducing diets, cooking recipes and headache powders.—Walter Richelieu, Camden, New Jersey.

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant"* —NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG U.S. PAT OFF

HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST FAD

18-IN. SEA GARDEN PEARLS

Synthetic, with rich opalesence of real pearls; perfectly graduated; Sterling clasp with brilliants, boxed for gifts. Very specially priced — $2 — stamps, currency or money order Satisfaction guaranteed

BEST PRODUCTS CO. 1374 H STREET, N. E. WASHINGTON, D. C.

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine. 63rd year in business. . . Write today!

F.J. CHENEY & CO. Dept. 312 TOLEDO, O.



BUNIONS

Torture Needless

Pain stops almost instantly. The swelling and inflammation is so quickly reduced you can wear smaller, neater shoes with ease. Prove it on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation.

Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. P.210, Chicago, Ill.

GRAY FADED HAIR

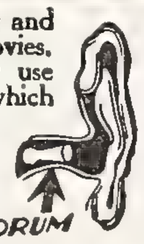
Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl.

Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 39, 254 W. 31 St., N.Y.C.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York



BE A NURSE

MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 36 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 2312, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name_____

City_____ State_____ Age____

Plenty Mad



Something should be done about these smart-aleck reviewers. Often I see a picture and enjoy it thoroughly, but when the reviews are printed, one would think the photoplay that I had enjoyed was a menace to society. If there's any criticizing to be done, it should be about the way good American talent is being wasted in favor of Continental importations. Lilian Harvey was perhaps the most colossal flop of them all and Anna Sten has been released from her contract. Yet, they spend millions to bring them over to America and gamble on their success while such talent as Blondell, Dvorak, Brady, and many others are wasted on one poor picture after another.

My last complaint is about Hollywood's prize ham actress—Constance Bennett, of the mad, mad Bennetts. I nearly went mad when I saw "After Office Hours." The way she posed with a cigarette in one hand and hot air in the other, was disgusting. Connie promised to retire from the cinema last year but I knew it sounded too good to be true.—Kenneth Gilbert, San Diego, Calif.

Talent Unnoticed?



Frankie Darro is one boy actor who deserves more praise than he has been receiving. He has everything, good looks, fine voice, acting ability and a personality no one can resist.

Even in tough, unsympathetic parts he adds a certain humanness that makes his role an outstanding portrayal in any production. He makes one forget he is acting and I don't know of a greater achievement. A juvenile actor who troupes like a veteran, and who wrings tears and laughter from his audience with equal ease.—A. Cooper, Arlington, N. J.

Big Things Ahead



Luise Rainer has something that no other star in Hollywood has. Her beauty is rarely to be found and the tone of her voice is beautiful. I wish her all kinds of success and I have a feeling that she will some day reach the top. Such a personality!—Jane Jurgens, Philadelphia, Pa.

Too Much Nudism



Have you noticed the insane mania of late to show men, as well as women, in bathroom scenes, displaying every part of the anatomy they can get away with? Recently we saw William Powell as a detective who seemed to conduct most of his work showing his naked body or consuming enormous quantities of liquor—much of the picture was taken of him in the bath, scrubbing and soaping his hulk. Powell started out to be a good actor, but he has become so darned conceited and puffed up that he is fast spoiling what chance he did have to draw the public. He got his start as a drawing card in "The Thin Man," but now that he has put on weight (apparently muchly in the head) he seems to have lost his love for "thin men" and wants to display his manly form.—John Luter, Los Angeles, Calif.

Down with Double Features

Speaking as Miss American Movie Fan I want to condemn the double feature policy. Because of it I am missing a lot of good entertainment, for I won't go to a movie like "Sequoia" if I have to sit through a "quickie" like "The Winning Ticket." Why can't the studios re-release film successes of recent years to be used to fill in? As I see it, it would save the studios the expense of producing inconsequential pictures, give our old favorites more prestige, make our hours in the theatre more enjoyable and increase box office returns since more people would flock to the theatres. I don't think anyone would object to seeing "Public Enemy," "Scarface," "Bill of Divorcement," "Hell's Angels," "Wings," "Anna Christie," "The Sign of the Cross" again.—Frances Miller, Seneca Falls, New York.

Star Stuff



Why not star Rosalind Russell? She's got that certain snap and vigor in her manner. She "picture steals" in every role she receives — "China Seas," "Casino Murder Case," etc. Give her a break—star her.—Edith Johns, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Who's to Blame?

What has become of Shirley Temple's once unaffected acting? She seems to have lost the childish innocence she so wonderfully displayed in her first few productions. Her acting has become dull and over-affected. Perhaps she has been too generously praised and admired. Outside the gates of movieland await children whose talent and wholehearted acting would far surpass Shirley's.—A Fan, Providence, R. I.

On Stardom and Privacy

The last few interviews I've read, granted by the stars, have been practically identical. They all moan about their lack of privacy and how they want to keep their personal affairs to themselves. This, of course, is very natural but it seems to me that by now the stars should know that stardom and privacy don't mix. Why not make their interviews different once in a while?—Betty Sue Molloy, Berryville, Ark.

Wray-Lindsay Booster



If anything could be said that would further the careers of Fay Wray (pictured) and Margaret Lindsay, I would say it. They are doing well enough for two so young, I suppose, but I would like to see them co-starred with really great male stars, such as Fredric March and Clark Gable. They are both very beautiful and they look an awful lot like sisters, and twins at that! I like to boost the people not yet at the top, because with what they have to work with they usually do as good a job as the so-called stars of the picture.—E. Staley, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 61*)

through combining it with other things and supplying a great deal of rich, meat-flavored gravy to add zest to the foods with which it is combined.

Take the Pork Chops, Hawaiian, in this article, for instance. The delicious gravy for the rice and the accompanying bananas will make father forget that with pork in the luxury class these days, he will have to content himself with one small pork chop instead of the two big ones he used to demand. The same is true of the Chopped Meat Casserole which you will learn how to make by getting your copy of the leaflet. The top round of beef called for in this recipe is not the most inexpensive of beef cuts by any means but there is absolutely no waste in fat or bones and besides here again rice is used as an "extender"—permeated as it is with the flavor of meat and rich tomato sauce.

FOR the Lamb Stew you will notice Mrs. Woods recommends meat cut from the shoulder of the animal. You will find this is slightly higher in price than some of the other cuts (notably the neck which is fine for stewing purposes and is exceedingly cheap) but you will also find that there is more meat and less bone to the pound if you purchase shoulder lamb.

You will be delighted with this recipe I am confident, for this is no pale, soupy stew but rather a brown, flavorsome combination of well-seasoned meat and meat-seasoned vegetables. I urge you to try this recipe and the Pork Chops, Hawaiian, that also appears here. Don't ever overlook the recipes that appear in the magazine itself—for they are as carefully tested and fully as good as the ones in the leaflet and they certainly deserve to be added to your collection, together with the ones that the coupon brings you.

I know that if you try these two recipes you'll surely want to have the leaflet containing more of Donald Woods' meat suggestions and I surely want you to have these recipes, for they include such delicious things as Hungarian Goulash, English Beef and Kidney Pie, Chopped Meat Casserole and Stuffed Veal Birds.

Just wait 'til you see how easy these recipes are to follow! Just wait 'til you discover how great an improvement they are over the meats you generally serve! Just wait 'til you hear the kind things your family will have to say about your new culinary achievements! But *don't* wait to send in the coupon or you may forget—and then you'll have reason to be sorry. For this is the time of year, you know, when meats should be featured because they furnish heat and energy to the body for chilly days ahead—besides being high in proteins. And then too with the Holidays coming soon, now is the time when you will surely welcome the economical features of these recipes.

PORK CHOPS, HAWAIIAN

4 lean pork chops (1 pound)
1 teaspoon salt
A few grains pepper
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup water
1 tablespoon brown sugar
½ cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon flour
¼ cup seedless raisins

Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper, dust lightly with a little flour. Brown chops on both sides in butter in hot skillet. Add water, cover and simmer until chops are tender. Remove chops to hot platter. Add brown sugar, pineapple juice and lemon juice to liquid in pan. Stir until blended. Thicken gravy with 1 tablespoon flour moistened to a smooth paste with a little water. Add raisins and simmer for a few minutes. Pour gravy over chops. Surround chops with mounds of boiled brown rice and halved, spiced bananas.

SPICED BANANAS

¾ cup vinegar
⅔ cup sugar
18 whole cloves
1 small stick cinnamon
4 small bananas

Boil together vinegar, sugar, cloves and cinnamon until sugar is dissolved and the bubbles begin to look thick. Peel bananas, cut in halves crosswise. Drop banana halves into the hot syrup. Boil hard for two minutes. Remove from syrup carefully to pork chop platter.

SAVORY LAMB STEW

2 pounds shoulder lamb, cut in small pieces for stewing
salt, pepper, flour
salt pork or bacon fat
2 cups boiling water
2 stalks celery, minced fine
1 bay leaf
¼ cup chili sauce
6 small carrots
6 small white onions
6 small potatoes

Dip the lamb pieces into boiling water, drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in a little flour. Melt pork or bacon fat in heavy pan or dutch oven. Brown meat in this fat, turning frequently so as not to burn. When meat is thoroughly browned on all sides add boiling water, minced celery, bay leaf and chili sauce. Cover closely and cook gently for an hour. After an hour add carrots, scraped and cut in halves lengthwise, peeled onions and peeled potatoes. Cover stew closely and simmer gently for one hour longer or until meat and vegetables are tender. Taste gravy before serving, adding more salt and pepper if desired. If you wish you may thicken gravy slightly with a little flour moistened with water to a smooth paste.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

Please send me the December leaflet containing Donald Woods' favorite economical meat recipes, at no cost to me.

Name.....

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

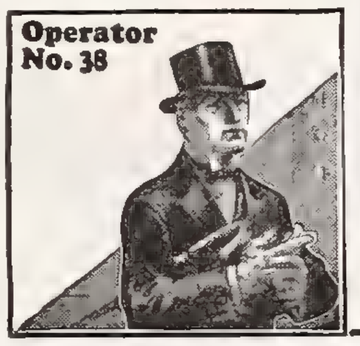


Smooth-white attractive hands give you poise and confidence. You can have them too, by becoming a regular user of Chamberlain's Lotion. A clear liquid, not sticky or gummy, absorbed in 37 seconds, it not only re-beautifies hands, but arms and skin as well. Blended from thirteen different imported oils, it is a complete beauty treatment, one you will enjoy using. Two sizes—at any drug or department store.



USE THIS COUPON
Chamberlain Laboratories, Inc., Des Moines, Iowa.
Please send free trial size of your lotion.
MM-2
Name_____
Address_____
(GOOD ONLY IN U. S.)
Chamberlain's Lotion

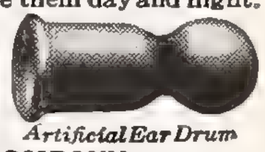
Learn Radio IN 12 WEEKS
BY SHOP WORK-NOT BY BOOKS
Send for "Pay-After-Graduation" Plan
Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by 12 weeks practical shop training in Coyne Shops. Free Employment Service. Many earn while learning. Write for BIG FREE RADIO and TELEVISION BOOK, and my "Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation" Plan.
H. C. LEWIS, President, COYNE RADIO SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 95-6E, Chicago, Illinois

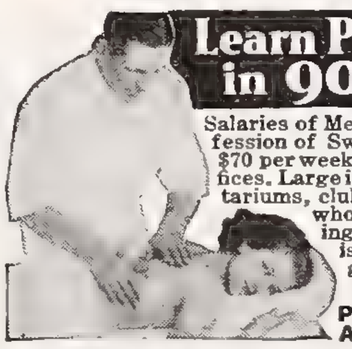


Follow This Man
Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job! Running down Counterfeit Gang. Tell-tale finger prints in murdered girl's room. Thrill, Mystery.
Free *The Confidential Reports of Operator No. 38 made to his chief. Write for it.*
Earn a Regular Monthly Salary
YOU can become a Finger Print Expert at home, in spare time. Write for details if 17 or over.
Institute of Applied Science
1920 Sunnyside Ave.
Dept. 72-19 Chicago, Ill.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.




Artificial Ear Drum
THE WAY COMPANY
717 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home
Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as $40 to $70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, clubs and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Anatomy charts and supplies are given with our course. Write for details
National College of Massage & Physio-Therapy, 20 N. Ashland Avenue, Dept. 966, Chicago, Ill.

STOP that ITCH
IN ONE MINUTE
Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Quickly relieves the itching tortures of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.
D.D.D. Prescription





LEARN
Piano, Violin, Cornet, Trumpet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Organ, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet
EASY HOME METHOD—new, fast way for beginners. Makes you accomplished in amazingly short time. 300,000 enthusiastic students. Low cost; easy terms. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Free** Catalog gives full details.
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Dept. 666 1525 East 53rd Street, Chicago

SHEET MUSIC
WHEN BUYING SHEET MUSIC
ask your dealer to show you
CENTURY CERTIFIED EDITION
IT COSTS ONLY 15¢ A COPY
Catalogue of 3000 Selections
FREE ON REQUEST
CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
233 W. 40TH STREET N.Y.C.
15¢ A COPY 15¢ A COPY

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.
47¢

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.
STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1325-W CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Reviews

(*Continued from page 11*)

★★★ The Virginia Judge
(Paramount)

Walter C. Kelly, who toured the vaudeville boards for years with a sketch entitled "The Virginia Judge," now brings his character to the screen in a pleasant, homey type of picture which you'll enjoy considerably, if you're in the mood for that sort of entertainment. Its setting is a small town in the South, where Mr. Kelly is the local judge. There are several hilarious courtroom scenes involving local rivalry between Stepin Fetchit and another ebony-hued gentleman, but the story itself is built around a juvenile love triangle involving the judge's son, the town banker's son, and, of course, the gal. Robert Cummings, the judge's offspring, is jealous of Johnny Down's car and his ample spending money and believes they are the reason Marsha Hunt has transferred her affections to the wealthy youth. All of which gets pretty involved, but the youngsters are pleasant and the comedy, as handled by Stepin Fetchit, is both spontaneous and funny.

★★★★ The Dark Angel
(Samuel Goldwyn)

Back in the days when silence was golden (or was it Goldwyn?) it may be recalled that "The Dark Angel," as played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, was an entertainment full of charm, romance and a certain haunting beauty. For those of you who can think back that far it will be good news to learn that the talking version retains all of these qualities and distinguishes itself as the Number One tear-jerker of the season. It is perhaps unnecessary to remind anyone that this is a story of a girl who is in love with two brothers, and that she chooses one of them on the eve of their departure for the war. When he doesn't return she believes he has been killed, and is about to marry the other brother when the man of her choice is discovered living in a nearby community. Blinded by the war, he is too full of remorse to return to his home. Fredric March portrays the blind war hero with his customary competence, Herbert Marshall does well with the sacrificing brother, and Merle Oberon is completely natural as the heroine. Fay Chaldecott and Cora Sue Collins are fine in their roles.

★★★ The Bishop Misbehaves
(M-G-M)

What the bishop does may not actually be in the misbehaving department, but you might say his activities are a bit bizarre for a man of the cloth. An avid follower of detective stories, he beams with almost unholy glee when he accidentally bumps into what looks like a first-class crime. After a bit of expert snooping he discovers the crime is a robbery perpetrated by Norman Foster and Maureen O'Sullivan. It seems Reginald Owen had cheated Maureen's father out of the rights to an invention, and Maureen enlists Norman to help her obtain the papers that prove it. The robbery is completed in a roadside pub, by special arrangement with the proprietor, a neighborly chap who hopes to be cut in on the proceeds. The papers and the jools are carefully tucked away, and Owen and his wife, Lilian Bond, are properly bound and gagged in an ante-room of the pub when the bishop and his sister happen in and complicate things. Since it's a mystery picture, we won't spoil it for you by telling what happens, but we can say that it's a lively and pleasant affair worth your attention. Both Edmund Gwenn and Lucile Watson, as the bishop and the sister, are excellent, and an engaging bit is performed by Lilian Bond, who oughta be in more pictures.

★★★★ The Big Broadcast of 1936
(Paramount)

Paramount's annual round-up of the radio stars is with us again, and it is our pleasure to announce that this year's gathering is the most entertaining and the most successful of them all. It may be recalled that in the past a rather flimsy story was tacked around the offerings of the radio celebrities. This season the plot is actually credible; you could send the radio stars home and still enjoy a good comedy. Concerned in the plot department are Jack Oakie, Henry Wadsworth, Burns and Allen, Lyda Roberti and Wendy Barrie. Jack and Henry own a radio station, but they're on their uppers until George Burns and Gracie Allen drop in with an invention which can tune in on anything in the world, be it broadcast or be it not. They try to sell it to Lyda Roberti, a mysterious countess, but she falls in love with the



This pretty, smiling gal is Phil Reed's real heart. She's Molly Lamont and here they are at the preview of "Top Hat."

boys instead of their machine and carts them off to her island castle. It's goofy, but it's fun, and injected into it are numbers by such names as Bill Robinson, Amos 'n' Andy, Ray Noble and his band, Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, and the Nicholas Brothers.

★★★ Two Fisted
(Paramount)

This is your picture if you like 'em with a punch. Lee Tracy delivers some fast verbal ones and Roscoe Karns the upper lefts. Young Billy Lee stages a garage boxing-match with some pals which beats many a professional one we've seen. Gail Patrick is an attractive feminine foil as the wife of Gordon Westcott who's ruthless as they come and bent on kidnapping their son. There are a few mascara-messing moments when he succeeds, but all is saved at the crucial moment, including the rain checks. The Tracy brain-power is responsible for this heroic rescue and for straightening up Gail's alcoholic brother, Kent Taylor. But when it comes to managing Roscoe Karns, Lee has to take a back seat. For two years he's given his all to make a fighter out of him, but it's the pretty nurse-maid, Grace Bradley, who inspires Roscoe to win his first fight. The cast is competent and though the plot has its weak moments, you'll be too helpless from laughing to care.

★★ Red Salute
(Reliance)

Barbara Stanwyck, whose celluloid likeness we haven't seen in several months, returns to the screen in a drama which contains some good comedy, some first-rate acting and quite a bit of unnecessary flag-waving. Barbara, the daughter of an army general, is in love with a violent young college man who spends most of his campus hours making speeches. He is what some newspapers would call a Red Menace. The general, realizing his daughter's imminent danger, sends her off to Mexico to forget. Barbara immediately re-crosses the border with the help of a young American soldier, Robert Young. You practically know what's going to happen from there on. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say that the screenplay is in the modern manner, which calls for the hero and heroine to hurl insults at each other for several reels, all of which is a tip-off to movie-wise audiences that they are madly in love. As mild comedy-drama, "Red Salute" is amusing because of the efforts of the co-stars and Cliff Edwards in a supporting role, but as propaganda for the U. S. Army it falls short of its mark.

★★ The Little Big Shot
(Warners)

Dished up from a formula that's almost as old as the Hollywood hills, this little number emerges as a combination tough-guy—tear-jerker which really belongs back in the gangster cycle of several years ago, although it has its entertaining moments. Everybody knows, of course, that there are no more gangster pictures, so the machine guns which blast away in this film are probably some the boys had left over from "G-Men." Getting to the story, it seems that Robert Armstrong and Edward Everett Horton, a pair of Broadway phonies who hawk fake watches on street corners, fall heir to little Sybil Jason, whose daddy has been rubbed out for an unexplained reason. When the boys enlist Sybil to aid them in peddling their watches they incur the honest wrath of

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of MODERN SCREEN.

Index of Advertisers

December 1935

Barbo Compound	91
Bastian Bros.	89
Best Products Company	96
Blondex	92
Bluejay Corn Plasters	73
Borden Company, The	77
Brownatone	88
Camel Cigarettes	Insert
Campana's Italian Balm	85
Century Music Company	98
Chamberlain's Lotion	97
Cheramy Toiletries	69
Chicago School of Nursing	96
Chore Girl	92
Coyne Electrical School	97
Cutex	59
DDD Corporation	97
Dilex Institute	72
Dr. Edward's Olive Tablets	89
Enterprise Dripolator	91
Ex-Lax	11
Faoen Cosmetics	83
Feenamint	94
Federal Schools	87
Fleischmann's Yeast	55
Fox Films	18
Franklin Institute	93
Frederics Vita Tonic Permanent	63
Free Breath Products Company	94
French Company, R. T	91
Gaumont-British Corporation	64
Griffin Shoe Dye	84
Griffin Shoe Polish	98
Grove's Bromo Quinine	74
Hess Hand Lotion	95
Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers	82
Hush Company	98
Hygeia Nursing Bottles	84
International Typewriter Exchange	94
Institute of Applied Science	97
Ipana Toothpaste	3
Ironized Yeast	80
Johnson & Johnson Baby Powder	61
Justrite Push Clips	92
Kalamazoo Stoves	87
Kool Cigarettes	58
Kno-Gray Hair Remedy	94
Lady Esther Cosmetics	75
Lander Powders	95
La Salle Extension University	90
Lavoptik	94
Lanzette, Annette	86
Leonard, A. O	96
Lewis Company, A. H.	
Tums	86
Nature's Remedy	84
Little Blue Books	94
Long-Eakins Company	90
Lucky Strike Cigarettes	4th Cover
Luxor Cosmetics	62
Maybelline	79
Mercolized Wax	86
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures	5
Midol	81
Mifflin Mouth Wash	92
Mum	66
Musterole	96
Natheniel's—Electrologist Specialist	93
National Academy of Music	98
National College of Massage	97
Nestle ColoRinse	82
Paramount Pictures	25
Pazo Ointment	88
Pedodyne Company	96
Perfect Voice Institute	96
Pertussin	90
Philip Morris Cigarettes	71
Pond's Creams	53
Pond's Powders	65
Procter & Gamble Company	
Camay	17
Ivory Flakes	15
RKO Pictures	9
Rit Products Corporation	76
Romano's Coins	88
Sempray Jovenay	77
Sergeant's Dog Medicine	93
Standard Art Studios	98
Stebbing System	95
Valligny, Monsieur P	96
Warner Brothers Pictures	7
Way Company, The	97
Winx	57
Woodbury College	89
Yeastfoam Tablets	68
Zonite Corporation, The	78

Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

Glenda Farrell, a hat check girl who secretly loves Bob. At that point the machine gun boys pin a murder on Bob and kidnap Sybil, but the cops arrive just in time, and our Robert wins himself a reward and everybody settles down in the country, where clean living predominates.

★★ King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)

For some reason or other, this seems to be revival month for gangster pictures. With its kidnapping and its gunplay, and its actors who talk out of the side of their mouths, King Solomon of Broadway joins the parade. Not that Edmund Lowe, who as King Solomon owns Broadway's biggest dine and dance palace, is actually a gangster himself—he merely has connections. One of his connections, a gentleman called "Ice" Larson, and a menace if ever we saw one, owns a piece of the joint. Eddie, who wants no part of "Ice," arranges with a beautiful and wealthy client to buy him out. The client is Louise Henry and she's in love with Eddie. Eddie, however, is in love with Dorothy Page, an entertainer at his dance palace. However, before Eddie can swing his deal, an opposition mob buys out "Ice's" share of the establishment, and even goes so far as to kidnap Miss Henry. This sort of thing irks Eddie no end. It makes him just mad enough, in fact, to go out and rescue Miss Henry, and that lovely lady is so grateful she talks her father into backing Eddie in a terrific new enterprise. At that point Mr. Lowe fools us all by going right out and telling Miss Page he loves her. "King Solomon" of Broadway has a couple of swingy tunes, some good lines, and Pinky Tomlin.

★★★ O'Shaughnessy's Boy (M-G-M)

Here is what might be termed a two-man show, for almost all the footage is given over to the histrionics of those two established pals, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. You knew them, man and boy, in "The Champ," and you wept quite a bit over them. Let the weeping now begin anew, for they're back together again in another of those father-son epics which promises to be even more lachrymose than their former effort. Beery, in the sort of role he seems to relish, is a circus animal trainer, big and bluff but just a boy at heart. His son, who is his pride and joy, is Jackie Cooper, except in the earlier sequences when it's Spanky McFarland, who plays Jackie as a youth. (Can you remember way back when old Mr. Cooper was a mere lad himself?) The boy is taken away from his father by a mean sister-in-law who puts him in military school. Several years later Wallace gets custody of his son, but the boy's mind has been poisoned against him. Time and a dramatic climax bring these two old pals back together.

★ Music Is Magic (Fox)

If you've ever been smitten with the urge to crash pictures, see this one and learn how *not* to do it. Alice Faye is the blondined brunette in this case who believes that all is fair in love, war and Hollywood. The results aren't so good but the laughs are. Ray Walker does a good job as Alice's agent—that is, he does a good job of the acting. The best he can do to further his client's career when they first land in Hollywood is to get her work in a laundry. Mitchell and Durant do some of their noisy cutting up, but the real laughs come from Luis Alberni's characterization of an Italian waiter. Bebe Daniels plays the role of a movie star who's seen better and younger days, but won't admit it. Her deft impersonation should cause many a lady about town to wince. Rosina Lawrence is attractive as Miss Daniel's daughter, whom she is trying to pan off as a sister.

★★ The Last Outpost (Paramount)

This one is actually a western thriller done up in soldier suits. It has all the action and every bit of the hokum which used to mark the horse operas of William S. Hart and Tom Mix, even down to the scene where the hero, armed with one revolver, holds off an entire band of Indians. In this case, the hero is Cary Grant, and his trusty six-shooter holds back an oncoming tide of native Africans armed with rifles, spears and arrows. Just at the moment Cary begins to get the feeling he is slightly outnumbered, he looks back over his shoulder and discovers, happily, that the British army is about to join him. Needless to say, these stalwarts make short work of Cary's opponents. A first-rate cast, including Grant, Gertrude Michael and Claude Rains, is wasted on an outmoded story.

★ Two for Tonight (Paramount)

Even the best of studios make mistakes. If you're courageous enough to have this statement proven, a visit to this little opus will convince you. Built around an impossible story, with situations always bordering on slapstick and lines that are supposed to be funny falling with a thud that can almost be heard on the sound track, this is one long headache for a number of people, including Bing Crosby and the audience. Bing, according to the plot-makers, is a song writer who becomes acquainted with Joan Bennett, a producer's secretary. It seems she has crashed into Bing with her airplane (how a $30-a-week secretary can afford a plane is not explained), so in order to make retribution she attempts to sell the producer a musical by Bing.

★★ The Case of the Lucky Legs (Warners)

If a pair of lovely legs can cause all this trouble, we'll take elephantiasis. Patricia Ellis is the owner of the lucky limbs in this case, which take her into all kinds of trouble—broken hearts, homes and a murder, to mention a few. But it all gives Warren William, as her lawyer, something to think about besides sloe-gin. If Mr. William is any example, no lawyer should pass more than one bar without stopping, for he manages to unravel mysteries that would stump any denatured brain. Genevieve Tobin is equally amazing as a secretary who's both beautiful and bright. Lyle Talbot plays Mr. Talbot with his usual sure touch and Peggy Shannon is capable in a small role.



Left, George O'Brien and his wife, Marguerite Churchill, seem to be having a big laugh at someone else's expense at the Kings Club. Doesn't Marguerite look well and happy since the arrival of her new daughter? And how do you like her Algerian turban? And to the right you see two jovial gents at the Cafe Lamaze—Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott. Randy's sideburns are a "So Red the Rose" hangover!



Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



WAS SHE IN LOVE WITH AN OUTLAW...?

Upon the admission of California to the Union, bands of outlaws invaded the state, and, claiming the old Spanish land-grants, fell upon the property of the original owners. Beautiful Rosita Castro, daughter of a proud old Spanish family, found herself falling in love with a man whom she believed to be a member of a dangerous gang of land-jumpers who were trying to seize her father's estate. Caught between two tides—her love and loyalty for her father and her family tradition against her new love for one who represented everything she had been taught to despise—how did she decide? ... Who was this handsome stranger who rode into the life of proud Rosita Castro? ... What was the outcome of their stormy romance?

Read "ROSE OF THE RANCHO," the story of Paramount's outdoor musical, with Gladys Swarthout, lovely star of opera and radio, and golden-voiced John Boles. Complete story in the December issue now on sale at all newsstands.

18 MOVIE HITS IN STORY FORM

Other complete stories in December will include: "Mutiny on the Bounty" with Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone ... "Love Song" starring Lily Pons with Henry Fonda ... "Magnificent Obsession" with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor ... William Powell with Rosalind Russell in "Black Chamber" ... Barbara Stanwyck with Preston Foster in "Annie Oakley" ... "A Night at the Opera" starring the Marx Brothers with Kitty Carlisle ... "Spanish Cape Mystery" with Helen Twelvetrees and Donald Cook ... James Cagney and Margaret Lindsey in "Frisco Kid."

SCREEN ROMANCES

THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

THANKS—
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY

They're easy on
my throat

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"

There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies
and Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protection
against irritation - against cough.

Copyright 1955, The American Tobacco Company